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THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

I.

In the year 1879 I died, but was allowed to revisit the earth just eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years after as an impalpable soul which could be neither seen nor heard. Invisible as the wind, unheard as the song of the morning star, I floated above the spot where I had been born and lived.

In 1879 it was a flourishing city on the banks of a great river, with thirty thousand inhabitants; its sails whitened the water to the sea; the smoke from its chimneys and factories darkened the sky. In 3758 it was a ruin; nameless, houseless, soulless. The river had changed its course; the blue sky arched over an uneven plain, dotted here and there with a hillock, a projecting stone, or a brick,—all that was left to show that man had once dwelt there.

In one place an excavation had been made, and I recognized the ruined steps of the church in which I had often listened to prayer and psalm. I hovered over the spot with a melancholy interest a moment, and then saw a group of men and women gathered at the bottom of the opening, and one, a man, standing apart from the rest seemed to be making an address.

He and all the others were of a higher type than any human beings I had ever seen. I observed with pleasure how equally soul and body were balanced in them, so that neither predominated over the other. Evidently they were the descendants of an ancestry who for many centuries had been well fed, both in mind and body. The person making the address seems best worth description. He spoke in a language which resembled English, but it was that tongue refined, strengthened, melodified, broadened, until there was only a resemblance to the speech of 1879. I understood, because I had been in that celestial sphere near to the Creator, from whom flows all knowledge. The man's head, broad in the forehead and upper part, was set squarely on a full neck, showing that the higher nature was enthroned on an animal foundation strong and enduring. The face was lighted by eyes serene and commanding, and was sealed by firm, curved lips; the oval outline of the countenance was strengthened by the form of the jaw and chin, which showed force and combativeness: the shoulders and chest were broad and full, and the whole figure that of the perfect physical man. But through his face shone the soul which makes the perfect man, and it animated his coun-

nance, fired his eyes, and gave his whole body a rhythmical perfection such as the animal alone never could have.

Evidently the others had asked him to tell them of the buried city among whose ruins they stood. Floating near, I easily caught his words and eagerly listened:—

“ What I have to offer you seems like a revelation of my own ignorance, instead of a contribution to your knowledge of this people which has so entirely perished from the face of the earth. So few traces are left behind that I am constantly forced to make my own deductions from mere fragmentary evidence, so that I am in danger of becoming what may be called a comparative archæologist, instead of one who is able to state facts with absolute certainty. Speaking in a general way, this was a race of wood-builders. Even in a city as large as this must have been, many of the houses were built of wood, and when the outside walls were of brick or stone there was still much wood in the frame-work and floors. This accounts for the scarcity of articles to be found among the ruins, and is a great grief to the archæologist. The crumbling wood has allowed many precious things to perish, which houses of stone would have preserved even where the sides have fallen.

“ The city was probably built eighteen hundred or two thousand years ago; we cannot be precise about the dates, because no volumes or papers have been found as yet. I judge from the remains of one or two buildings recently excavated, one of which has a stone panel that may have been on the architrave above the door. On this panel is cut the figures 187—; but the soft brown sandstone, exposed to the corruptions of the earth, has worn away almost as if it were of wood, and the next figure cannot be verified. On a shield-shaped panel of another building, which happily is of syenite, and so better prepared to withstand the gnawings of time, are letters bearing a faint resemblance to some of our modern Maori letters, and I read the words Hartford Fire Insurance. Probably this was the name of the city, and the edifice from which it was taken may have been a temple, or devoted to

the reception and preservation of the city archives, though this is conjecture.

“ One of the first things to which I look in judging a people is their architecture. Behold what I have found among the ruins of this building in which we now stand!”

He held up, as he spoke, a bit of plaster, — one of the Corinthian capitals which crowned the pillars of the porch.

“ It was found among the ruins of the building in which we now are. Probably when it was built, and for many years after, the rejoicing native walked under its shadow into the temple, and deemed it a fitting and glorious tribute to the god he worshiped. Yet it is, as you see, of plaster, and a copy of something else. The original may have been beautiful; this feeble imitation is not even pretty. I have questioned whether this was a young or an old nation, and have decided at last that it was a descendant of an old nation in a new country. The wooden buildings are one proof. The land must have been covered with forests, and the people used that building material which was most convenient. It is in an old and long-settled country, whose wood has been cut off, that buildings of stone are found. But I argue this most strongly from my Corinthian capital; it is borrowed from a nation older than this, — the Greeks, of whom we actually know more than we do of the Yankees. From these and some other evidences, I infer that the Yankee had to conquer a new country, develop its mines, open a new commerce, and acquire a certain necessary degree of wealth before he could attend to the higher requirements of civilization, — before he could develop an art of his own. He had, in short, for a few centuries to devote himself to a wrestle with the conditions of life, and wring from these the material wealth which should give him a refined leisure.

“ You will see in the excavations we shall enter to-day whether I am sustained in this conclusion or not. Meanwhile, the Yankee was not without an appreciation of art. He had not time for it himself, and he borrowed from other nations not waiting to assimilate to his own use,

nor even to copy well, but striving blindly to satisfy that in him which craved an expression in works of art and beauty. The Greek temple was beautiful; why would not the Yankee temple be also beautiful, if built in the same way? He argued that it was; that his soul must be satisfied when he fed it with brick and stucco columns and capitals, and devoted his talents and energies to obtaining the best food, the best clothing, and the inventions which made his home comfortable. As the race grew older and richer, there must have been awakened longings for some more fitting architecture, more suitable ornamentation, a more definite expression of their strongest characteristics in a real national art. It is probable that if this nation had not been cut off by some awful catastrophe, — the extent and horror of which we cannot now conceive, — if it had survived but a century longer, we should have found it with an art so characteristic, combining strength and beauty in such an original way, that wherever we came upon any trace of it we should say at once, That is of the extinct race, the Yankee. It is this dawning desire of something better for which I look with the keenest interest in every building we enter, and I hope yet to come upon traces of it.

"Here are the remains of a picture which tells the same tale. It is a copy of some older work, and not a good copy. Had the artist worked earnestly from his own heart on this canvas, the strength and fire he put into it would have survived as long as a shred of canvas or a flake of color remained.

"When we come to metals there is a different story. They may not have known art, but they knew how to make good metal. Here is a blade which seems to be the antique form of our modern razor. The steel is as fine as the best we make now. Thirty-seven hundred and fifty-eight has not improved in this respect on eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. The barber of that and of the present day cut beards with an equally good blade. In some things we are not a step beyond them.

"In the use of machinery it is to be

supposed they had attained a tolerable degree of perfection; but of that more anon. We may come upon something to-day which will show us more fully than anything yet the height they had reached, and I prefer to wait until I have more facts from which to argue.

"I am obliged to suppose that their agriculture was rude and imperfect; they lacked entirely valuable knowledge on many points as common to us as the air we breathe. They had not discovered how to assist agricultural processes in the way familiar to the Maori farmer of to-day. They did not know, in short, how to govern the rain gauge and the thermometer as we do, and, failing this, they were at the mercy of every wind that blew. Probably the native of the year 1879 shivered through six months of his year, when the cold and the rains and storms were such that not a leaf grew out-doors, and even the cattle of the field must have been housed as well as himself; while during the other six months he suffered nearly as much from heat and drought as in the previous cold period, and although vegetation could flourish out-of-doors, he was unable to prevent it from perishing with the heat and lack of moisture. The agriculturist of that time must often have lost his crops, and found his business at best a very uncertain one.

"How much more fortunate the Maori of the present day is, with the rains regulated over large surfaces of country to suit the crops, and the heat of the summer moderated by the stored-up cold of the winter, we can hardly imagine. In another respect, too, we are better off than they. The farmer of that time, if he lived in a rocky country, was the victim of every ledge and rock which cropped out in the soil of his farm. He did not know how to melt the rocks at his pleasure and turn them into rich black earth. Here we have improved on the race that went before us.

"Lastly, I come to their domestic life and women and children. In the ruins of a small building, under a stone slab which crushed some and preserved others by its fall, was a pile of flat glass

plates or panes. As I hold one of these over a dark surface and let the light strike strongly on, you can perceive figures and objects. They have been fastened upon the plate by a chemical process once well known to us, but now in disuse because we have a better method. The Yankee could only take his figures in black and white. We have so analyzed the sunbeams that we give the living tints of the object. But it is here we find the fac-simile of the primeval Yankee as he must have been."

As he spoke, he held the glass negative of a photograph over a piece of black cloth, assuming unconsciously the very attitude which the Yankee photographer must have taken when first showing the negative to a sitter; and the group gathered round to look.

"Here are two children, curled darnings evidently, from their rich, elaborate dress, round and plump limbed, with faces showing that they would be of the Yankee type when maturity was reached. These little faces have a look of conscious power, as if they had never been thwarted or crossed, but felt that they could depend on the love of father and mother with entire confidence. The Yankees must have been an affectionate people, fond of their children. Here is a full-length figure of a woman. The face in its outlines is much like our women; but observe the expression. It is not the face of a person at ease; there is none of that deep serenity which would be found if it were a Maori thus portrayed. She has on a rich dress, perfect in all its small accessories of necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and rich lace. She looks like one raised above all care; yet there is a tormented look in her face, and I find the same in the face of every adult male and female in this pile. It may have become a facial characteristic inherited from the earlier times, when the race had its first rough struggle for existence in a new country; but I am inclined to look for a less remote cause. My theory is that they were a restless, ambitious race, never at peace with their surroundings, and always struggling for something more and greater, and allow-

ing themselves to be urged on a little more than their strength could bear.

"One might say that the dress this woman wears would be a cause of much anxiety to its owner, and perhaps account for the wearer looking ill at ease. It is much too close-fitting round the waist, and too cumbersome drapery round the lower limbs, so that their free action must have been greatly impeded. It is also too elaborate in its ornamentation. The lines of adornment do not follow the natural folds of the material; and this adornment seems to have been made of the same material as the dress, and sewed upon it tightly in every direction. I have questioned whether this robe were worn as the customary everyday dress, or if it were only for state and ceremonious occasions. It would seem as if women could have been of but little practical use in life in this ornate, unwieldy garb, and that they must from necessity have spent the greater part of their lives shut up in their houses, with their domestic duties performed by slaves. But this idea is refuted by the number, beauty, and convenience of their domestic utensils. No nation would ever invent for mere slaves such ingenious, useful instruments as are constantly discovered in the kitchens of the Yankees.

"That the women were held in a high degree of esteem by the men and enjoyed great freedom constantly appears in the two or three books which have been found. These speak of women with an evidently genuine respect, born of an appreciation of their worth, and women seem to have mingled freely with the men in many vocations which required activity of body as well as mind. It is impossible to account for this embarrassing, fatiguing dress, and yet this mental and muscular energy, without conceding to the women of that day great nervous strength, which must have made them brilliant, sparkling creatures, but which may have been a great drain on the vital forces, unless accompanied with a corresponding strength of muscle. And here may lie the secret of their extinction: the nerve may have been transmit-

ted without the muscle; or, their climate, exacting in its extremes of heat and cold, and tending to exaggerate the strain upon the nervous system, may have increased their tendency to procure the best clothes and an abundance of them. Their mistake may have been that clothing was easily acquired and they put on too much,—used it too freely; there is a limit beyond which clothes should not be allowed to extend.

“But in attempting to criticise this extinct race we must remember that in some respects we have not advanced beyond them, and in others we have only improved on ideas which they possessed in a crude state, but which they might have brought to as high a pitch as we if they had continued to flourish up to this time. While they were prosperous, two thousand years ago, they knew our forefathers as a tribe of savages in a remote corner of the earth,—a debased race whom we should not now care to meet and introduce as our relatives in society.”

“This is all I have to tell now, because it is all, and even a little more, than I know; for I have ventured to give you some of my own theories and inferences. Whether these are correct I wait to see, and hope some of our discoveries to-day may show. Let us now go to the new excavation, which, as I perceive by the waving signal of my foreman, is ready for us to enter.”

So saying, Areto joined the party who had been listening, and all walked forward to a place where the earth was thrown in a pile on each side of what had once been a handsome brick house on Main Street. The walls had fallen inward, and, being of brick, the contents of the rooms were much better preserved than in other buildings where only the cellar wall was of stone and the super-structure wood. All timbers and wood-work had long since vanished, and they walked at once upon the cellar floor. The bricks had been cleared away by the workmen, leaving whatever had been lying underneath where it originally fell. The articles were thus all huddled together, and it was impossible to tell what had been in the different rooms. Areto

had a drawing of a Yankee house as it might have been, and they amused themselves by planning this again. But it was a puzzling business, and, without a certain knowledge of what ought to be found, it can well be imagined what a little buzz of question arose over each article as it was pulled out.

“What could that have been?” said Hamas, pulling out the marble top of a wash-stand and laying it down. “It is irregular in shape, polished only on one side, and seems to have been made to lie on the floor. There are no legs, nor places for any.”

“I cannot tell,” replied Areto. “They used wood in combination with stone, and the wood having rotted away it is hard to tell in what shape the original article may have been. Here is another puzzle: what could this have been for, do you suppose?”

Areto pushed out with his foot the rusty iron frame of what had once been a furnace register in the floor.

“Those little slats and the grating look as if it might have been a window; but this people understood the art of glass-making. It is of iron, and might have been used about a fire, but there are no marks showing that it ever has been heated. It is another thing to brood over and question.” Areto laid it carefully aside.

Different members of the party, with enthusiasm aroused, picked about in the pile, undismayed by the dismal state it was in from the mold and rust of centuries.

Areto meditatively arranged an ivory tooth-brush handle, the bottom of a glass jelly jar, and part of the over-strung frame of a piano-forte in a row, and contemplated them gloomily.

“What could this have been?” said a sweet voice, enunciating the melodious words of the language sweetly and clearly, and the girl, a sister of Areto, put her hand on his shoulder to draw his attention, and held up a piece of cloth three or four feet long and three feet wide. On one side of it faded blotches of color were dimly seen.

Areto gave a little movement of de-

light. "That," cried he, "is very valuable, so few of their textile fabrics have survived! Let me hang it up here and study on it; perhaps I shall be able to find out for what it is intended."

The piece was thrown over a projecting angle of old wall, and as the sun dried it Areto examined it anxiously, while his sister looked at the jar bottom and tooth-brush handle a moment, and then went back to him.

"Very thick warp and woof," he murmured, "and evidently there was a long pile; but for what could they have used it? It is too thick for clothing, even through their cold winter; it might have been hung on the wall or spread on the floor, but the size of the pattern forbids that thought. That gorgeous and enormous garland wants a room fifty feet long to show it well, and that is the length of this whole house, subdivided into many apartments. But it is well woven, and the colors are good, or they would have faded entirely long ago. It helps to verify two of my theories. These bright colors show that their climate, at least part of the time, must have been brilliantly clear, and the manual and machine part of their labor was well done. They failed as artists here, as in other things, because they wanted first to make it comfortable and warm and soft; but they succeeded in getting something that must have been pleasant to walk upon and which shut out the cold."

"What is it, Areto?" said his sister.

"That was undoubtedly a carpet," said he. "It requires strength of mind to believe that they could have used such an enormous flowing pattern on a room as small as this must have been. If we want to admire it, we must regard the workmanship, the quality of the material, and the purity of the color. It is a pity they could not have been spared a few centuries more, until they had worked out their own art, as they certainly would have done."

"How enthusiastic you are, Areto! You speak of them with such ardor that I realize more than I did that they actually *lived* once, and were like us in many things."

"Actually lived!" cried Areto. "Oh, you sober-minded girl! Can you come as near them as these tools and household articles bring you, and not feel that you almost have them by the hand? Sometimes, when I am wandering and working alone in these ruins, I become so filled with the thought of the people, I realize so clearly the state of mind that must have animated them to do this or make that, that I expect at any moment to come upon one of the living inhabitants, who will speak to me in his own curious tongue. I have often a little feeling of disappointment, as I go round a corner, or turn suddenly into one of these dismantled rooms, that I do not see its owner in the dress of his day and with his long face and blonde beard, looking with wonder at me who thus dare invade his domain."

"Come over here, Areto," interrupted the voice of Hamas. "We think, if your plan of a Yankee house is correct, that the room where they kept their handsomest articles of furniture must have been above this spot. Look at this!" He held up the fragments of a dish. "This was an imitation of an ear of maize with its husk. See how well it is colored, and yet it does not follow nature so closely but that it is conventionalized a little, enough to make it useful as a dish."

"There!" said Areto's sister, "that is what you have pined for,—to find something which showed the beginning of a national art."

Areto smiled with a sweet, contented look.

"It is a small beginning, but I have hopes still. Let us see what else there may be." Leaning over, he commenced poking in the heap. Out came a copper saucepan, the porcelain lining of a preserve kettle, and a door hinge of bronze.

"All these are old forms of things in our day," said the sister.

"Yes, and they merely show what I said before: that they always had instruments of the best material to do everything that was strictly useful, and a great deal of mechanical ingenuity was shown in contriving them. It is only when they

came to the ornamental and decorative part that they failed. But these things could not have been in the parlor, as they called the room in which they put their richest pieces of furniture."

"Perhaps the owner was trying to reconcile the useful and the beautiful when the catastrophe came which ruined the city," said Hamas, a little waggishly. But this remark was lost on Areto, who had come upon a treasure over which he bent so earnestly that he had no smile for his friend's railery.

With a practiced, careful touch he dug out a jar of fine red pottery, and setting it up on the damp floor surveyed it with eyes which dilated with joy as they began to comprehend the design painted around its sides.

"You are right, Hamas; the owner was striving to combine beauty with use, and he succeeded. Here at last we have some native art. See how characteristic the jar is, and yet how entirely for use! The shape is graceful, yet it holds as much as one of less perfect proportions might. And the design,—can you trace it through all the mold and stains? It is the heads of bison linked together with garlands of the leaves and blossoms of the *Agave Americana*. It was done by a hand that loved the work, and is full of strength and simplicity, while the ornamentation is strictly national."

"Is not the idea of the design found upon some older Grecian tombs or temples?" said Hamas.

"Yes; but there are certain designs, certain forms of ornament, which seem to be common to all nations, suggested by the things which are common to all human life. What more probable than that the bison roaming over lands where these plants grew, feeding among them, suggested to the Yankee this idea!"

Here a general excitement became apparent in a group of others who had been at work near them. Half dozen centred around one spot, with cries of "Carefully — be careful — take the other things up gently — there now — oh! — yes — here it is — what is it?" — and then there was a closer meeting of excited heads over something which seemed

to be laid bare. Hamas pressed in among them, and said, "Let Areto take that out; he knows how to handle that sort of thing better than we."

Areto joined the group, and saw them looking at a large jar lying on its side among the imbedding mass of articles which had once furnished the house. In shape it resembled the earthen one just found a few moments before; but this was of the finest porcelain, and through the soil and stains showed gleams of its whiteness and the rich decorations around its mouth and base. Areto's first thought was that it had probably been used as the mate for the earthen jar; but Hamas, who had looked more closely, said, "In its mouth, Areto, is what you have wished to find."

Areto then saw that from the wide mouth projected something ragged and yellow looking, evidently sheets of paper. A book? No, better,—a manuscript; and as he peered gently among the leaves he saw that the lines of writing were clear, and, save that the paper was dark with age, as easily read as when the pen of the Yankee first traced them. Flushing and trembling with joy, he drew it carefully forth, amid a chorus of cries from his friends.

"Blessed be the day," said he, "when this was thrown into that jar, perhaps as mere waste paper. Now we shall be brought near the Yankee, closer through his handwriting than through the printer's ink. Let us be thankful that no editor accepted it."

"Read it to us — read it to us!" cried his impatient friends.

"That passes my powers, at present," said Areto. "I can only read with difficulty the Yankee print, and this, you see, is written by hand. I can interpret a word or two here and there from the resemblance of the printed and written letters, but to read it easily and fluently is not possible yet. This will require study."

"Study it, then!" cried they all; "and if it is interesting appoint a time and read it to us."

"So be it," he answered, thoughtfully. "A month from now we will meet

again on those old steps where I talked to you this morning, and you shall hear its contents."

II.

I, who died in the nineteenth century, watched this student of the thirty-eighth century.

By day he worked in the ruined city, searching, pondering over the things he met, and finding mysteries in the streets where I had walked and thought everything as commonplace and plain as the noonday. In the evening he studied the precious manuscript. He became more and more absorbed in penetrating the secrets of the lost race. One morning, as I watched him, he seemed filled with some desire which gave the usual sweet-ness and depth of his face a little look more like restlessness and anxiety than anything I had ever seen there before. He walked back and forth over the plain, as if searching for some particular spot.

"This is latitude 42.40," I heard him say. "There was once a river winding between these low hills; its course is altered now, but the old line of its banks can be easily traced. Why may it not be the same city? The first part of the name she mentions, Hartford, is like the word Hartford-Fire-Insurance which I thought might be the city's name. I wish I could say with certainty, Dig here, or dig there. But even if I struck the right spot, the picture might be gone now. Eighteen hundred years have passed since."

He continued to walk about, stooping to examine every brick and stone which thrust itself through the soil. There was no clew, no encouragement.

"I cannot find the spot," he murmured. "She speaks of her house as being on one of the principal streets of the town, and this must have been a thoroughfare, from the ruins lying in two irregular lines. I will cause my men to open this whole line. Possibly I may then come upon some landmark by which I can locate the spot of which the manuscript speaks." He called to his men, and set them at work in the new

place. Gladly he would have stayed and watched every spadeful of earth they threw out, but there were many feet of soil above the ruins, and he knew that nothing would reward him for a long time yet.

The month was January, but the air was mild; a soft breeze, neither warm nor cold, blew gently, lifting the hair on his forehead, and a mile or two beyond the dead city his eyes rested on fields green with young crops. "We manage those things better than that early race; yet how patiently they worked against a climate over which they had no control! The manuscript shows their patience and ability."

As he spoke thus to himself, he opened a long silver box, richly chased, that he had been holding. Beautiful as were the designs on the lid, nothing about it was as precious to him as the yellow and faded pages that lay within. He pored abstractedly over the pages, occasionally repeating to himself an English word and then the Maori synonym, as if to imbibe the very spirit in which the story had been written. Hamas came up while he was thus busy, wondered at it greatly, and said rather abruptly, "How goes it, Areto? What shape of the past have you evoked from those silent pages that you should wear such a restless, tormented look?"

Areto's face lost this unaccustomed expression as he looked up to answer: "It is a strange story that I have come upon here, with complications and passions that we can hardly understand, our life is so different. I have had to throw myself into it to understand it, and I may have taken something of the soul of my characters into my face from sympathy. It was an interesting race, Hamas. The manuscript lets me into their lives, and I see more and more that they were a strong, nervous, restless people, branching out in a thousand directions; greedy, money-getting, but full of sublime aspirations; questioning heaven and earth in a search for truth; contending with wants; and resting at last in death, because they could know no other rest."

"You have then read it?" said Ha-

mas, looking curiously into the open box. "You must be ready to read it to us."

"No; the month is not yet fulfilled, and there are many pages over which I must still spend much time. It is not easy to change their cramped, stiff language into ours, and to do it well I must study until I feel to the full the spirit in which the author wrote."

He laid the cover gently over the box, shutting the manuscript from the eyes of Hamas. At this moment a shout arose from the men who were digging, and one of them ran forward waving a ragged cloak in the air. "We have come upon the interior of a house," said he, using another and less perfect language than that of Areto, and showing in every movement and gesture that he came of a lower and different race.

That which was true of ruined cities in 1879 was true in 3758. Around Nineveh and Memphis and Karnak lived a worthless, miserable set of creatures, barbarous and uncivilized in as great a degree as the former inhabitants had been refined and enlightened, — not descendants of the former inhabitants, but as if a small vagabond class had survived and managed to perpetuate itself with a vitality denied the better race. So on the outskirts of this buried city lived a race bearing no resemblance to the Yankees, and yet living among their deserted remains.

"Will you come, Hamas?" said Areto, rising.

"Not to-day. I am not such a deliver in the depths as you, though all these things interest me. Let us hear from you at the end of the month."

Two parties of workmen had laid open buildings in two different places, and Areto secretly hoped that one of them might prove to be the house he so much desired to find.

The first excavation was a church, but to a Maori the question as to the object of the building was an insoluble problem. Not a leaf of a hymn-book or Bible remained; the wood of the pews had disappeared. Some pieces of the metal organ pipes had survived; the great bell lay in halves under the place where the

steeple had been; and the fragments and cinders of the furnace showed that there had been a fire there. Thoroughly puzzled, Areto wandered about examining the walls, which were still standing to the height of five or six feet.

"So large a room," thought he, "argues that it was for public purposes. Perhaps it was a temple, — but what lack of symbolism! Probably they worshiped a spirit; but had they nothing that represented him? Did they see him only in their own spirits? It must have been a pure religion. But again, if a temple, how could worshipers have assembled here in any numbers? The walls show no signs of any ventilating flues; so many could not have gathered without some means of ventilation. Their climate would not let them leave doors and windows open always. Could it have been for burials or cremation? That rusty mass in the centre bears marks of fires. Perhaps the dead were burned slowly in a large, airless room like this. If not that, but a temple, it makes their religion a greater mystery than ever. How could they have preserved such unadorned simplicity so long!"

But if the stern plainness of the church perplexed him, what was there in the remains of the Wadsworth Athenæum which could give rest to his inquiring mind? It was as hard to decide the object of that building as to trace the religion of the extinct people from an empty building, a battered bell, and the crumbling slag of the furnace which heated it.

Areto found on the cellar floor of the Athenæum pieces of broken glass which had covered cases of relics. He found stone arrow-heads and hatchets, some curious shells and coins, a few buttons and fragments of gold thread, — which it was easy to see had made part of some embroidery, the wire having preserved the thread of the cloth into which it was sewed, — and two or three old sword handles. Also he found, as in the other building, a mass of slag and iron-rust showing marks of fire. This, with the size of the foundation walls, showing that the building must have been for public

purposes, caused him to conclude that it had been devoted to the cremation of dead warriors. The buttons had on them military emblems; the sword hilts were peculiar weapons of the race, and not unlike some in use among the Maori of an early date; and the gold thread must have formed part of a warrior's gorgeous vestments. The stone hatchets and arrow-heads were a slight discrepancy, as the race worked well in metals; but they might have been trophies of some barbarous race whom the warriors had conquered.

But neither of these could have been the house described in the manuscript. Areto climbed to the top of the excavation and looked over the plain, and then walked slowly along, following what he conceived might be the line of the street, now lying twenty feet below him under the soil. Taking out the silver box, he looked again with care through the pages of the manuscript, only to say, "It is of no use. Even if the writer had given street and number, it would have availed nothing now. This is a city which knows neither street nor number."

He laid back the sheets, and was about to close the cover, when a frolicsome little wind whisked in among the old dry pages, rattled them briskly, and, not content with this, selected the very one he had been looking at most carefully, and sent it twirling and fluttering over the ground, until it took refuge in a little nook made by a mound and a projecting bit of stone, twenty rods away from him.

Areto calmly watched these pranks, thinking merely, "They have let loose a little more wind to-day than is strictly necessary," when he noticed how the leaf had lodged, and that it still kept up a little waving motion as if to beckon him on. He was as far from superstition as a healthy mind which knows not what it is can be, yet there started up now the thought, "What if this sheet should have strayed to the very spot where its writer's heart may have been when the lines were written on its surface? One place is as good as another;

this has fallen in a line with what I have imagined to be the great street of the city. I will cause them to dig here at once." Summoning his men, they were set to work in the new place.

His patience was great, but it was to be fully tested. Two days, three days, the men worked, and still had not penetrated the superincumbent earth. At the depth where in other places they usually began to find the foundation bricks or stone, they came upon a solid stratum of red clay, which almost defied the edge of stone or pick. Areto waited, and studied his manuscript. Hamas found him, and again said, "Read it to us; you have worked at it enough."

Areto answered, "I will;" and the same people who had listened to his little address on the extinct Yankees gathered on the steps of the ruined church with pleased, attentive looks.

"Bear in mind," said Areto, "that I translate as I read, and also that the whole story shows a state of society that we, who are so far advanced, can scarcely look back upon and realize."

THE MANUSCRIPT.

When one counts the number of babies that die yearly, one is astonished to find that the human race has not disappeared from the face of the earth long ere this.

Plants blossom and bear fruit and seed; but if we could reckon the number of seeds that come to naught annually, we should wonder that there is a green thing left.

When one thinks of the numberless hosts of drawbacks, accidents, and losses which beset men in the endeavor to earn only a "bare living," one is astonished to find how many wealthy people there are, and wonders how they ever attained their riches.

Thomas Green was a farmer, a thinker, and a lover. In the first capacity, his lot was cast upon the rock-mixed soil of a New England farm, latitude 42.40. The soil was against him, the climate was against him, all the weeds and most of the insects were against him. Only some few birds of the insect-eating

variety and his own strong hands and heart were for him. As a thinker, he looked across his fields, smiling for a month or two if the spring rains were copious, but burned and brown in August, and coldly gray or robed in arctic white all winter; and life seemed to be a question of climate.

" If one could but understand the 'balancings of the clouds' that old Job talks about, or if one could enter into the treasures of the snow and the hail reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and of war!

" What did he mean by that quaint language? Why may not man enter into the secrets? We have found the treasures of the lightning to our use. If Job were to see us telegraphing from California to England, he would assuredly say, Man talketh with man even unto the uttermost parts of the earth; the sea preventeth him not, nor yet the mountains.

" Why cannot we penetrate these secrets a great deal further? Men seem to have been tumbled into this world without an idea of the laws that govern its economy, and they are trying from generation to generation to find them out. At present there is a marked unfitness either in man for living in the world as it is, or else in the world for man living in it as it is, and nothing but finding out these laws and bending them to our use can help us. We have learned to compromise with nature in some things, so that we are more comfortable than the savage; but a great deal more remains. We cause the wild rose to multiply its petals by the hundred; we have made the scanty, bitter fruit of the wild apple into a pulpy, juicy globe, and multiplied its productiveness seventy-fold; we have improved our cattle from the small, vicious, ugly beast of the plains into large-bodied, short-horned animals, with small bones and great meat on their sides. We make our hens lay all winter in a climate where they could not live if left to the course of nature. We alter the course of nature, as it is called, and improve it in a hundred small ways; why not in a hundred great ones? Learn-

ing these would be a getting of wisdom surely, and Job and Solomon approved of that.

" There must be laws that regulate the elements, and why may I not learn them if I can? Why should I sit still and see my broad fields, with their crops, turn sere and brown for want of the 'early and the latter rains'? Why must my grapes and tomatoes be ruined by an early and untimely frost? Why must my seeds be planted too late in the spring, because of the bitterness of the east wind? Why may I not regulate the wind and the frost, the rain and the snow, as well as the quality of my stock and the color of my roses? There must be a way to do it, and it remains for me to learn that way.

" What do they mean when they talk about these things being arranged by Providence? Five years ago they did not know how to deal with the grasshopper, and that jerky insect devoured every green thing off the face of whole States. They watched his little habits, and learned to kill his eggs by the hundred bushel, and the grasshopper ceased to be a burden. They did not discover any decrees of Providence that should inflict grasshoppers upon them, to which they must tamely yield; they girded up their loins and gave battle to the destroyer. The laws which governed the production of the insect were discovered, and then they mastered him. Why may I not do likewise, and compel the cloud to withhold or give up its rain? When the Nile flood has reached its height, the Egyptian knows how much water he will have for his harvest, and calculates accordingly. But I know nothing, can calculate nothing for my crops. In the course of ten years the average of the rain-fall may be a sufficient quantity for each season; but what is that to me? In three of those ten years there was such drought during the four bearing months that my crops failed, and I had either to sell my cattle, or bankrupt myself buying food for them. And during other three of those years there were such copious rains that my growing crops were drowned, and my cut hay was spoiled

because it had no chance to dry. Go to. Let me try and learn the secrets of the hail and the clouds, that I may be able to regulate this matter."

Occasionally he spoke his thoughts, finding it a good thing to do; it made him know more clearly what was in his own mind.

"Why are we made so that there are only about four days in the year which entirely agree with us?" said he, suddenly, to his mother. He was sitting opposite her at dinner, and she looked at him in astonishment, and gave him a potato before she answered.

"How do you mean? Agree with us?"

"Yes. Why does not the weather either agree with us, or why do we not agree with it? I mean, if we are to live in a cold climate, why was I not made to take it as it is, and not wrestle against it as I have to with my thick-walled house and my woolen clothes, my garnered crops, and most of all the strong distaste I have, in common with the rest of mankind, for seeing the thermometer go below zero? Life is really not a question of what I can do, but what the weather will let me do. I spend three hot, dusty, sunny months in getting ready for eight horribly cold ones. In neither extreme am I comfortable, because I was not made to bear either freezing or roasting."

Mrs. Green was not a narrow-minded or unthinking woman, but she could not help looking a little scandalized, and answered, "The climate is as the Lord makes it, and we must be thankful."

"I am not speaking irreverently, mother, but is it as the Lord makes it? On the contrary, is not he waiting for us to learn how to make it for ourselves?"

"That sounds a little as if you had got over the line between religion and free, reckless thinking."

"Not a bit, in the way you mean, mother. But after we have chained the lightning, and made a mere thin vapor like steam work for us, where are you going to place the limits to our attempts or our thoughts? The Lord does not

object to the getting of wisdom. He is always putting baits in our way to lead us on to more and more. It is what the successive generations of men are for; each learns a little more than the one that went before. The Lord slowly imparts the knowledge of his great laws as the reward for years of study and toil."

Mrs. Green had nothing on hand to gainsay his arguments, and could find no fault with his tone, as full of reverence as the minister's; so she finished her dinner in speculative silence. She fed the hens afterward in a train of thought suggested by what he had said, and he drove his team and thought with one half of his brain all that day and many another, — thought with one half, and planned the rotation of crops and the rest of his farm-work with the other. It would not do to let that go behind. But his brain was big enough to do good work in both directions. When he had to turn his plow from the furrow to avoid massive boulders and outcropping shoulders of hidden ledges, he speculated upon the possibility of there being some chemical element applied to them, so that the process of disintegration should be made a speedy one, and the obnoxious rock changed into fine earth. He made a calculation of what the ledges and great spreads of flat, gray rock, barren and useless, cost him every year, and decided that there was no economy in them. Except two or three ledges, dear to his heart because he had wandered over them summer evenings with Janet, he grudged the existence of every inch of granite he owned. Why should he not melt the strong ribs of the earth? A small hand-volcano on the farm would be a great convenience. It would be a warm and pleasant winter amusement, throwing in the rocks for the inner fires to melt and pour out in a slow stream a mass of good soil. How such a glowing furnace would warm the soil for rods about it! This and kindred ideas grew in his mind, until it began to show in words and actions. He found himself obliged to take care lest he should alarm his men by talking chemically to them.

Old Caleb, his general stand-by and man of all work, picked up a rusty log-chain, and grimed his hand, naturally enough, paying, however, no especial attention to it, until Thomas said, "Oxygen did it," speaking aloud the thought in his mind. Caleb dropped the chain suddenly, looking at his hands in great displeasure, and Thomas had to laugh at him a little before he would pick it up.

Thomas spent the money that would have bought him a new suit of clothes on some of the simpler furnishings of a laboratory. Here he retired at odd moments, and studied or tried experiments. He burned himself, blew himself up, and made wondrous combinations whose fearful odors pervaded the house, causing the rest of the family to go about holding their noses. He became familiar with strange algebraic formulæ, — 2 $KI + HgCl = 2KCl + HgI_2$. From the office of the weather reports in Washington he obtained the notes and observations for three or four years, and patiently endeavored to draw from the mass such facts as would help him discover the laws which govern currents of air. He constantly said to himself, "I will know the secrets of the hail, the rain, and the wind."

Once or twice a week he went to see Janet Wareham, which shows another side of his character,—the lover. This girl was one in every way fitted to spur Thomas on in all his aspirations. She rivaled Caesar and Alexander in her ambitions for herself, and naturally did not spare the man to whom she was engaged. Caesar and Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer, and despaired because they could not find them; Janet found them. In everything she undertook a new world opened, which she wished to explore to its utmost limits. She had dived deep among German gutturals and French idioms,—had gone through a college course of Latin, and spoke it well enough to have made a member of the Ecumenical Council. Withal, she could cook a dinner, ride a horse, or paper a room. In fact, she could do too many things. Her mother looked at her with apprehension, and said, "Ja-

net can do anything she wishes, and she is growing thin and pale with so much ability,"—which was very true. Probably she would have lost her health in another year, but she was released from the spur of poverty, which had helped her find out her capacities, just in time to save her. She was the only grandchild of the family on her mother's side, and her grandfather, dying, left his comfortable property and a house in town to her mother in trust for Janet. So she lost the strongest incentive to overwork, poverty and necessity. But ambition was woven into her nature, and she did not settle into sloth and rust; she only took life a little more easily than before. Having a house in the city, she spent three or four months of the winter in town, and thus got a taste of society, of music, and of books. Their engagement had been entered upon late one summer, and the following winter she wrote to Thomas from Hartford:—

"This being in town is well enough, because it is good, I think, to mingle two ways of living in the life of one person, if possible. When I am at Northam, I have you, and my interests and tastes are all of an out-of-door and pastoral nature. Then I come here, and meet people, hear gossip, music, art talk, and get into a busy current of human interests. Last winter I was music-mad, and went to every opera and concert that came along. This winter I have taken to drawing again, and have looked out my water-colors, and have glorious times with some enthusiastic art friends. I have taken to house decoration, and the artist with whom I study thinks I shall do pretty well in that line. He dabbles in water-colors, paints flowers and fans *à la* Japanese for amusement, but makes portrait-painting his real work. He is to paint my picture for you, and I commence the sittings to-morrow. I have commanded him, on pain of my displeasure, to put in all the characteristic and bad points of my face,—the tendency of my nose and of my chin to be rather long, and the straight lines of my eyebrows, which ought to have been curvilinear,—and yet to make me beautiful;

so that when I am handed down to future generations, people shall say, 'How lovely she must have been!' and not having a scrap of me to compare the picture with, they will think it an accurate rendering of my charms. He is not to omit the little white scar on the end of my nose, which throbs when I am angry or excited. He was putting my head in different positions yesterday to find the best one, when he observed the scar, and asked how I got it. In answer I fashioned an idle tale, which made him laugh. 'A Maori chieftain fell in love with me,' said I, 'and when I was deaf to his prayers he wished to brain me; but his implement of stone was dull, and I escaped with a cleft nose, which has retained the scar.' He laughed, and said, 'Your story translated would read that your careless nurse, while dozing by the fire, let you drop upon the andiron. And as for the Maori part, it was suggested by the nurse having been a black woman.'

"I am hunting over and ripping up all my stores of finery to make a dress to suit this fastidious artist. The picture is to be in half length, but not life size, because it is upon ivory, the largest piece I can find. He says my gown must be simple, yet in a style suited to me, and different from any fashion that now prevails. What combination he will hit upon I cannot imagine. All the finery I possess was yesterday laid out in the back parlor for him to select from. With a face intense and determined he stood among it, threw now a bit of satin over my shoulder, as if he wished to lasso me, stood off to get the effect with a look of disgust, put an ell of lace on my head, whirled that off with a sound as if he would like to be disrespectful to it if he dared, and then enveloped me in a black velvet cloak, my yellow head sticking out at the top like a dandelion out of a mud-bank. I suggested this comparison, but was frowned down at once, and perceived that I was rudely breaking in upon artistic visions and reveries; so I shut my mouth like an angry oyster, and remained silent, while he continued to involve me in silk and satin hurricanes.

"He has condescended to approve of a design for a dado which is to be put on the walls of the parlor. Knowing how you hate that vicious plant, the blue weed, I have taken the stiff stem and the peculiar blue blossom and conventionalized them to my use. Imagine the stem, of an ugly dull green, rising straight a distance of a foot and a half; on its top is the blue wheel of the blossom, and just below two short stems emerge at regularly irregular distances, each bearing a bud or a blossom. These are upon a ground of unburnished gold, and between each frisks a spray of wild convolvulus. I mean it frisks enough to break up the picket-like stiffness of the blue-weed stems; but it is also just a little conventionalized, and its blossom is another shade of the same blue as the blue weed. Will your philosophico-scientific imagination carry you thus far? If so, then fancy that the whole design is topped off by a strip of Indian red, which ends the dado and marks the beginning of the pale buff wall, and there you have it.

"But here comes Mr. —, the artist, again. Undoubtedly, in the sympathetic lights and shades of his studio the vision of my appropriate dress has dawned upon him. I must hurry down and see what he will say.

"Two hours later. It was even so. It is now decreed what the important dress shall be. You would not guess it if you tried. To describe it is to make you think of the color usually considered most trying to blondes; yet Mr. Hand will combine and bring out and soften it, and finally triumph over all difficulties. These are my orders, — I give them as he gave, and wish I could put upon paper his business tone of command. 'Your gown,' said this autocrat, 'shall be of deep red velvet, with a plain skirt falling in its natural folds. It shall not be long-waisted beyond nature, nor yet short, like that minx the Empress Josephine. It shall be turned away at the throat in the shape of a V, and there shall be a frill of old lace, narrow in front and high at the back, but not so high as those worn by that other minx, Queen Elizabeth.'

That curious necklace sprinkled with seed pearls, which your sea-faring uncle brought from Brazil, shall clasp your throat closely, and your hair, which you rightfully though with wicked intent compared to a dandelion, shall be rolled in soft puffs, high on your head; and at your peril, Miss Wareham, shall you dare, on the mornings when you sit for me, to pass a comb through those tendrils and incipient curls which soften the line of your forehead and ingratiatingly nestle at the back of your neck.'

"I bowed. I was overwhelmed. I did not dare to say, The red will be unbecoming, the necklace is not large enough to go round my great throat, and to put my hair in puffs is a luxury I indulge in only when I go to parties and employ a hair-dresser. But I must hear and obey, piece out the necklace with black velvet on the back, and deplete my pocket-book by having my hair rolled high three times a week."

The picture was pronounced a success when it was finished, yet it was left to hang on the walls of Janet's house. The likeness was good. The artist had given with great skill and appreciation of his subject the high-bred look peculiar to her face when in repose; but he had also, by his skillful touches around the eyes and mouth, suggested how they could kindle and curve with the archness and fun that were in her nature. But Thomas did not like it. He never told the reason, because at first he did not know himself: the rich dress, the pearl necklace, seemed to take her away from him. He came up to see her in a state of the deepest depression. His first words were, "Do not let me come near you; do not even give me your hand and smile at me, lest you melt the heart of my firm resolve."

She looked at him keenly a moment, and then read his troubled glance well. Her answer was to press closely to him, to give him a little caress on the cheek, and to say with tender archness, "Ah, I know! It is that wicked onion crop. That and the Canada thistle have been your bane. Men who will stake their all on onions, when they know that they con-

tend against blight and cut-worm, must repent in bitterness of soul. I shall have to marry you to draw you away from the whirl of these dreadful attractions."

"You would make a granite boulder laugh," said he, his face brightening and softening under the charm of her words and touch. His arm stole round her waist, and as he would have kissed her she whispered, "How did you dare think of breaking the engagement because you have been unsuccessful on your farm?" Then he found it was his turn to soothe and comfort her. A good deal of it was the wordless kind. When he did speak, he said, "Oh, my darling, I am a heavily burdened man! For three years I have barely paid the interest on money I owe for my farm. If the next year proves as unfortunate as this, I shall go to the wall, and you will simply be obliged yourself to break the engagement with the bankrupt farmer."

Her sweet, incredulous smile at this last made his arm tighten its hold.

"Dear boy, you are so stupid not to marry on what I have."

"On what you have not," he replied. "Your mother has it, and there is only enough for you two. A pretty business it would be for a man of thirty, strong and in full health, to marry a woman and let her mother support him."

"Thomas, you are very proud."

"Undoubtedly I am. And let me tell you that you would not be proud of me very long if I did so."

She sighed; she knew he was right.

He echoed her sigh, and then said in a tone of would-be cheerfulness, "When I have discovered the secret of the weather, things will be different."

"Is it that you are after, instead of onions? The secret of the weather? What is that?"

"It is the result of a feeling I have that I should like to work more certainly and profitably than I do. When heat and frost, blight and drought, conspire to kill the largest crop of whatever I may be raising, how can I hope to succeed? My desire therefore is to make over the climate, — combine a season of drought with a season of rain, and strike an aver-

age between the two, — make extremes meet, you see, in that way."

The idea struck her at first a little as it had Mrs. Green.

"But I thought the Lord regulated the seasons, and made them all for the best."

"Are you sure of that? In nature the Lord has given us the rock and the wilderness, and told us to go to work and make them blossom as the rose; and we have succeeded tolerably with the wilderness; not quite so well with the rock. May not the same argument hold good with our climate? He has given us some very rough material in the New England winter, and he may be waiting for us to discover how to change it so as to suit us and our needs better than it does. As to there being any irreverence in the thought, which I saw was your first feeling, it is not wicked to turn a river from its course to water a city; why should it be to change a brutal climate into a milder one? It will give us a wider life and a better chance in the world."

She caught the idea with womanly alertness of mind.

"It is the same idea in a different shape. In the first instance, man alters the river to suit his convenience; in the second the climate. The Lord made one as much the other, and handed them both over to man to struggle with, till he found out how to conquer them. But can you hope to discover a way to subdue this climate of ours? I never thought much about it, but it is rather dreadful."

"Rather," replied he, dryly. "Just come here."

She followed him to the window and looked out. The sky was one uniform iron-gray tint; snow was beginning to fall, and an icy wind caught it and blew it with howls and shouts into the face of every one who breasted it, and upon the doorsteps and against the window panes of those who tried to shut it out with closed doors and thick walls.

"It is a cheerful prospect," said he grimly. "And notice that it is the deathly cold which is the repulsive element in this sort of weather. If it were a warm rain, we should take no such exceptions

to it as we do now. I can hardly say I hope to change all this, but it is for that I work in my laboratory. Think how magnificent it would be! Let me build a 'castle in Spain' for once."

She nodded a joyous assent, only too glad to wile away the gloom that was on him when he first came.

"In our souls we all hate these cruel New England winters. People talk in a wild way about liking the cold, and the pleasure of a bracing atmosphere, and all that sort of stuff, with their shuddering skin revolting at the nonsense and themselves wrapped in heavy, cumbersome clothes in order that they may keep up a vital warmth. Cross-question them a little, and you will find that they mean the sort of weather we have in October, and that is what they really enjoy. But nobody likes month after month in which fires must be piled high to keep the air at a moderate temperature inside, while everything freezes on the outside edge of door and window. The change of climate which we experience every winter day going from our warm houses to the out-door air is enough to make invalids of us all. We must have the warmth. We will stay in all we can to enjoy that warmth. Human nature revolts at going out in such cold except as a necessity. I repeat, — no man in his inmost soul really likes cold weather. He thinks he cannot help it, so he puts on a brave face and tries to make himself believe he likes it. Now I would change all this!"

"How can you, Thomas? Will you straighten up the axes of the earth, or change the course of the Gulf Stream?"

"I cannot explain to you without going elaborately into my theory of gases and cold currents of air. But it will amount to our getting more of the benefit of the Gulf Stream than we now have. I should utilize that more, and also the stream which is like it in the Pacific. But think how delicious it would be to have a really temperate climate, — a climate that did not indulge in such intemperances as ours does."

"Yes, ours is not strictly temperate, I must say. It did indulge in sprees of

the most violent kind. In the summer we often have tropical heat, and in the winter arctic cold."

"We do exactly that. And what tremendous changes the thermometer allows itself! I have known it range through forty-eight degrees in twenty-four hours."

"Certainly. I remember, only a few weeks ago, commencing a morning in muslin and being in furs before night."

"I see, my dear, you will appreciate my equable climate better than I at first hoped. And think how we farmers shall flourish!"

"But think also how the hordes that feast and grow fat upon green things will flourish! What are they? The canker, palmer, army, cut, wire, and other worms; likewise the weevil and phylloxera."

"Learned little girl! Have you been cramming on the report of the state entomologist?"

"Not at all, sir. But am I not bound to take an interest in the things which concern you, so that I may influence you toward good? I knew your anxieties about worms had frequently been great, and so I read up about that large family of articulates."

"Right; and I admire you more than ever. I will also remember that you always confound me when we argue."

"Of course it is my duty to hand in a minority report once in a while, or you would always crush me. But how about my worms?"

"I know; the number of pernicious things that can get after a crop is something fearful. But we make a pretty good fight now, and we could turn the energies which we use now in keeping ourselves warm to the destruction of the caterpillar and the moth. Besides, there would be a longer season, and what we do not succeed with in one month we might try again later."

"But shall we not grow lazy, and cease to be an active, energetic nation, energized by our lovely climate?"

"Janet, despise the idea! You must. It is the greatest fallacy that ever was, to defend a climate which, however,

can be defended only by an argument founded on a fallacy."

"I am crushed," said she. "But go on. I like it."

"You are not crushed half enough. The idea that human nature is not strong enough to withstand the seductions of a pleasant climate is an insult to the maker. But here are facts, — the facts. Everywhere the old civilizations have been found in countries with a mild climate; so that the people were not driven by the necessity of working all the time to provide for the winter, the time of famine. Therefore, they had leisure to cultivate the arts and sciences. Egypt, Greece, Italy, India, and, on our own side of the world, Mexico and Peru all had moderate, pleasant climates."

She looked up at him, and he answered her glance. "You are going to say that they all waned after a time? What does that prove? How do you know but we may? The element of destruction does not lie in climate. It will be in our intertwined morals and religion, or something of that nature. Every civilization carries its own peculiar possibility of destruction as well as its peculiar vital power. We are not exempt. Eighteen hundred years hence may see us an extinct people, and our existence an object of discussion by some nation we know not."

"Some nation not knowing our Fourth of July, or any other proper holiday," she mischievously added.

He laughed, and gave her a tigerish look. "Beware how you mock at me. I shall!" —

"You will do nothing to stop my making you laugh and forget care and onions, whenever I can get a chance."

"It has been rather a philosophical talk for lovers," he said, as he rose to go; "but — was there much philosophy in that?" as he let her go, the blood flushing into her face, and her heart beating quicker from his farewell kiss. But he got no verbal answer.

Thomas reached the station at Northam, five miles from his house, at twelve o'clock in the evening, and found, as he expected, his horse and wagon in an

adjoining stable, left there by previous agreement with the faithful Caleb. Muffled to the ears in his overcoat and robes, he started on the long, solitary drive,—solitary after he left the street of the little town.

The snow ceased falling, the wind lulled a little, and he had nothing to do but give his mare the reins and let her go, while he occupied himself with bitter-sweet thoughts of Janet,—bitter, because he saw plainly that his engagement would be a long one; sweet, with the thought of her faithfulness, and that she perceived his design of setting her free, and the way she met it.

In the loneliest part of the road he drove between high banks which rose on either side, crowned with sighing pine-trees. Here he drove slowly, for the way was narrow, when suddenly, from the left hand, a dark figure appeared, and sprang at a bound into the back of the wagon. A hand smote him on the shoulder, and a voice said, "Well, old Thomas, how goes it?"

"You ought to be called the goblin squirrel," retorted Thomas, "jumping into a man's wagon from nowhere at this time of night, and scaring him out of his wits. I suppose you were up in the top of one of the trees, and merely flew down as I came along."

"No, I have been lying in wait for you these two hours. What a late fellow you are! How does it suit to go to bed at one and get up at five?"

"Not at all in any other business," promptly replied Thomas. "But you know when man is in love, he does all sorts of things with impunity. It is like camping out, where you wet your feet, and sit in wet clothes, and do all the things your grandmother says you must not do, and never catch cold."

"More like the providence that attends on fools and drunkards," said Jack, laughing.

"All the same," responded Thomas, cheerfully. "But why were you lying in wait for me to-night, especially?"

"Oh, nothing. I knew you had come from Hartford and Janet. I am in love with her, too, you know; and if I am

not the man promoted, I want to stand next to the one that is."

"Jack, I don't quite understand you. You speak every little while of being in love with Janet, generally in a joking way, but sometimes in a different tone, as if you — envied me."

The darkness hid the savage look which glowed in Jack's face at this speech, and the rattle of the wagon covered the snap as he set his teeth together; but in a second he answered, with a voice gay and unconscious enough for his careless words, "Oh, she is my second cousin, you know; and I have always been in love with her, ever since we hunted birds'-nests together in the swamps. Being in love with her is a habit I have acquired through the years. I mention it occasionally to keep you well up. If you were to fall off and become cold, I should feel it my duty to comfort her." He laughed in an easy way that would have deceived senses as acute as Fine-ear, and added, "What are you mulling over now in your laboratory? What is the last new bad smell? I was nearly knocked down the other day when I opened your front door. Your mother, with her nose high in the air, said it was 'awful.' Faith, I thought so, too."

"Yes; that was a little sulphureted hydrogen that I accidentally compounded in trying to do something else."

"So you are meddling with hydrogen gas, are you? It makes pretty little explosions, you know."

"I expect to be blown through the roof some day, but I hope not just yet. It is so dark I can hardly see; but that is your house, is it not?"

"No, the next. There,—don't stop your horse. A squirrel, you know, does not need consideration of that sort."

Without more words, or allowing Thomas to draw rein, he disappeared into the darkness with another flying leap like the one which had brought him into the wagon, and Thomas supposed that he entered the large, comfortable-looking farm-house where his fathers and forefathers had dwelt for many a year. But to peaceful rest he was not

inclined. The accepted lover went home and slept until five o'clock in the morning. Jack saw the stars set, and the east begin to redden with the tardy light of a winter morning, from the depths of the pine grove.

Jack Osborn was, as he said, a cousin of Janet's, but with a very different strain of blood in his veins. He had a handsome face, smooth and dark, but it was almost spoiled to any one who was a reader of physiognomy by a short, receding chin. His figure, slender, wiry, and nervous, combined such agility with such strength that he was considered a prodigy among his friends. It was easier for him to jump a gate than to open it, and Thomas was not wrong in calling him a squirrel; the bound that he made from the bank into the wagon was nothing to him. When a boy he would go from one tree to another, in his father's grove of maples, by leaping from bough to bough; and he could do it still, at twenty-six. In character he was a combination of contrasts and contradictions, strength and weakness, more than usually falls to the human lot. His weaknesses were his strong points. His early education had been of the old, careful New England sort; but who can build on a quicksand? When there came a question between honor and strong desires, honor went to the wall, and he obtained his wish. What he could not have, he moved heaven and earth to get; when he had it, he threw it down, and ran after something else. He cried for the moon from his father's arms, and had to be held back from springing after it. That was what he had done ever since; the worst of it was that his father's arms could no longer restrain him.

He went away from home, and became a salesman in a wholesale dry-goods firm. To be known as an attractive man, who could sell goods when others could not, was his aim for several years. He was admirably fitted for the position; his quiet, easy manners, with great tact and a ready appreciation and sympathy for the character of his customers, gave him success much sooner than is usually the case. But when he had an

offer of a larger salary and a finer position from a rival firm, he let it slip in an entirely characteristic manner, lost his ambition, and came back to a quiet life on his father's farm, and to fall deeply in love with Janet. He knew she was engaged to Thomas, but that was the spur his character needed. He could not get his cousin's love, and so he wanted it. He hung about, pretending that it was in a cousinly way, often speaking jestingly of his love to her, as he had to Thomas Green.

One person read him aright, — Janet Wareham. She did not admit it in her inmost thoughts, but the unacknowledged knowledge guided her conduct with him. She never let him see what she knew. Her manner to him was sweet and friendly, but always as if she were set away beyond his reach. She allowed him cousinly intimacy at her house, but there was nothing special or personal about it. Her manner ought to have warned him; and it did in one sense, but also attracted him irresistibly. It was his nature, whenever he saw a barrier, to wish to break it down in some way. Janet spoke with deeper meaning than she was quite aware of herself, once, when she said, "Jack, you really ought to turn your attention to the North Pole."

"Why?" said he, astonished.

"Because you would never give it up until you had reached the very tip of the pole and swung your feet off the end. There is such a dumb, dogged perseverance in you when real and tremendous obstacles are laid in your way."

The second summer of Thomas's engagement to Janet was hot on the hills. Thomas stood, one evening in July, with folded arms; contemplating his brown pastures. They rolled away to the sea as dry and sere as if a fire had passed over them. The sun was setting in a red haze, which told that the next day would be as dry and hot as the one just ending. Two or three clouds obscured the line of the horizon in the west; but they were not the threatening-looking thunder-heads with possibilities of forked lightning and rushing rain in their folds

such as he would have been glad to see. Caleb, coming up, stood by his side. He had worked with Thomas's father on the farm, and had transferred his regard from father to son.

" 'T ain't much of a sight, now," said he. " Three months without rain makes another thing of pasture lands. Them skies look as if they was brass."

Thomas sighed for all answer. The sight put off his marriage another year still, and his heart was hot.

Caleb went on: " The drought don't seem to hurt them potato beetles. I come through the lot just now, and they was so thick you could hear 'em rattle against one another; and how they was chawin' them potato tops!"

" The dry weather suits them exactly; pity if it could not help something. How much hay shall we have to sell next winter, if this sort of thing goes on? A teaspoonful, do you think?"

" Sea'cely," replied Caleb, chuckling grimly at the grim joke. " There won't be enough for the cattle to eat, to say nothin' of sellin' any. You will have to take them into the kitchen and give them bread and milk."

The smile on Thomas's face had no merriment in it, and as Caleb glanced around he felt a sudden desire to offer sympathy and consolation, only he did not know how. Like many another Yankee, he was of the chestnut-bur description, — raspy and rough outside, but velvet-lined, and with a sound, sweet heart. The expression on the face of Thomas acted like a frost on this kindly old bur, and he began to show as well as he could his inner softness.

" These 'ere summers are better in some respects than awful wet ones. I remember three year ago how we had to rout round to get hay dry at all. Me and the horses, and Tim with the oxen, raced our loads of hay ag'inst a thunder-cloud, one day, and we beat only by a second. The rain wet the tail end of the cart as we galloped on to the barn floor. Tim and me looked at each other and says he, ' I 'most drawed them oxen's heads out of the yoke; ' and says I, ' The tongue is pretty near pulled

out of the wagon with these horses havin' to go so, and I guess next time we won't try quite so hard.' But we did save the hay." Thomas listened, in spite of himself, and the old man went on with his friendly voice and cheerful talk:—

" John Davis took that 'ere bull you sold to the butcher. But I guess he did n't tell you what kind of a time he had doin' it?"

" No," said Thomas. " He has been at work in the Point meadow all day, and I have not seen him since."

" The bull wa'n't nothin' but an infant in years, but he 's got a grown-up temper. He acted just like a drunk lord. He wa'n't goin' to have nobody else on the road at the same time he was. He went after every man, woman, and child he saw, draggin' John at the end of the rope as if he wa'n't nothin' but a fly. Silas Smith came along in his nice new buggy, shinin' with varnish, and wanted to speak to John about some mowin'. But the bull would n't hear to nothin'. He just let drive at the buggy head on, and Silas had to whip up and get out of the way as fast as he could tucker. Then the bull looked round, and seemed to think he was kind o' hot after all this thrashing about; and he was right there on the causeway across the meadows, where the big ditch is, you know. He thought the water looked cool and nice, and slam-bang he went into it. John could n't stop him no more 'n he could a thunder-clap. But there wa'n't only about two inches of water, and the rest was black sea-mud just about ten feet deep. He flounched and flapped and kicked and spattered, and the more he did it the deeper he got. John thought he might as well git tamed that way as any other, so he let him work. Finally there wa'n't nothin' to be seen but the line of his back and his curly forehead and nose; and his bellerin' sounded different from what it was before, and he stopped kickin'. Then John began to stir round; brought rails and put under him, and pried him out. ' Now what do you think of yourself? ' said John. But he was n't the same kind of beast

as when he jumped in so gay. He had a smooth coatin' of that thin black mud all over him,—like molasses. He knew he was dirty, and John says he went the rest of the way like a black lamb, and never give so much as a snort even when he saw the butcher."

Thomas added a hearty laugh to Caleb's snicker, of which the sound was good to Caleb's ears and the substance good for Thomas's heart; it broke up and scattered the heavy brood of cares that had settled down on him.

But for all that, and let him be as brave as he would, it was an up-hill fight. On an evening of the early autumn, Jack and he compared notes, sitting by a crackling open wood fire, the one luxury he permitted himself. As they finished the column of figures in which the cost of raising the crop was set down opposite the price it brought when sold, Jack got up and stood before the mantel-piece, back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, and looked at Thomas with a very dismal cast of countenance, which Thomas could only reflect in his own. This lasted in silence for a moment, and then they both burst out laughing.

"It is rather absurd," said Thomas, "to see two men stare at each other, like monuments to grief, and we might as well laugh as cry. It is enough to prejudice one against figures, this keeping accounts. When I look back over my books for the last three years, I wonder how I have managed to get bread to eat."

"Still, you have lived fairly well," replied Jack, "and so have we, but I do not see how. On the whole, I think it is best to walk on blindly, and not look into figures too closely. When you come to pin your corn and wheat and potatoes and turnips down to your account-book, they seem to slide out between your fingers. And yet we work hard to raise them, and we have to pay our men good round wages for the work."

"That is true; and the work is of the kind the political economists call productive work, and it seems as if it ought to yield a little more than a bare living."

"Tom, where's the leak?"

"Jack, I can't tell. The losses in any kind of business are so great that when I look squarely at it I do not see how any man honestly earns more than a dollar a day."

"That is a dreadful reflection. I am going to turn tramp."

"Yes, it is rather grinding to think of. Our fathers ate a great deal of rye bread and salt pork, and skinned the soil to do that. We pretend to a better and more enlightened kind of farming, and yet we do not seem to be able to eat wheat bread and beef and make money at the same time."

"What a pity that men were made with anything else but a mouth and a stomach and a back to put clothes upon!"

"That is where it grinds me the hardest. I want a little money to buy a book, or subscribe for a review, or to keep up my stock by the addition of some fine cattle. But the money comes so hard that I am beginning to feel afraid I shall grow mean. It costs so much 'blood and treasure' to live that I feel sometimes as if I really could not afford the common comforts of life."

"Tom, something ought to be done about it."

"Well, yes," replied Thomas dryly. "It is a pity we cannot legislate for the difficulty,—pass a law, for instance, that we will have such and such crops, and they must cost only a certain sum."

This recalled Jack to his common sense, and he laughed. "Probably," said he, "there are no greater losses and drawbacks in farming than in any other business, judging from what I saw among merchants when I was in that business; but there ought to be more certainty about the result when you plant your crop. You have not solved the weather problem yet?"

"No; I am at work on that steadily. I am not so mad about my theory as to suppose that it would make us rich immediately; only it would make life more agreeable, whether one had money or not. The fact is, Jack, the processes of nature are mortally slow. The farmer comes right down on to nature for his

living, and so he has to be slow,—his processes have to be long, too."

"Hum! you make it a pleasant outlook."

"It is worse for me than you, Jack. I am engaged, and wish to be married. But if I wait for the processes of nature to make me rich, I shall apparently spend a life-time in merely building a foundation on which to make any money."

Jack always slipped away from any subject that involved the marriage of Thomas and Janet, and he took up another point in their conversation.

"Cannot you, in your laboratory, discover some way to hurry up the 'processes,' as you call them?"

Thomas looked at him gravely a moment, and answered slowly, "I have—done something. You know, sometimes, when you are working to discover one thing, you hit upon another without intending it?"

"Yes. Columbus discovered a little island when he was on the threshold of a big continent."

"Exactly my case. The parallel between me and Columbus is excellent. I shall encourage myself with thinking I am on a preliminary island. Come on, and I will show you how it works," and Thomas lighted a lamp.

"Any money in it, Tom?" said Jack, as the other led the way up-stairs to a little room across the end of the stairway.

"I suppose so, if I can ever earn enough raising corn to get it fairly started. There it is."

As they entered, he pointed to a solid-looking iron bottle standing amid a profusion of retorts, pipes, crucibles, and the other usual machinery of a laboratory.

"Shall I leave the door open?" said Jack.

"No. Mother will be sure to smell something, though I have not anything powerful going to night. Take care,—that is not a safe thing to handle unless you know exactly how."

"Hum-m-m! In learning how to do things, you have tested the capacity of your ceiling a little," and Jack cast an amused glance upward. "It seems to

me there is more lath and less plaster up there every time I come here."

Thomas laughed. "That is the way I try my gases. If they explode with force enough to knock off a foot or two of plaster, I think there must be some life in them."

"Well, now for your discovery. What will it do for our pockets to make us rich, so that we can marry the woman we love?"

"Put that last noun in the plural," quoth Thomas, innocently, "as I fancy we do not both want to marry the same woman. See here."

He placed a pebble of pure quartz under a little stop-cock at the side of the iron bottle, and turned a faucet. Out trickled slowly a liquid so clear that each separate drop flashed with prismatic rays. As they touched the quartz and gushed smoothly down its sides, there was a sudden furious foaming, a sound of grinding and rending, and a thin column of smoke arose; then it died down, the smoke vanished in air, and where the pebble had been there was only a little heap of dark-looking dust, or earth.

"There is the force of a thousand steam-engines in that bottle," said Thomas, looking round at Jack. "Does your father want to get rid of Break-Neck Ledge, that cuts in two the best part of his farm? Here is the little medicine that will do it."

The unwilling heart of Jack felt a sudden increase of respect for Thomas, and acknowledged that it had not hitherto appreciated him fully. He broke out in astonishment, "I say, old fellow, is that really so? How did you do it?"

"It is really so. There is no humbug, Jack, about that. If your father wants less ledge and more good soil on his farm, here is a way to get it."

"That means money, Thomas, if it can be easily and cheaply made."

"Cheaply made? Could I undertake any costly experiment? It is made at a cost of twenty-five cents a gallon. I have calculated that a gill will pulverize a ton of rock into earth. Is not that a tolerably practical view for a man to take who is a dreamer and an inventor?"

"You are an inventor or a discoverer, by George, and I congratulate you!" and with a burst of real enthusiasm, rare enough in Jack, he shook the hand of Thomas.

"Am I a discoverer?" The pleased look at Jack's words died down. "Then I am sorry,—no discoverer ever profited by his discovery. On the contrary, he usually comes to grief in some way because of it. Those who come after are the ones to reap the benefits."

"Nonsense, old boy. What if Columbus was cranky about his being put in irons, and had them buried with him! Don't have the blues about a notion. Be a practical man. Get a patent on your rock burner, advertise it, make up a quantity of it, and start out with a wagon load, knock some of these rocks into pi, and astonish the natives."

The color rose into Green's face, and the light came back to his eyes. "I will make the farms round here smooth and lovely, and then, Jack, the way we will cover them with wheat and corn! We are so near the city that it always seemed to me a shame we could not raise more for its market. Come over again three days from now, and we will try our first grand experiment on that great boulder which lies in the Jerrod lot. I have looked at that spitefully these ten years when I mow round it. I have wished that the particular glacier which brought that down had carried it a little further and dropped it in the sea. I should like to ask Janet, but I think I had better not. If there should be an accident and she got hurt, I should blow myself up immediately afterward."

Jack looked relieved at this conclusion. He never liked to be present with Janet and Thomas both. He got on better with either separately.

Three days after, Thomas, looking a little haggard from want of sleep, having been in his laboratory late for two evenings, and Jack, fresh as a rose, went down the road that led through the Green farm to the sea, carrying the large, heavy iron bottle between them. Mrs. Green looked after them with an

expression of anxiety and resignation. She was perfectly used to having Thomas do rather unusual things, but to-night she could not help a little audible murmur that she did wish he might succeed in whatever he was doing before long, so as not to be "strambling off" in the lots with a big bottle just at supper time; and also she hoped "he was not tempting Providence by any capers with gases and awful smelling things."

Thomas and Jack went on, the latter occasionally relieving the tedium of the way by letting go his side of the jug and springing on the top of a fence, to look after a squirrel that had flashed into sight and out again, or to listen more closely to the hermit thrush whose flute notes sounded from the tops of the trees in the deeper parts of the wood. Every motion that Jack made was full of vigorous grace and lightness. When he sprang upon the fence top, it was with a movement like that of a deer; when he ran along upon it, he never swerved or missed a step, and if he came to a pair of bars he leaped lightly from post to post without pausing. While he indulged in these escapades, Thomas walked patiently along, carrying the whole weight of the jug in a one-sided and inconvenient manner. Jack would come back with a half apology for his pranks, but was always off again in a moment, as if unable to repress his bounding activity. After about twenty minutes' walk, they stopped by the side of the great rock, and looked up its steep sides. The setting sun threw a pink light over its stern grayness, and even Thomas admitted that it was a picturesque feature in the landscape.

"But it is only for the moment," said he,—"only for the moment. To-morrow, in the prosaic light of noon, it will look like an unseemly wart on the surface of the earth, just as it really is. Old boulder, your room is better than your company. I hope your last hour has come."

Jack laughed. "We will give his backbone a wrench before we go. Now, Tom, tell me what to do."

The arrangements were slight. Thom-

as had made a calculation of the number of cubic feet in the rock and of its probable weight. He verified these, and then Jack advanced with the bottle.

"Hold on a minute," said Thomas, and began climbing up the rock.

Jack looked after him with a stare. "You don't want me to make a burnt-offering of yourself, do you? Oh, that is it!" as he saw Thomas scramble toward a cleft near the top, from which nodded a soft green plume of ferns. These he plucked up by the roots, and came sliding down again by Jack's side with them in his hand.

"I will take them to Janet, and have her plant them. She has always noticed them whenever we have driven past here to the shore."

"What a moment for sentiment!" cried Jack, — "just when you are on the eve of destroying an enemy of your race."

"That is not sentiment," said Thomas, coldly; "that is forgiveness of enemies. Come, let's scatter the destroyer."

As with the quartz pebble when that clear, potent fluid washed its sides, so with the great rock. A slow sound of grinding and rending was heard, which deepened to a low intense moaning like distant thunder, and the smoke curled up in a huge column, black and thick as if it came from the bottomless pit.

"I feel a little like the man in the Arabian Nights, who uncorked an innocent-looking bottle, and let loose an enormous and fearful Afrite."

"I should think you had done exactly that," said Jack, rather glad to hear a human voice, and to be called on to talk a little. "I hope you have a ring, or a spell of some kind, to control him."

"It will soon be over now," said Thomas; "the rock is growing visibly less."

It was crumbling in all directions, and in an hour the great rock, weighing hundreds of tons, was a heap of black dust and ashes, and of other traces there were none.

"It remains now to be proved whether this is a really good fertilizer," said

Thomas, as the ashes slowly cooled. He took up a handful and examined it. "I will put some on the garden, — though if it does not rain soon, all the fertilizers in Christendom will be of no use," and he cast a half-despairing glance at the sky, so hopelessly clear.

"Yes, we must settle the weather question," said Jack, airily. "How one thing depends on another! Tom, you will really have to go on and discover that to make this of any use."

"If I only could, my great object in life would be attained."

"And then you would die peacefully?"

"No," and Thomas gave a sort of shiver. He did not like the mention of death. "A man is never ready to die, — at least, one of my kind never is. There is always something more I want to do first. When I go, it will have to be a sudden thing, — I mean I hope it will be."

"What a couple of old crows we are, — talking about death just at the moment when you have succeeded with your experiment. We ought to be dancing a jig with delight. You look as long-faced as if you were going to be burned yourself, instead of the rocks you detest. Be jolly, old fellow!" and he gave Thomas a clap on the shoulder which made the latter say, "It is human nature, I suppose, to be discontented as long as anything remains to be done. At least, it is my human nature."

"A kind of 'divine discontent,'" said Jack.

"You know I hit upon this discovery accidentally, — that is, I had not thought upon it seriously. The idea had suggested itself to me, but I had not really tried to study it out, as I have the weather question. So perhaps I do not rejoice as I should."

"I fancy that you will look at it more respectfully when the money it brings begins to line your pockets."

"And — and I can get married," said Thomas, the gloom on his face breaking up as he thought of Janet. The cloud which had lain there seemed to blow over and darken on the face of Jack. He lost his airy look of amuse-

ment from that moment; a little fierce gleam flickered in his unsteady eyes, and he was the first to make a movement of departure. In these changed moods, as they left the lot, Thomas turned and waved his hat with a gayety like Jack's. "Old ruin," he cried, "good-by! You are more useful now, in your humility, than when you towered high and wore a button-hole bouquet of ferns. What will Caleb say to-morrow, when he sees the pile of ashes where he has always found High Rock?"

"He will think," said Jack, "that there is some witchcraft about it. Lucky for you, Tom, that you are not living in the good old days when they burned men at the stake for less than that."

This growl did not touch Thomas. He went on with his train of thought:

"The old man will drive the cows down here in the morning to their pasture below. He will miss something he is used to seeing, and at first will not know what it is. Then he will remember the great rock. He will stare all round after

it, and by and by say, 'Darn it!' He allows himself that profanity on holidays and great occasions. Then he will hustle the cows into the lot as fast as he can, put up the bars with extra care, come back to me in a great hurry, and tell me that he guesses the lightnin' has struck that High Rock of mine; but he 'll be darned if it wa'n't in a dry storm, for there ha'n't been no thunder and no rain. I should be willing to lay a small sum that he will do exactly that."

But Jack had no smile in reply, and as they reached the house of Thomas they separated without much ceremony. Jack, as soon as he heard the door close behind Thomas, quickened his steps, and then as he got out of eyesight went at a whirlwind's pace down to the pine grove. Somethin' in the gloom of their depths, in the peculiar sound of the wind through the needle leaves, attracted him always in moments of fierce rage, such as this evening, as also in calmer moods, and he often spent hours there when he was supposed to be in bed.

A WALL BETWEEN.

A Dying Woman Speaks.

THEN, do I doubt? Not so.
Though the stars wander without any Guide
Out there in loneliest dark, almost I know
I do believe that He was crucified.
And risen and ascended to
The heavens? O priest, I do.

Still, you were kind to come.
Only to tell me, then, that I must die?
I knew as much. Ah me! the mouth was dumb
That told me first (let by-gone things go by),—
The young sad mouth without a breath.
Yes, I believe in death.

It is a vain world? Oh,
It is a goodly world,—a world wherein
We hear the doves (that moan?)—the winds (that blow

The buds away?) It is a world of sin,
And therefore sorrow? — Was it, then,
Fashioned and formed of men?

Oh, call it what you will!
Light, hollow, brief, and bitter? Yes, I know.
With cruel seas and sands? Yes, yes, and still — —
And fire and famine following where we go?
And still I leave it at my feet,
Moaning, "The world is sweet."

Why, it was here that I
Had youth and all that only youth can bring.
Fair sir, if you would help a woman die,
Show me a glass. There! that one look will wring
My heart, I think, out of its place; —
The earth may take my face.

Think of the blessed skies?
If in the check one have no rose to wear,
If nights all full of tears have changed the eyes, —
Why, would one be immortal and not fair?
With faded hair, one would not quite
Contrast an aureole's light.

You talk of things unseen
With all the pretty arrogance of a boy.
Why, one could laugh at what you think you mean.
You see the bud upon the bough with joy,
You look through summer toward the fruit — —
The worm is at the root?

Well — if it is. You see,
Your feet are set among our pleasant dews;
Therefore, that crown of phantom stars for me,
In distance most divine, you kindly choose,
Content to leave your own unwon,
And shine here with the sun.

Hush! Wait! Somehow — I know.
You do remind me tenderly of — yes,
Of him, your kinsman (long, so long ago),
But for these sacred garments. I confess,
O father, I cannot forget
The world where he stays yet!

Quick! will you look away?
Too cruelly like him in the dusk you grow, —
This awful dusk that ends it all, I say.
You pity us when we are young, you know,
And lose a lover. Surely then
There may be other men.

But when the hand we bind
 So that it cannot reach out anywhere,
 Then find, or, sadder, fancy that we find,
 The ring is not true gold, you do not care;—
 These tragedies writ in wedding rings
 Are common, tiresome things.

On earth there was one man —
 There were no men. They all had faded through
 His shadow. Surely, where our grief began,
 In that old garden, he, that one of two,
 Looked not to Eve before the fall,
 So much the lord of all.

And yet he said —— I crave
 Your patience. I will not forget to die.
 And there is no remembrance in the grave.
 That comforts one. Better it is to lie
 Not knowing thistles grow above,
 Than to remember love.

Then tell him, priest, if he ——
 Tell him, I pray you, this — ah, yet he said ——
 Then only tell him — nothing sweet for me.
 Tell him I have not tasted once his bread
 Since then. Tell him I die too proud
 To take of him a shroud.

Ask him if I forgot
 One household care. If I, in such poor ways
 As I could know, through piteous things have not
 Tried still to please him, lo, these many days —
 Ah, bitter task, self-set and vain.
 . . . I hear the wind and rain.

I have not seen his face
 Since then. We lived a wall apart, we two,
 While dark and void between us was all space.
 Sometimes I hid, and watched his shadow through
 Too wistful eyes, as it would pass,
 Ghost-like, from off the grass.

Tell him beneath his roof
 I felt I had not where to lay my head,
 Yet could not dare the saintly world's reproof,
 And withered under my own scorn instead;
 Still whispering, "For the children's sake,"
 I let my slow heart break.

The children? Let them sleep —
 To waken motherless. Could I put by
 Their arms, and lie like snow, and have them weep,

With my own eyes so empty and so dry?
 I've left some pretty things, you see,
 To comfort them for me,—

Sweet dresses, curious toys ——
 But, after all, what will the baby do?
 . . . Hush! Here he is, waked by the wind's wild noise.
 Let mamma count the dimples, one and two.
 Whose baby has the goldest head?
 I dreamed once he was dead.

Dead, and for many a year? —
 Can a dead baby laugh and babble so?
 Do you not see me kiss and kiss him here,
 And hold death from me still to kiss him? No.
 Yet I did dream white blossoms grew ——
 Do cruel dreams come true?

. . . As the tree falls, one says,
 So shall it lie. It falls, remembering
 The sun and stillness of its leaf-green days,
 The moons it held, the nested bird's warm wing,
 The promise of the buds it wore,
 The fruit it never bore.

So —— take my cross, and go.
 Where my Lord Christ descended I descend.
 Shall I ascend like Him? — I do not know.
 I loved the world; the world is at an end.
 Therefore, I pray you, shut your book,
 And take away that look.

That look — of his! You stay.
 Then, say I loved him bitterly to the last!
 Who loves one sweetly loves not much, I say.
 Love's blush by moonlight will fade out full fast.
 Love's lightning scar at least we keep.
 Now, let me — go to sleep.

—— His voice, too, in disguise!
 It is —— in pity, no! Yes, it is *he*.
 With tears of memory in his steadfast eyes.
 Mock-priest, how sharply you have shriven me!
 Your cousin's righteous robes —— I fear
 You had somewhat to hear.

Ah? —— Had you said but this
 A year ago. Now, let my chill hand fall;
 It gives you back your youth. But you will miss
 My shadow from your sunshine. That is all.
 Yet — if some lovelier life should dawn
 And I should love you on?

KANSAS FARMERS AND ILLINOIS DAIRYMEN.

On the 10th of June last I left Boston to make a tour through the grain-producing sections of the West, for the purpose of examining the operations of the small farmer and of his new competitor upon the great bonanza farms of Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota; to learn, if possible, what are the actual conditions there obtaining, and to what extent, if any, an opportunity is offered for the remunerative employment of the idle and distressed among the people. It is my intention in this paper to confine myself closely to the facts thus ascertained.

On my arrival in Topeka, the capital of Kansas, I was particularly struck with the inquiry that appeared to be on the tongues of all, and was being discussed by the press and state officials, from the governor down, as to the ways and means of providing for the support, during the coming winter, of the great numbers of destitute farmers and others in that State. At the same time the State, through every available avenue, was inviting and receiving a large immigration of settlers upon its lands, and assuring the world that her soil offered competence and comfort to every worker.

Certainly, there was much apparent ground for the assurances made, and for the hope that had taken such multitudes to that State. During the year 1878 the product of wheat had been 32,000,000 bushels, and that of corn 89,000,000 bushels; and other crops were similarly abundant, which sufficiently demonstrated the remarkable fertility of her soil. But notwithstanding these facts, among the great class of food producers there was a distress which called for state aid to provide relief. In the street I was accosted by a negro, who begged for work. I asked him why it was that he applied to me, a stranger. He replied that he had been laboring in the country, but his work had given out, and he had come into town to get some, but

could not find any. I then inquired why he did not go to work as a harvester. He answered, "'Cause, massa, de se'binders takes all de work away."

Through the courtesy of the acting land commissioner of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad, I was given every facility under his control to help my examinations, which extended to Pueblo, in Colorado, 568 miles west of Topeka. Something over 400 miles of that distance was through the valley of the Arkansas and in the southern portion of the State. The river-bottom lands average about three miles in width; they are very level, and not more than about eight or ten feet above the mean height of the river. From the river-bottom the plain rises in broad and gentle undulations or billows, without tree or bush, except upon the immediate margins of the streams, and extends over the whole area of the State. The valley of the Arkansas is treeless until the mountains are approached in Colorado.

The soil of the rolling plain is a deep, light loam, very fertile, and in seasons of sufficient rain-fall yielding abundant crops. Along the line of the railroad, at distances of about every six or ten miles, are towns of from 300 to 3000 inhabitants. The towns are mostly built of wood, having some buildings of brick and stone; they are of good appearance, and are generally well supplied with church and school facilities, shops, stores, mechanics, and lawyers and doctors.

The plains are dotted over with farm-houses at intervals of from half a mile to ten miles. The larger portion of these dwellings are mere shanties, or sheds, that at a little distance have the appearance of dry-goods boxes, standing in the plain without fence, tree, or outhouse that offers the least cheer or relief to the eye. A near approach reveals a rough wooden box, about fourteen or sixteen feet square, of one story

and usually one room, — rarely two or more, — unlathed, unplastered, without paint inside or out, with very little household furniture, and generally with the pipe of a cook stove projecting through and a little above the roof. These shanties are often without frames, the boarding being upright and the cracks battened. A residence more desolate or uninventing it is difficult to imagine.

But dwellings more uninventing, yet perhaps more comfortable, are only too frequent. Some are but mere holes in the ground, called "dug-outs," and are made by digging what might seem a small cellar in the plain, or in the side of a bluff or rising ground, and covering it with sticks, then with straw, hay, or earth, or, it may be, a roof of boards and shingles. The appearance is that of a small roof standing on the ground, or a heap of straw or earth. The only light and ventilation are from the entrance at one end and perhaps a single window beside the door, and a little opening or window under the gable at the other end, if the dug-out has a roof. In this hole the farmer's family finds its home, and the store-house for all its goods and chattels. Sods are also used for building houses, and may be made very comfortable and of good appearance. The sods that are turned by the first plowing are usually two and a half or three inches thick, and firmly held together by the mat of grass roots; they are cut into requisite lengths to form the thickness of the wall, and laid up to the desired height without mortar of any kind, leaving openings for windows and doors. These sod walls, plastered on both sides with either mud or lime, are very durable, especially if the eaves of the roof are projected a sufficient distance beyond the walls to protect them from the rains. But the sod houses are quite infrequent, the larger number being rough board shanties. Barns, large or small, are seldom seen, the shelter for animals or tools being generally formed by placing two opposite rows of stakes or posts, about fourteen or sixteen feet apart, for the space required, and laying other poles across their tops, upon which is

piled straw or hay, until the whole looks like a hay or straw stack.

Around some of the buildings of the older settlers, especially of the pre-emptors of the public lands of five or more years ago, are small orchards, principally of peach (this year without fruit), and a few acres partially or wholly inclosed with hedges of Osage orange; but in most cases the farm buildings are unrelieved by tree or shrub.

Kitchen gardens are rarely seen, and where commenced appear generally to have ended in partial or total failure. Most of the farmers have one or more cows, with poultry and pigs, though in some cases they were found without either. A plow an' harrow, and perhaps a cultivator and some other farm tool, with a yoke of oxen, or one or more horses, and generally a wagon or cart, are the usual forces and tools of husbandry with the small farmers of the State. In this condition is much the larger number of those who left our towns and cities, where as mechanics, artisans, clerks, small shop-keepers, etc., they had acquired some degree of education, culture, and refinement. They had gathered together all their means, and in the hope of bettering the condition of their wives and children had gone West, and are to be seen in such homes.

Around these homesteads are fields of wheat, corn, and oats, amounting to ten, twenty, or sometimes even forty or fifty acres, uninclosed by fence or hedge of any kind.

On my arrival in Sterling, 186 miles west of Topeka, I found the weather hot and dry, with a strong desiccating south wind parching what vegetation there was, and whipping the life out of the growing corn, which was then about two feet high. The wheat and oats were being harvested, where they would pay for cutting and threshing. In many places the wheat fields were utterly destroyed, and in the majority of cases a half crop was the most expected. I was told that there had been no general rain for eight months, and all through May and June there had been the same dry,

hot winds, with an occasional local tempest of hail, or rain and wind and lightning, that destroyed everything in its path.

On my way to Pueblo and back I continually met and saw emigrants coming to and fleeing from the country. Everywhere I was told of settlers who would go if they had or could find the means of getting away. The man who had spent his all in getting to the State, making the first payment for his land, and buying the small amount of tools and work stock that he could procure (having probably obtained them also on part credit), and was in debt to his grocer, was in no condition to make any further change. In many places I found both the husband and wife chafing in enforced idleness, want, and helplessness. There are two short seasons only in the present farmer's year which give employment and hope of reward: they are those of seed-time and harvest. When either of them fails, all resource is gone.

In the car with me, on my way to Pueblo, were a man and woman, evidently of the better class of farmers, sunburned and toil-worn, who told me that they were on their way to Washington Territory, where the wife had a brother who advised them to come out there. Four years ago he came from Pennsylvania, where he farmed, and took up a quarter section of land under the homestead law on Pawnee Fork, 233 miles west of Topeka. It cost him \$14 for the entry, and \$10 more to be paid at any time within five years. He had improved the place with good buildings and fences, and stocked it with cows enough for a small dairy, beside work animals. But he had not been able to raise any crops that gave the least encouragement till last year, when everything was produced in the greatest abundance. Yet he could not get enough for his wheat and corn to pay cost and leave any profit. At two dollars an acre for cutting, and ten cents a bushel for threshing, with the cost of plowing, harrowing, seed, and seeding, etc., it would not pay at the fifty cents a bushel for which he sold his wheat. The only things

that yielded any profit were the butter and the eggs, one selling for twenty-five cents a pound, and the other at ten cents a dozen. Wheat is worth at the present time about one dollar a bushel; but there is not half a crop, and many farmers have raised literally nothing. He had not succeeded in raising anything, and his stock of animals were actually perishing for want of pasture. A newcomer had offered him a small price for his improvements, which he was glad to take and get away, because, without having to pay either interest or taxes of any sort, or debts of any kind, he could not get a living, and must go. There was no work to be had, nor any chance of bettering his condition.

He was very emphatic in the statement that those who had bought land upon credit, paying interest at seven per cent., could not by any possibility get out of debt or live decently; that all the small farmers, even the best of them, would be glad to hire out by the day or month, but work was not to be had; and that many would get away, abandoning all, if they could only raise the means to do so. His tale of wretchedness was corroborated by all others that I could meet.

From Larned westward to Pueblo, a distance of 323 miles, there is but little grain grown, the main business being cattle raising. There is an insufficiency of wheat for home consumption, and almost absolutely no corn, though the last year gave an exceptional yield of both wheat and corn. The cattle run upon the unoccupied lands on both sides of the river, of which there are vast tracts. But the rolling prairie, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be as dry and bare as a house floor, and the little whirlwinds so common on those arid plains lifted their eddying columns of dust wherever they moved. On the river-bottom there was an abundant range of excellent pasture that did not appear to be half occupied. The cattle men make no complaints of want of success, and are credited with being very prosperous, though the herds, so far as could be seen, are by no means large or numer-

ous. Sheep, also, and horses were observed in limited numbers.

On my return, in leaving the cars at Spearville, 286 miles west of Topeka, at one o'clock in the morning, the stepping into a pool of water was my first intimation that the long drought had been broken; a heavy rain had continued for two days from that point eastward into Missouri.

In the morning the railroad land agent in that place took me out to Windhorst, a colony of German Catholics from Cincinnati, who have been planted upon the naked, rolling prairie, about eight miles southeast from Spearville. I was told that there were about thirty families, some two hundred and fifty souls in all. They are in a beautiful location, each family holding in severalty a quarter section of land, the railroad lands having been purchased on time. It is claimed that only a portion of the colony have arrived. Those on the ground have been there a little over a year. They have provided themselves such shelter as their means permitted. Some few have put up small but still quite comfortable wood houses; others have built of sods; and some have simple dug-outs. No barns or out-buildings, except of the rudest character, were noticed. A plain, neat church was still unplastered, and but partially furnished with wooden benches for seats.

This is the first season an attempt has been made to raise crops; and the almost total failure has left many of them in absolute destitution and exceedingly despondent. Those at home, both old and young, at the houses we passed, were employed in their little gardens, a few rods square, trying to save something from the attacks of the insects that had left but little of potatoes, cabbages, turnips, beets, peas, or other vegetables. Not being able to do anything on their farms, some of the men had already gone to work on the railroad, farther west; but they earned hardly enough to pay their own board, and nothing for those at home. Two of the colonists had abandoned the enterprise and returned to Ohio. Some of them had not even a

cow or pig, and were living miserably, with no hope for the future.

Whilst in Spearville I noticed rough, unpainted wooden sleds or drags, upon which were seated women and children, drawn through the streets by oxen and horses. Many of the farmers are too poor to buy wagons or carts, and these rough drags are their only vehicles. Before I left the State I had the best of evidence that they were not confined to Spearville.

I visited the Massachusetts colony of New Boston, about fourteen miles southwest of Sterling. There were eight families on the ground, occupying small wooden houses with one or two rooms, unpainted and unplastered, with no out-buildings and little furniture. The colony arrived last winter, and at once went to work to make themselves shelters and get in some crops. All have worked hard, and under many difficulties succeeded in getting some ground into corn, wheat, potatoes, and other vegetables; but the drought and insects made havoc with the crops. There was a feeling of great discouragement, and some of the colonists were making efforts to get back to the East, where, as they said, at least food might be had. Where they are now it is difficult to get meat and bread enough to sustain life. The colonists are not well provided with cows or other domestic animals, and are consequently without some of the commonest means of farm life.

In company with Mr. Munterfering, of the foreign land department of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad, I visited the Mennonite settlements situated between the Kansas Pacific and Santa Fé roads, and to the southward. These people are mainly immigrants from Russia, where they were colonized from Prussia in the time of Catherine II., and have retained their German tongue and habits. In Russia they were all farmers, and in coming to this country they have brought with them their life's experience in agriculture, under conditions of climate and soil not altogether unlike those of Kansas; and also many of the tools there used, though they are

adopting our improved implements of husbandry. About 10,000 Mennonites have been settled in the portion of the State mentioned, of which Newton, 135 miles west of Topeka, is a convenient point for observation. They made their first settlement nearly ten miles north of Newton about five years ago, and have received occasional accessions from Russia and from those who had settled in Minnesota. All have come with some means, the poorest of them having an average, according to the best information obtainable, of at least \$1500 each, while others have brought as much as \$100,000. None have bought large tracts of land, the largest holders being rarely possessed of more than one section of 640 acres, the average not exceeding 160 acres. When large tracts have been taken for a community, they have been at once subdivided in such manner as to give little or no preference, and immediately conveyed in severalty to the heads of the various families; each holder managing his individual interest in the way he prefers. No one exercises the least authority or power of direction over another, and each is responsible for his own acts and no others'. Yet there are strong bonds of sympathy between them, and they are helpful to one another.

Their houses are comfortable buildings of wood, often of one and a half or two stories, generally lathed, plastered, and well painted. The barn is frequently an extension of the house, from which it can be distinguished only by its greater size. A few have adopted the American plan, and built their barns at a little distance from the house. Some of the houses have the Russian clay oven placed in the centre of the dwelling, in such a way as to form a part of the wall of all the principal rooms, thus warming the whole house and affording cooking facilities in the kitchen. These ovens are heated but twice a day, and small bundles of weeds, hay, or stalks make excellent fuel. In the barns are the proper divisions and fittings for cattle and horses, with stalls, ricks, and places for hay and feed. In connection with other out-buildings the house and barn

are situated in the midst of the grove and garden, and pigs and poultry are cared for in common with other things.

Those who have been there two or more years have already surrounded their farm buildings with groves of fruit and shade trees in various stages of growth; they have hedges of Osage orange and of mulberry adapted to the feeding of the silk-worm, and purpose to cultivate that industry, with which they were familiar in Europe; they each have gardens of from one to three or four acres of vegetables in good variety and great abundance, and also grapes and flowers. Everything was in good order. Their fields had been well tilled and cared for, and they were then harvesting the best crops of wheat and barley I had yet seen. Their corn was growing finely, and their oats and rye promised good harvests. Every one I met looked cheerful and contented, and not a word of complaint was heard.

The settlements are spread over a large extent of country, in clusters of some half dozen houses in comparatively near neighborhood, the groups being from two to three miles apart. Some attempt was at first made to live in co-operative communities, but it was quickly found to be impracticable and abandoned; the independent individual holdings have proved altogether satisfactory.

These Mennonites have shown how comfortable homes may be created in a short time by intelligent industry, assisted by capital sufficient to make a good start with buildings, tools, and seed upon a small piece of ground, and to enable the settler to live two or more years without returns from the land cultivated. More than this, they have shown that good and intelligent cultivation will lessen many of the difficulties in the way of climate and insects that to the ignorant farmer appear insuperable.

Along the line of the railroad a number of other colonies or communities have been established, towns planted, and a hopeful start made; all of which have been broken up, the improvements passed into other hands, and even the names given to the towns have been

changed. Those settlers who have been for a number of years on the government lands appear to be making some progress in improving their places by surrounding themselves with fruit and forest trees, domestic animals, and other means for comfort and advancement, and are in some measure cheerful. Yet they are all desirous to sell out. Those who have obtained their lands by purchase, in good part on long credits, and their implements in the same way, appear to be in desperate straits, and the general opinion is that they must succumb. Though the settlements and farm-houses are widely separated, I was informed that all the lands were in private hands, even the unoccupied government sections, and held for speculation. There is abundant room for ten occupants where there is but one at this time.

Many large and small fields of wheat, oats, and corn were noticed, with no sign of house, hedge, or fence in the near neighborhood. These belong to lawyers, doctors, land agents, traders, mechanics, and others doing business in the adjoining towns who are able to procure a piece of ground and have it cultivated by contract or upon shares. What proportion of the land was thus worked I was not able to ascertain, but was informed that it was a very general custom throughout the State. Large fields were pointed out in every direction thus worked, and others held and farmed by residents of other States. Officers of the railroad, living in the East, are among these adventurers, and are lending a powerful influence in this form of development. From what I could learn it appeared that quite one half of the wheat grown in the southern and middle portions of the State was produced under that system of cultivation.

An eminent lawyer and railroad land agent at Newton called my special attention to the great inducements offered for the investment of capital in operations of this kind. Himself a cultivator of nearly two thousand acres upon the contract system, he was very desirous that I should give the result of his experience in wheat growing. His plow-

ing cost him \$1.25 per acre; harrowing, 20 cents; drilling or seeding, 25 cents; and harvesting, \$1.50; total, \$3.20 per acre for the cultivation. Threshing, at five cents per bushel, for 15 bushels would amount to 75 cents, and \$1.00 for seed would make \$4.95 the total expense of producing one acre of wheat yielding 15 bushels; being at the rate of 33 cents a bushel. In good seasons the yield of wheat was much above 15 bushels to the acre, and he assured me that he had never sold a bushel of wheat at less than 80 cents. He also informed me that he was then making arrangements to have his lands cultivated on shares, the farmer to find seed, tools, teams, and labor, and receive one half the gross product. Upon the estimate of cost and yield as above given, at 80 cents a bushel, he must have made a net profit of \$14,100 from his 2000 acres; or, at 59 cents a bushel, the average price at which wheat was sold in that State during 1878, according to the state agricultural report, he obtained a profit of 26 cents a bushel, or \$7800 upon 2000 acres. But in 1878 the average yield of wheat in that State was not less than 20 bushels to the acre, and the best judgment placed the probable yield from this gentleman's fields this year at not less than 15 bushels. At the time I was there, the 25th of June, wheat was selling at 95 cents to \$1.00 a bushel, the new wheat not being yet in the market.

However great the results may appear, my subsequent examinations in other parts showed that the profits were comparatively small. But the small farmer, on the other hand, being dependent on his crop to pay his interest account and his various indebtednesses that fall due at harvest, is forced into the market and compelled to take the best price he can get at that time. The result was that much the largest portion of the wheat raised by the small producers in Kansas, in 1878, was sold for not more than 50 cents a bushel, and sometimes for 30 and 35 cents. In Sterling the best offers that could be obtained at one time were 20 and 25 cents for the average quality of Kansas wheat. At the same time corn

was selling at from 10 to 15 cents a bushel, and was used for fuel in place of coal, which was selling at about 22 cents a bushel; a bushel of corn, as fuel, being as serviceable as a bushel of coal. The corn here referred to was unshelled, weighing 70 pounds to the bushel.

Flouring mills are found in most of the towns on the line of the railroads, and flour is sold at about the same price as in the city of Boston. The best quality of flour, made from the best grade of Kansas wheat, was selling at \$8.00 a barrel. No miller will now receive the farmer's wheat, as the millers did in the days of our fathers, and grind it for a certain toll, which was then usually one eighth, or twelve and one half per cent. Now the millers buy the wheat from the farmers and sell them the flour. In this way the farmer, with wheat at 50 cents a bushel, practically pays 16 bushels of wheat for a barrel of flour, or nearly 70 per cent. of his wheat for grinding.

On inquiry among the millers, I found that they would exchange flour for wheat at from 18 to 35 pounds of flour and 10 to 12 pounds of bran for a bushel of wheat. By this exchange, at 35 pounds of flour for a bushel of wheat, there was a practical toll taken of a little more than 25 per cent., and at 18 pounds, of nearly 70 per cent.

The price for grinding corn is universally 10 cents a bushel, which in one case, at least, cured a farmer of the notion that he must feed his stock ground feed; it would not pay to give one load of corn for grinding another, and then sell hogs for one and a half cents a pound. These facts show the robust condition of the trades union of millers.

On the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road there has been no very great development of the large farm interest, the policy of that land office being against the selling of its land in great blocks to single holders.

On the Kansas Pacific road the same general condition obtains among the small farmers, but there has been a much greater development of the large farm interest. Numbers of holders on that road own several thousands of acres.

The agent of the land department of the Kansas Pacific road at Kansas City gave me a list of some of the large holders. Among the names is that of one at Victoria Station, owning 23,000 acres; another at Hays City, 25,000 acres; and another at Durham Park, 10,000 acres. One of these is distinctively a grain farm; the others raise grain and cattle. I will speak only of the last. The owner's stock consists in part of 250 blooded Durhams, some of which are of rare value. At the head of the herd stands an imported bull, the twenty-eighth Duke of Airdrie, costing \$10,000 in gold. Two years ago two heifer calves were sold from this herd for \$30,000. There are also 600 Berkshire hogs. Twelve hundred acres are under cultivation, 600 being in corn and 600 in oats; 9000 acres are under fence, divided into section lots of 640 acres each. The compact portion of the tract is four and a half miles long by two miles wide, the residence being near the centre and surrounded by grounds handsomely laid out and groves. The land is worked upon shares, the tenant finding everything and receiving three fourths of the crop, which he is bound to sell to the farm at current rates on the 1st of January. There are 400 acres in blue-grass, timothy, and clover. The number of men employed will average about ten, at about \$18 per month.

A stay of a few days in Quincy, Illinois, enabled me to make inquiries regarding the condition of the farmers in that neighborhood. I learned that the greater part of them were in debt, and some were forced to part with their farms. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could make the two ends meet. These very farmers have old, well-improved farms that a few years ago were yielding abundance and comfort. As an illustration of their distress, it was told me that one miller in that neighborhood found a large market for his flour among the farmers at one dollar per barrel advance on current rates, to be paid in wheat after the present harvest.

On my way to the North, I stopped over in Elgin, to learn something of the

dairy interest of which that city is the centre. I first visited the great milk-condensing factory of the Gale Borden Company. In that establishment the first thing which attracts attention is the remarkable neatness and good order pervading the whole, from the beautiful grass plats and beds of flowers in the large yard to the well-swept brick floor and polished nickel-plated trimmings of the engines, boilers, and boiler rooms. The great and highly finished lemon-shaped copper milk condensers were of scrupulous cleanliness. But I wish merely to note economic results.

The establishment consumes 4000 gallons of milk daily, for which it pays at present at the rate of six cents a gallon. All the milk is obtained upon six-months contracts, — summer and winter. Four years ago the summer contract was fifteen cents a gallon, and the winter nineteen cents. Since that time the fall in contract price has been constant: for the summer contract from fifteen to thirteen cents the following year, then to eleven, then to nine, and now to six cents a gallon. The winter contracts dropped from nineteen cents four years ago to eleven cents last winter, and are now expected to fall to seven the next. During the last year of the war twenty-four cents a gallon was paid for milk. The price of milk during the past four years has fallen more than one half, and no doubt the price of other material and of labor has fallen in nearly the same ratio, but the cost of condensed milk to the consumer has not sensibly lessened.

One feature in the management of this establishment deserves particular notice. A large portion of its employees are females, of whom many had soldering irons in their hands, closing the newly filled boxes of milk. All employed, whether male or female, are paid alike for the work done, and no distinctions are made against women in their wages simply because they are women.

I next visited some of the dairy farms, and learned that they take their milk to the creameries, or factories, where it is manufactured into butter and cheese, and put into the market at a charge

against the milk of four cents a pound for butter and two cents a pound for cheese. Upon the product being sold, the return is made to the milk producer of the proceeds less the cost of manufacture and sale, which generally nets from four and a half to five cents a gallon for the milk. Against this general return must be offset the occasional loss of any return produced by failure of commission merchants or other causes.

The farmers complained that at present prices they could make nothing; that they hardly paid expenses; that whereas, a few years ago, they all prospered and made money, now they could hardly live. As one old farmer said, "At present prices, milk would not pay the cows for the use of their tails in switching off the flies."

At the factories machinery is used in all the operations requiring force, and some of them manufacture from 3500 to 4000 gallons of milk daily. At Crystal Lake, sixteen miles north of Elgin, I was informed that some of the dairy farmers had become so much dissatisfied with the factory operations that they had entered into the manufacture of their own milk, and that others were selling their milk outright to the factories at fifty cents a hundred pounds. At eight and a half pounds of milk to the gallon, this gives four and a quarter cents for a gallon of milk.

Six years ago the farmers in Northern Illinois found that grain-growing was not a paying business, even so near the Chicago market, and went into dairying and farming, finding it for a time a good operation. They enlarged their enterprises, and some imported from Europe the best dairy stock obtainable. At Elgin I was shown some beautiful animals of the Holstein breed, imported, and claimed to be the best of milkers, as they certainly were of the largest and finest of stock. The dairy farms rapidly increased; the factories multiplied, until now there are in that State about four hundred creameries, with a butter and cheese board of trade at Elgin, at which there are regular trade sales. The product is sent to Boston and other

Eastern markets at less than half the cost of transportation from St. Albans, Vermont, to Boston. It is marketed in Europe and the South; it receives the highest commendations for quality, and the highest prices. Yet the farmers who produce it are not, many of them, paying expenses. They are running in

debt, encumbering their places, growing poorer and poorer, and facing the sorest distress. The farmers in Wisconsin, also, have gone into the dairy business to no small extent, and their experience is that of their Southern neighbors. These are the changes of half a decade in that most important industry.

SOME OF US: A SOUTHWESTERN SKETCH.

“WHAR’ ~~the cunnie? ” This query, delivered directly into the mistress’s ear as she sat sewing in the door-way, made her fairly jump. “ Skeered ye, did I? Well, I reckon I come toler’ble quiet. Shoes is all but wore out; don’t make no n’ise. I just want to see the cunnie, that’s all! ”~~

The speaker was a tall woman, in an old but clean pink calico dress and a huge brown sun-bonnet, from beneath which peered a pair of perfectly round, bright black eyes.

“ Sit down,” said the mistress, drawing up a camp-chair which stood near her, — “ sit down, and rest a while. The colonel has gone out, but I expect him back very soon. What is your name? ”

“ Spriggle, — Mis’ Spriggle. Reckon you never heered o’ me afore. Just come last March. Come from way up Coal River. Your place is mighty pretty,” looking all around her, and taking in with one bird-like glance pictures, furniture, and the mistress in her soft white dress.

“ Yes, it is a pretty place, but lonely,” the mistress replied. “ And do you live here in the village? ”

“ Law, no. I’m a-livin’ way up the Dry Branch. Reckon ye never been thar. Me an’ Mis’ Mitchell was a-sayin’ (Mis’ Mitchell, she lives down on the creek; a mighty good neighbor she is), — me an’ her was a-sayin’ we reckoned the missis never could git up that nohow. It’s a mighty rough holler, that, — mighty rough! ”

Here Mrs. Spriggle stopped to take breath, and the mistress profited by the slight pause to inquire what she wished to see the colonel for.

“ Well, I’ll tell ye,” and she leaned forward, eagerly. “ I’m in a mighty bad fix. Have n’t got a bite in the house; I have n’t so! When I moved here last March I hed to sell my cow; an’ thar’s my gal awful sickly, an’ me bein’ kinder short-handed with my oldest boy, Bud, bein’ married. Not but what he’s got a mighty nice wife (she’s a Pike, — Preacher Pike’s gal); but ye know that ain’t like havin’ him to hum. An’ ye see it ain’t time fur green things yet; an’ the fact is I’m clean dagged out, — that’s what ‘tis. Ain’t got ne’er a bite nor a sup in the house; so I just ‘lowed I’d come to them as has it.”

Mrs. Spriggle stopped to push back her bonnet and cross her arms on her knees. Suddenly she held out both hands toward the mistress: —

“ See my hands. Horny, ain’t they? ” and she gave a short laugh. Sure enough, they were hard and horny and ill-used hands. “ That’s makin’ rail fences.”

“ What! ” cried her auditor, “ you make rail fences? ”

“ Sure enough I do. Me an’ my second boy, Thornton, we split rails, an’ made a most a noble good fence right round my place. Why, ‘twas nothin’ but bresh when we come thar! Mighty lazy folks them Smitherses was. They just let that thar cabin go to rack an’

ruin. Oh, I does a heap o' work fur other folks. That's why I'm in sech a master hurry now. I 'low to put in a hundred sweet-potato sprouts fur Mis' Mitchell this evenin'."

"But that is very hard work for a woman. Why don't your husband do it?" asked the mistress.

"Law, don't ye know? I'm a poor lone widder, an' I has to do fur myself. But I wonder when the cunnele is a-comin'."

"What is it you want the colonel to do?" the mistress inquired.

"Well, ye see," and Mrs. Spriggle edged her chair nearer, while she lowered her tones into quite a confidential whisper, "I want him to lend me three dollars. Just till the crap's ripe; then I'll pay off every cent. Ye see three dollars 'll buy corn-meal an' a little coffee. Can't live without coffee, I gets so master tired o' nights. Now, pr'aps you 'll let me have it; it 'll be all the same, I reckon."

The mistress was, however, disinclined to do anything of the sort, with no knowledge at all of the woman before her.

"No, I cannot do that; but if you are in such a hurry, perhaps there is something else you wish to attend to in the village, and you can come back here again. The colonel will be at home before long, now."

"That's so! I just want to go up to Mis' Paddiford's, an' git a dress pattern fur my gal. You likely knows whar Mis' Paddiford lives; up the road a piece. I 'll be back right soon. Good-mornin', ma'am."

Off she went, her quick, firm step showing no trace of the five-mile walk she had already taken that morning. Soon afterward the colonel appeared, and half an hour later Mrs. Spriggle returned, accompanied by a tall, gawky lad of fourteen, — "her boy Thornton."

"I brung him to pack the corn-meal," she explained. "He's a mighty good boy, an' works a heap."

Thornton stood gazing in at the hall door, his hands in his pockets, and his face shaded by a huge flapping straw

hat. The deer's head over the opposite door seemed to fix his attention, and he stared at it open-mouthed and spell-bound. Meanwhile, Mrs. Spriggle was using all her little arts to inveigle the colonel into lending her the three dollars.

"Now, I'll pledge my crap on it, cunnele, — I will that."

"No, no," interrupted the colonel, "I don't want your crap. What would I do with it? I will let you have three dollars, though, and you can bring down berries or chickens to pay it off."

"Thank 'ee, I will so. I 'll bring ye some nice fat chickens right soon. How big, — fryin' size, now?"

"Yes, fryin' size," replied the mistress. "I want some very much; and fresh eggs, if you have any."

Mrs. Spriggle shook her head, doubtfully. "No, I reckon I can't git eggs, — only got one hen, ye see. But," brightening, "I 'll bring ye some fryin' size, sure. Come up, now, cunnele, an' see whar I live, some time. It's a mighty pretty place." So saying, Mrs. Spriggle and her hopeful son walked off, very joyful, no doubt, over the large sum of money they were now possessed of. It would keep them, as she had said, till the "craps" came in.

About a month later, the colonel one day announced his intention of going on the morrow to examine a piece of land up the Dry Branch.

"Don't you want to go with me, Bettie?" he asked of his niece, who had just come to pay a few days' visit at Briarley. "It will be a pretty drive part way, and we can easily walk the rest."

"Why, Dry Branch is where Mrs. Spriggle lives," said the mistress. "You can stop and see if she is ever going to bring me those chickens."

So Bettie and her uncle set off to drive three miles up the creek, and then, turning from the main road, they followed a track by the side of a long since dried-up brook.

Presently the track, such as it was, descended abruptly into the bed of the stream. Over the stones they bounced and jumped for several yards, emerging again, much shaken in body, though not

in spirit, to pursue their adventurous course.

The next obstacle was a large beech-tree, blown by a recent gale directly across their path. Bettie got down to reconnoitre, and discovered a way of avoiding it; so the colonel followed cautiously, while she, picking up a good long stick in case of meeting snakes, walked on ahead.

And now the road wound through a lovely bit of woods, where a number of the small mountain cows were browsing among the underbrush. They started, shook their bells, and gazed wonderingly at the strangers. Never in all their lives had they seen so curious a thing as a buggy before.

Presently there appeared a little water in the brook, where it ran along under the beeches. The birds sang merrily overhead, and now and then a gray squirrel scampered up a tree to peep out at the visitors from some safe hiding-place above.

The steep, densely wooded hills rose on either side of the narrow hollow through which they were driving. "How lovely it all is!" cried Bettie, when suddenly, at a turn in the road, they came right up against a rail fence. "What does this mean?"

They got out to investigate. Some indifferent squatter had actually fenced in the path, and they could see nothing but waving corn on the other side. Here was a pretty state of things, indeed! There was nothing to be done but to descend again into the bed of the brook; and this was far rougher work than before. Every moment some huge rock planted itself directly in the way; and which showed the greater amount of patience I don't know,— poor old Robin, who toiled to drag the little low buggy over the stones, or the colonel, whose seat was now high in the air, and again nearly in the water.

As for Miss Bettie, she preferred not to risk her neck among such perils, but made the best of her way through the tall weeds and bushes along the bank.

To make a long story short, they lived to gain the road again, and had

proceeded calmly on their journey for half a mile or so when — here was another fence, and this time there seemed no possible way of driving around it. Robin was therefore tied fast to a tree, and the uncle and niece prepared to continue on foot.

The fence which had stopped them surrounded a small clearing, well planted with corn, tobacco, and watermelons. In the midst stood a tiny log cabin, quite new and clean looking. The door was shut, and the only living creature about the little place was a black kitten asleep under the low portico.

The pedestrians crossed this small patch and ultimately found the road again on the other side, but now grown so narrow as to be hardly more than a bridle-path. A little further on, a larger log-cabin came in sight; and as they neared it the barking of several dogs warned its inmates of their approach.

A shaggy, barefooted man and a couple of unkempt women looked out at the door, and when the man caught sight of the colonel he called out, "Good mornin', cunnil! Reckon ye found the road consid'able blocked up below that!"

"I did, indeed."

"Well, it's that Jake Pike. He's a most oanthinkin' critter, — never keers whar the road goes, so long as his corn patch is a growin'."

A few more rods brought them to another corn-field, surrounded by another low rail fence. Bettie and the colonel climbed this, and made their way between the tall corn in the direction of the voices they heard. Going round a spacious log pig-pen they found themselves before a little, a very little, and old log-cabin. A huge, long-snouted black hog lay outstretched in front of the door under the narrow portico, while two small children tumbled over one another and across his back.

"Is Mrs. Spriggle here?" asked the colonel.

Thereupon ensued a great commotion, and Mrs. Spriggle issued, smiling, from the doorway. "Why, it's you, cunnil, sure enough! I'm right down glad to see ye. Come right in an' rest."

"This is my niece, Mrs. Spriggle," said the colonel, "Miss Bettie Byrne."

"Ye don't say! Come right in, now, out of the sun, an' cool off."

They stooped to enter the low, narrow door-way, and found themselves in a tiny room, perhaps eight feet wide by twelve long. The only two chairs, little, old, hollow-seated things, were tendered the visitors. Mrs. Spriggle herself and a pretty young woman who had evidently been at work upon a blue calico dress, now thrown on the bed, seated themselves on a narrow bench. A girl of thirteen or so, with a sweet, pale face and large, soft brown eyes, sat on the bed. The children siddled in at the doorway, smiling in a friendly manner at Bettie, who, however, tried in vain to coax them nearer. "Are these little ones yours, Mrs. Spriggle?" she asked.

"One is, — the boy thar. The least one is this woman's. She's Minty, my son Bud's wife."

Minty smiled, while she picked up her own baby, who, though not over-clean, was a fat, healthy little creature.

"My gal thar has been mighty sick," Mrs. Spriggle said. "This is the fust day she's been up."

Upon Bettie's inquiring what had been the matter, the mother said, "Well, the doctor, he 'lowed it was cold. He's conditioned her well all over, an' he likely knows; but it 'pears to me more like rheumatiz. She was that swelled up, — I declar 't was awful. Me an' Minty hed to be up nights with her; an' I tell ye we've hed a mighty bad time, — we have so! Then last week my boy Thornton stepped on to a piece o' glass an' run it way up into his foot. Why, ye never did see sech a foot nowhar! It was powerful bad."

"Is it better now?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, yes, a heap better. I put on a buckeye poultice, an' that drawed out the inflammation."

"But the glass, — did it draw that out too?"

Mrs. Spriggle spread out her brown hands, and regarded them thoughtfully, as though to find the answer somehow

written upon them. Then she looked up, and shook her head quickly.

"Well, I don't reckon it did," she said; "but him an' Bud has gone to do a job o' ditchin' to-day. Thornton can get along right well with a stick."

During the foregoing conversation Bettie had been using her eyes, and had discovered that the two bedsteads were actually made of fence rails nailed roughly together.

The beds must have been filled with something very lumpy, for the ancient patchwork quilts which covered them were quite unable to lie flat. They rose into hummocks and fell into valleys, according to the will of the substance beneath.

The pillows were out airing on the roof of the pig-pen; and each of the four pillow-cases was ornamented with a deep frill of cotton edging around the hem.

In one corner of the cabin stood a little table, and this too had fence-rail legs. What the top might be Bettie could not discover, as all the worldly goods of the Spriggle family covered it.

Four large, blue-edged plates, two or three cracked cups, a battered coffee-pot black with age, and a skillet comprised the list of cooking utensils and dishes.

Over the table was the one window the cabin possessed, — in size eighteen inches by ten, probably; and of course there was no attempt at glass. A sort of wall-pocket made of calico and a patchwork pin-cushion hung just beneath the window.

It was really quite touching, Bettie thought, to see these poor attempts at household art, and she asked the girl on the bed if she had made them.

The shy, pale face broke into a pleased smile, and her mother looked around at her with a very satisfied nod.

"Yes," she said, "sis made both them thar. She's reel handy at her needle. You wouldn't think it, now, would you?"

"Why, yes, I should," Bettie replied. "She has hands just right for nice sewing."

Mrs. Spriggle looked down at her own.

"She's never done no rough work, like I have," she said. "Sis ain't rugged like me. Now I never could a-bear sewin'. I'd a heap ruther hoe corn. I woud that!"

Bettie's eyes had begun to wander around the little room again, and had now rested on the open and smoke-begrimmed fire-place. It held no grate, nor any arrangement for cooking. No doubt that was done out-of-doors; as if divining her visitor's thoughts Mrs. Spriggle said, "The chimbly smokes awful bad. Just see!"

Sure enough, the wall and the rafters over their heads — for there was nothing between them and the roof — were black with soot.

"I'll have to pull that thar chimbly down, and build another afore winter," she continued. "I can't think how them Smitherses ever did live here, nohow!"

"Do you live here, too?" Bettie asked, turning to Minty, whose pleasant face attracted her very much.

"Oh, no. I live down in the second house from here, — that little new cabin."

"Oh, yes, I remember. That is a pretty place, and you seem to have a good garden."

"Yes, Minty has a right clean, new little place," put in her mother-in-law.

"Now, I'll tell ye what, cunnie, I'd 'a' been down afore with them blackberries, but my gal's been so sick I could n't leave her. Last Sunday" (and Bettie wondered how they knew when Sunday came) "me an' Minty went all over them mountains," and Mrs. Spriggle leaned toward the door-way, pointing to the hills that rose, steep and wild, almost from her very threshold. "We just climbed and climbed, and got all wore out huntin' huckleberries. An' I'll tell ye what it is, there ain't one on the bushes, there just ain't. Ye can take my word for it! Minty an' me 's-a-goin', soon as ever sis gets better, up to Long Bottom for blackberries. I 'lowed to take one bucket to your aunt," turning to Bettie, "an' one to the doctor for the medicine I've had."

"But," said the colonel, "Long Bottom is at least five miles off."

"Yes, it's a right smart piece; but there ain't none no nigher. We'll pick 'em one day, an' tote 'em down to youuns the next day."

"But they will not keep, this hot weather," Bettie objected.

"Oh, yes," Minty interrupted eagerly; "he spreads 'em out at night out-o'-doors, an' they keeps right well. It's different to their bein' left all night in a bucket, you know."

"I'm a-goin' to pay off that three dollars, cunnie, — I am so," Mrs. Spriggle continued. "I've got forty-five cents of chickens for the missis, but I 'lowed to keep 'em just a leetle longer. They ain't just big enough yet; and I'll bring ye a dozen roastin' ears 'fore long. I reckon the missis likes roastin' ears!"

Bettie, remembering the sweet corn now so plentiful at Briarley, thought that Mrs. Spriggle's roasting ears would be rather superfluous; but the poor woman seemed so anxious to pay off her debts, and to have so very little to pay with, that she would not discourage her.

"Yes," she said, "my aunt is very fond of roasting ears, I know, and your corn looks tall and fine."

"Don't it, now? Do ye see any down on the river as tall as that?"

"No, I don't believe I do."

"Well, I reckoned not." And Mrs. Spriggle settled herself on her seat, as she spoke, with very pardonable pride.

The colonel rose now to go, but first asked if there were a spring near by. Bettie too had been getting very thirsty, but had been considering within herself that, if there were any water on the premises, it was probably frequented quite as often by the great hog in the doorway, and by the little red pig asleep under the table, as by their owners. So she had repressed her desires, and hoped to get a good drink from the brook by and by. She need not have been afraid however. A spring to every house would have been a most unheard-of thing in these parts, and Mrs. Spriggle replied, —

"No, we pack our water from Bob

Buster's spring. It's quite a piece, but it's most a noble good spring."

"Don't you ever get lonely here?" Bettie said, as she turned to wish the sick girl good-by.

She had so far said nothing, and even now only shook her head, and smiled contentedly at the question.

"Lonely!" cried her mother. "We've all the neighbors we wants. Why, there's five families between here an' the creek, countin' us. That's a plenty, I'm sure. Bob Buster's folks wanted us to go up Wet Branch with them; but law sakes, there ain't nobody up thar! It's that lonesome an' wild ye would n't believe it."

Bettie could not easily imagine anything much wilder or more solitary than this place; but fortunately for the Spriggle family, it was evidently quite to their taste. Why, indeed, should they be discontented when they knew of nothing better?

"Now, come right soon again, do," chorused Mrs. Spriggle and Minty, coming out of the door after them. "Come again soon and spend the day. Good-by, good-by."

All the little family assembled in the low doorway to see their guests depart. So, accompanied by grunts and barks, and shouted farewells, Bettie and her uncle wended their circuitous way back through the tall corn, and climbed once more Mrs. Spriggle's "most a noble rail-fence."

The summer drew to a close. The autumn came and went without any signs of Mrs. Spriggle. One raw, dark afternoon in early December, word was brought to the mistress, as she was busy over her plants in the dining room, that Mrs. Spriggle wished to see her.

"Bring her in here, Biddy," she said to the little servant maid who stood waiting for orders.

So presently Mrs. Spriggle herself was ushered in. This time she was attired in a dingy black calico, made with a deep flounce which trailed on the floor behind her. The sunbonnet, too, was of the same hue.

"Good evenin' missis! I reckon ye

thought I was dead, or clared out, mebbe!"

"Why, yes," assented the mistress; "we have been wondering for a long time how you were getting along."

"Only tol'able; just tol'able," said Mrs. Spriggle, shaking her head mournfully, as she sank into a chair by the fire. "My gal's mighty sick. I reckon she's got the reel true consumption this time, sure."

"Oh, dear, not so bad as that, I hope. Tell me all about it."

"Well, she can't eat, an' she does cough awful,—she does so. Me an' Thornton has to be up an' down with her nights, an' the wust on it is, Bud an' Minty 'moved way off to the Upper Creek. He's a-diggin' coal up thar. The folks up Dry Branch is mighty kind neighbors, but we're in a tol'able bad fix; we are so." She drew a deep sigh, and lapsed into silence, gazing meanwhile dejectedly into the fire. "'Pears like I never should get that thar three dollars paid off no how," she said at last.

"Oh, you need n't worry over that," said the mistress. "You have all you can attend to now with your sick daughter. The colonel won't ask you for that. We will let it go."

"Well, you're right down kind, ye an' the cunnil. I allus *did* say the cunnil was the kindest man hereabouts." Mrs. Spriggle brightened up for the moment, and then relapsed again into gloom and silence.

"I think you had better go into the kitchen now, and have some dinner," the mistress said, presently. "After that I will put up some things for your daughter."

The dinner disposed of, a big basket of provisions was prepared, and while it was being packed, Mrs. Spriggle, whose melancholy mood was by this time somewhat averted, said, "Sis was a-wishin' she was rich this mornin'. 'What fur, sis,' says I. 'Oh, maw,' says she, 'if I was rich, I'd buy yards an' yards o' calikier to make patchwork with.' She's that fond o' piecin' patchwork; it's all she keers fur now," and the

mother took up the end of her shawl to wipe a tear away.

"Well, if that is all she wants to make her happy, it will be easy to gratify the child," exclaimed the mistress. "Wait a little, and I will find her some pieces." When she returned again, carrying a big roll of bright bits of calico, she noticed the unseemly length of her visitor's skirt, which dragged in front, as well as behind. "You should make your dress shorter, Mrs. Spriggle," she said. "How can you walk in such a long skirt?" Mrs. Spriggle turned her head over her shoulder, and regarded herself attentively from that point of view, but said nothing. "All the ladies are wearing very short skirts this winter," continued the mistress. "See mine! It does not touch anywhere."

Mrs. Spriggle put her hands on her knees, and bent down to peer at it from under her cavernous sun-bonnet. Then she straightened herself up, and walked very deliberately all around the mistress. "Well, now, that's what I call pretty. I do so," she ejaculated, when her tour had come to an end. "So short skirts is the fashion, is they? Well, I allus *did* say ye dressed just the prettiest I ever see. But law sakes, I must be a-goin'! My gal 'll be mighty took with them pieces," and shouldering the basket, she departed for her long walk, in better spirits, it is to be hoped, than when she came.

During the following spring and summer Mrs. Spriggle paid occasional visits to Briarley, but since the middle of August nothing had been seen or heard of her, when one October day the colonel came in with the astounding news that Mrs. Spriggle's "gal" was married.

"Married!" cried his wife. "It can't be true! She's a mere child."

"I think it is true. John Mitchell, who lives near them, was down this morning, so I asked him about the Spriggle family. He says she has married one of those good-for-nothing Gibsons from up Sugar-Camp Branch. There's no telling what extraordinary thing these people will do next."

Not a week later Mrs. Spriggle pre-

sented herself again at Briarley. The black dress had suffered visibly from contact with muddy roads on the way. The black sun-bonnet was limper and rustier than ever. Their wearer dropped into a chair, and crossed her hands dejectedly on her knees.

"Reckon ye done heered 'bout my gal bein' married," she said, without raising her eyes from the floor.

"Yes. I was much surprised to hear it," the mistress replied. "She must be very young."

"Yes, she is tol'able young, is sis, — goin' on fifteen. But law, I was married at thirteen, — I was so!"

She looked up quickly, but catching an expression of disapproval on the mistress's face she cast her eyes again upon the floor.

"The wust on it is," continued she, "he ain't got a cent, nor he can't make one, nuther."

"Why did you let your daughter take him, then?"

"Well, he come a-dawdin' round sis, an' he 'd allus a powder-horn a-hangin' on to him; so I just 'lowed he 'd a gun, and could keep sis in coons an' possums. She's a master-hand at fresh meat, is my gal! He scraped up two dollars somewhat to get the license with an' to pay the preacher; but I don't reckon he 'll ever earn any more."

"Not earn any more!" cried the mistress incredulously. "What is the matter that he can't work and support your daughter properly?"

Mrs. Spriggle pushed back her bonnet and crossed her knees before she answered. Then she shook her head mournfully.

"I never found out," she said, "till she was done married, as how he 'd nary gun at all, — nothin' but a powder-horn. And," with a gesture of disgust, "he's the powerfulest no-account critter ye ever did see."

"You must feel badly to let your daughter go away with such a man."

"Oh, law, she ain't gone! Did ye think he had ary house to put her in? Why, don't ye know? They's a-livin' to home with me."

This arzzing piece of intelligence nearly took away the mistress's breath. Before she could reply, Mrs. Spriggle continued,—

“ What 's did 's did! 'Tain't no use fussin', I reckon.”

“ But how could you let her marry him without knowing more about him than you did? ”

“ Well, it 's flyin' in the face o' Providence not to take up with a husband when he comes along.” She glanced up appealingly as she spoke. “ Gals can't get a good husband every day, — they can't so! ”

“ But,” said the mistress, “ it seems he is not a good husband.”

Mrs. Spriggle's face, which had brightened slightly, took on a gloomier hue, and she pulled the black bonnet down over it.

“ That 's so,” she assented, tearfully. “ He 's wuss than nary husband. That 's so, I do say. But,” as she rose to go, “ mebbe he can ketch rabbits, if he knewed how to make a trap, now! I must be gettin' along. Mr. Mitchell, he 's a-goin' to give me a job o' fencein' this evenin'. Come up, now, do. I 'll be right down glad to see ye. But it 's a powerful rough holler, is Dry Branch, an' I don't reckon ye could ever get up that, no how. Good mornin, ma'am.”

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

It is curious, as an element of the study of human nature, to consider the manner in which the newly constituted National Board of Health has been received by those who have most to do with the direction of public opinion concerning public affairs, — the reporters and the frequent or occasional correspondents of the newspapers. Several influences were brought to bear upon the constitution of the board which are fair subjects of criticism, and these have not failed to exert an important influence upon some features of its work and methods. But, unquestionably, the object was a laudable one, and those selected to secure it included some of the very best men in the country for the purpose.

On the whole, as the first step taken in an important new direction, we must regard the National Board of Health as a decided success, of no little present utility and of great future promise. Many a new venture, much less praiseworthy and of much less hopeful aspect, has been at once embraced by the daily press as a great public blessing; its defects have been overlooked, and only its virtues have

been held up to the public gaze. Very unfortunately, the Board of Health has met with the opposite reception, — for what reason, it would be impossible to say without more knowledge of Washington journalism than I possess. Everything concerning it has had a bad taste in the reportorial mouth from the very outset. Emboldened by the tendency thus instituted, doctors and others who should know better have not been slow to pour forth voluminous condemnation regarding it. If one were compelled to guess at the cause of this opposition, it would, perhaps, be safest to go back to the tone of the discussion of the yellow-fever question since the epidemic of last year.

Public opinion at the North, where sanitary matters have received the most attention, naturally assumed at once that the reason why Southern cities had been so devastated by this plague was that they were not kept clean. This opinion is wide-spread; whether it is entirely well founded or not, I have no means of knowing. The immunity from the epidemic which New Orleans enjoyed during Gen-

eral Butler's military occupation is popularly supposed to have been due to the thoroughness with which he compelled the systematic cleansing of the city.

The Southern mind did not attach so much importance as we did, perhaps not so much as it should have done, to the matter of cleanliness and good drainage. Indeed, more than once it was reported by local committees that the worst infection often existed in the best drained parts of the town. To this suggestion I shall refer again.

The controlling opinion of the South, especially as represented at the meetings of the American Public Health Association and in Congress, held very strongly to the idea that the means by which yellow fever is to be prevented from devastating those cities again is the very palpable means of quarantine. The best knowledge on the subject seems to indicate that the disease never originates *de novo* in this country, but is always the result of importation from infected places. Consequently, the most obvious suggestion concerning it is to lay such an embargo upon its importation as shall furnish adequate security against it. One who has control of a powder magazine applies his chief energy and his greatest anxiety to the absolute exclusion of the least spark of fire. Southern people, knowing that they are subject, from whatever cause, to yellow-fever epidemics, naturally look first to the exclusion of the first spark of infection; and in so far they are wise. To regard quarantine as the one sure preventive, as they have done, seems short-sighted. In the case of the manufacturer of gunpowder, the storing of the explosive material is an absolute necessity. If it were possible for him to get rid of this element, the rest of his property would be entirely safe, in spite of the sparks.

Yellow fever used to prevail, sometimes very seriously, in Northern cities, and in seasons of no more severe heat than we have frequently had in recent years. Notwithstanding the well-regulated quarantine of New York, there are occasional importations of the infection; but at no time for years past, since the

radical though still imperfect sanitary improvement of the metropolis, has any case served as the starting-point of a local epidemic.

Southern physicians and experts have much more knowledge than we have concerning this disease. At the same time it seems evident that, under the influence of panic and of a determination to protect their communities by isolation, they have failed to appreciate as we do the importance of municipal and domestic cleanliness.

It is perhaps this difference of opinion between Northern writers and those Southern members of Congress who directed the Board of Health and quarantine legislation which has caused the former to take the unfavorable view that it has of the board which that legislation created. Another difficulty is to be sought in the constitutional limitations under which the legal enactments were necessarily made. The act constituting the board, approved March 3d, is simple, direct, and effective. The quarantine act, approved June 2d, which prescribed the specific duties of the board with reference to yellow fever, is by no means so clear and positive. There is evident at every point a desire to avoid raising the question of the right of the general government to interfere in any respect with local authorities. In so far as the action of the National Board has been halting or ineffective in dealing with the present outbreak (and it is in this respect that it has been most severely criticised), there is reason for its caution and for the absence of positive action in the limited and qualified powers given to it by Congress.

In considering what the National Board of Health is and what it has done, these facts must not be lost sight of. We must regard it always with a view to the limitations by which it is restricted. Could the gentlemen constituting the board have prescribed their own authority, and done in all respects what might to them alone have seemed best, we should undoubtedly have had more prompt, efficient, and severe treatment of the question. As it is, it is fair only to consider

the manner in which they have exercised their very limited powers, and to estimate the wisdom of their course by the degree to which they are endeavoring to do the most they can with their restricted means.

So far as the constitution of the board is concerned, there is no doubt that any one of us would be able to select from among the sanitary experts of the country eleven men who would be, in our own opinion, better qualified for this special work. It is possible that some members of the board ought not to have been appointed. Be this as it may, all who are competent to judge recognize the fact that the leading spirits of the board are among the very best men in the country for the work in hand. They are fully qualified to apply existing knowledge to the delicate questions which they have to treat, and they realize (as, unfortunately, the public does not) how extremely limited the existing knowledge is, and how impossible it is for any man to say with certainty that such or such treatment is most advisable. The radical trouble with the whole question is that the public has expected too much, —as it always expects too much from experts. The action of the board is now measured solely by the single standard of its treatment of the yellow-fever question, which is the only one that engages the public mind. But concerning this, knowledge may be said hardly to exist. We know, of course, something of the disease, and something of the circumstances under which it becomes epidemic; and we know pretty surely that it never originates in this country. This is about all that we do know respecting it. With such a very feeble foundation to work upon, with virtually no precedents to follow, and with very restricted powers of action, the Board of Health cannot reasonably be expected to accomplish any great practical result. They have been active in making suggestions; and the individual interest of the members in the whole question has been lively and unceasing. That they have not applied themselves to experiments which they had no legal right to make, and

which they had no reason to believe would be effective, should be regarded as commendable rather than reprehensible. A calm consideration of their powers and of the knowledge which alone could justify their action must lead to the conclusion that they have done quite as much as the existing circumstances would warrant.

The board consists of eleven members: seven civilian physicians, one medical officer of the marine hospital service, one army surgeon, one navy surgeon, and the solicitor general. In the constituting act, only three duties are prescribed for them: one, to obtain information upon all matters affecting the public health; another, to advise the several departments of the government, the executives of the several States, and the commissioners of the District of Columbia, on all questions submitted by them, and in their discretion "to give such advice as may tend to the preservation and improvement of the public health;" the third, to coöperate with a committee of the National Academy of Science, and to consult with sanitary organizations and leading sanitarians as to the recommendation of a plan for a permanent health organization, to be established by Congress at its next session. This is simple and straightforward, and there is no doubt that the work thus indicated will be satisfactorily carried out.

The quarantine act (June 2d) is much less explicit, so far as any decided action is concerned. Under it the board may request the president to detail medical officers to aid consuls in foreign ports from which the importation of infection is to be apprehended. They are to coöperate with state and municipal boards to prevent the introduction of infectious diseases from foreign ports, or into one State from another; but the means and the degree of the coöperation are neither specified nor authorized. If local provisions seem to the board to be insufficient, it is to report the fact to the president, who may order it to make rules and regulations that meet the requirements of the case. If the president approve these, the board is to promulgate

them, and they are to be enforced by state authorities. If they fail to enforce them, it is left with the president in his discretion to detail an officer or a suitable person to carry them out.

The board has only a similar authority concerning the rules and regulations to be observed by vessels coming from ports declared to be dangerously infected. It has authority (and this is important) to obtain from the consuls and medical officers detailed to assist them weekly reports of the sanitary condition of foreign ports and places from which danger is to be apprehended. It is also authorized to obtain, through all accessible sources, weekly reports concerning the health of towns and cities of the United States, and it is required to publish weekly reports, giving the information thus obtained "and other pertinent information received by the board;" also to "procure information relating to the climatic and other conditions affecting the public health." It has the further duty of formulating and supplying information and suggesting rules and regulations concerning vessels, railroad trains, and other means of interior communication.

All this, it will be seen, is vague and limited in regard to giving the board any absolute power to do any specific act or thing to accomplish an immediate sanitary result. So far as the treatment of the yellow-fever question is concerned, it is proper to repeat that the National Board of Health has done promptly and carefully what it seemed necessary or possible to do under its present circumstances. Not the least of the good, permanent results of its work is to be sought in its publications. In compliance with the law of June 2d, it publishes, for gratuitous circulation among those interested and influential in such matters, a weekly bulletin, containing a record of its action, and such information as from time to time it is able to gather from the various important sources within its reach. This bulletin, while it is by no means a newspaper, and while its more striking features have always been made public by the more prompt action of the

daily press, constitutes an educational instrument of the greatest public value.

One of the circulars of the board recites the requirements of the constituting act, and indicates that in the performance of the duties therein specified it will furnish means and encouragement to leading physicians, sanitarians, and scientific men to prosecute scientific inquiries as to the various matters necessary for the protection of the public health. It will thus secure the performance of a most important work, for which no local organization and no private citizen would be likely to devote the necessary time and money. In its effort to obtain information upon matters affecting the public health, it will come in an authoritative way into familiar communication with the various local boards, with a view to the exchange of information and advice. This will lead to the formulating of methods, to the assimilation of systems, and to the improving of the processes of each organization by means of the experience of all, thus saving the present enormous waste of effort that is being expended by various local organizations in tentative work which others have already found to be unprofitable.

However valuable and important all of its other offices may be, we must surely look for the best result of its work in the last requirement of the constituting act. It is extremely important that there should be a permanent national organization, specially charged with the direction of sanitary matters. It is not less important that this organization should be constituted in accordance with the wisest possible discrimination and judgment. To determine what such a board may do and what it may not do, what means should be placed at its disposal and in what manner these means should be applied; to separate it from all party and sectional interests; to make it the most efficient agency for the obtaining of knowledge and for the effective distribution of this knowledge among the people, will be a very great step in advance. We may now hope that an efficient sanitary public authority may be established upon so firm a basis that

no man's private scheme and the indulgence of no man's whim may lead to its destruction. If we can secure for the whole country an educational influence as important as that of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts was to the people of that commonwealth, and if we can protect it from the shipwreck which has overtaken that board, we shall have accomplished an inestimable good. With this view we may well be content to regard all that the National Board of Health is now doing as purely tentative work, leading only to the exploration of a field which is henceforth to be cultivated in a systematic, wise, and effective manner. If we get no other result than the judicious application of present experience to the organization of future work, we shall have a result compared with which no possible action in connection with any epidemic is worth considering.

It would be beyond the purpose of this paper—a purpose of illustration only—to recite and comment upon the various acts and performances of the National Board. It will not be out of place, however, as an indication of its method and its temper, to quote from its circular of July 12th:—

“Whatever opinions may be held as to the causes of yellow fever and of the recent appearance of that disease in Tennessee and Mississippi, it is best to act as if it were a disease due to a specific particulate cause, which is capable of growth and reproduction, transportable, and may be destroyed by exposure to a temperature above 240° Fahrenheit, or by chemical disinfectants of sufficient strength if brought into immediate contact with it.

“It is also prudent to assume that the growth and reproduction of this cause is connected with the presence of filth, in the sanitary sense of that word, including decaying organic matters and defective ventilation, as well as of high temperature.

“The cases of yellow fever recently observed should be considered as due to causes surviving from last year's epidemic, and not to recent importation from

other countries. It follows that there is a liability to the appearance of other cases in places visited by the epidemic of last year, and that there is danger of the spread of the disease to the North and the East. . . .

“The object of the present circular is to advise that all cities, towns, and villages be at once made clean, in a sanitary point of view. The first step toward securing this cleanliness is to obtain reliable information as to what parts of the place are clean, and what foul.

“The results of a careful sanitary inspection of almost any city or town will show the existence of collections of decaying and offensive matters previously unknown, and which every one will admit should be promptly removed and destroyed.

“Such inspections to be of value must be thorough, and made by persons competent to recognize foul soils, waters, and air, as well as the grosser and more palpable forms of nuisance. They should also be made by persons who will report fully and frankly the results of their observations, without reference to the wishes of persons or corporations. When the whereabouts and the extent of the evil are known, the remedy is usually almost self-evident.”

The first paragraph of this quotation indicates (which is true) that it is not now positively known that the disease is due to “a specific particulate cause, which is capable of growth and reproduction.” No sufficient scientific examination has ever been made to determine this question. He would be a rash man who should attempt to predict the time and manner of determining it. As a first step toward ascertaining it, the National Board has sent a committee of experts to Havana, with instructions to institute scientific investigation in this direction. This commission is composed of three physicians and a sanitary engineer. They are instructed to find out the actual sanitary condition of the principal ports of Cuba, how this can best be made satisfactory, and especially what can be done to prevent the infection of shipping by yellow fever; “to add to

our knowledge as to the pathology of yellow fever," and to study the question of endemicity. They will also endeavor to "find some means for recognizing the presence of the immediate cause of yellow fever other than the production of the disease in the human subject." The commission is well supplied with scientific apparatus, and it is expected to make a preliminary report at the end of three months, the hope being indulged that this may indicate the best direction for future inquiries.

It is already reported by Dr. Sternberg, of the commission, that a most valuable and convenient fluid for detecting the presence of bacteria is the liquor from the interior of the unripe cocoa-nut, whose properties, he believes, will make it of great value in such investigations. It is transparent as water, is confined in a germ-proof receptacle, and when exposed to air containing bacteria and other organisms it enables them to develop with astonishing rapidity. In an experiment reported, a portion of this fluid, exposed to the air, became milky within a few hours, and was loaded with bacteria, "and had upon its surface a pellicle containing the cells of some fungus." Another portion, in the same room, but protected by a suitable bell-glass, remained perfectly clear.

An examination of the six copies of the Bulletin thus far issued shows that the board has by no means been idle. It has published: (1.) Rules and regulations for securing the best sanitary condition of vessels, cargoes, passengers, and crews coming from infected foreign ports. (2.) Rules and regulations recommended for quarantined ports, with special reference to yellow fever. (3.) Rules and regulations concerning the sanitary condition of vessels, cargoes, passengers, and crews going from an infected port of the United States to another port in the United States. (4.) Rules and regulations for securing the best sanitary condition of railroads, station-houses, road-beds, and of cars, freights, passengers and employees coming from point where yellow fever exists. (5.) Rules and regulations to be observed by the

health authorities of a place free from infection having communication with an infected place. (6.) The course to be adopted in a place already infected with yellow fever.

All these rules and regulations are copious, specific, and in accordance with the best ascertained knowledge and best accepted theories of the subject.

There is also a weekly report of the mortality from specific diseases in foreign cities and in the chief cities of the United States; together with an amount of general information concerning sanitary matters which is of great, and much of it of permanent, value.

In the original draft of the constituting act it was proposed that \$500,000 should be appropriated, to enable the National Board of Health to pay one half of the expenses of such state boards as might be organized in accordance with a plan approved by the National Board of Health. This would have been extremely effective in securing a uniformity of methods, and would have enabled local boards to perform much more efficient service than is now possible. It is unfortunate that this provision was stricken from the bill, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will be included in the plan of a permanent national organization.

It is quite natural that the general public should now endeavor to measure the efficiency of the board solely with reference, not to its action, but to the result of its action, in the suppression of yellow fever. Of course it can never be known to what degree the board has been instrumental in preventing the greater severity and wider spread of the epidemic; but that "great big stupid," the public, is sure to adjust its estimate of processes by what it sees, or thinks it sees, of results; and, for the moment, the whole question of the National Board of Health is in its mind the question of yellow fever.

The fact is that, as compared with consumption, yellow fever is insignificant even in the years when it occurs, and that there are other diseases always prevalent throughout the country which are

far more important, when measured by their fatality alone, than is this conspicuous periodic scourge,— to say nothing of the enormous amount of costly and painful sickness which stops short of death. The *great* good that is to be accomplished by the future national health organization is not in freeing the country from yellow fever alone, but in working towards the abolishment of the whole range of preventable diseases, in preserving health as well as life, and in adding not only to the average of human longevity, but to the sum of human efficiency. If we realize the importance of this view of the case, we shall accept all honest present effort in the most friendly and favoring spirit, confident that the work now being done is only a first step towards the accomplishment of an ultimate public benefit, of which it would be rash now to estimate the extent.

I cannot close this paper without referring to the opinion so often expressed, and alluded to above, that in 1878 the worst infection often occurred in the "best drained" parts of the town. Possibly the requirements of good draining are not always properly understood. In the Bulletin of the National Board for

August 16th, Dr. Palmer, sanitary inspector, reporting on the condition of Mobile, says:—

"During the dry seasons the sewers are never flooded, because the water supply is so limited, and hence they are never washed out unless the rain comes and deluges them. In the pits are emptied the refuse matter from night-vessels, and in many cases the kitchen refuse is also poured into these places. Of course, last year, when there were over two hundred cases of yellow fever here, all the deposits and vomit were emptied into these festering pits, and now, there is no doubt about it, things are very unsanitary here. When I have approached the authorities upon the subject, they have said that yellow fever will come whether you are clean or not."

If the "pits" received these matters, the sewers received them also. Sewers in the condition indicated as existing in Mobile — and if in this condition no amount of care and cost in construction would help them — would probably be more injurious than the pits, because more directly in communication with houses. Filth does less harm in street gutters than in foul sewers.

George E. Waring, Jr.

THREE INTERVIEWS WITH OLD JOHN BROWN.

UPON the 2d of July, 1856, Captain John Brown called on me at the Eastern House, in Lawrence, Kansas. He had left his company, twenty-two men, camped on the Wakerusa, a few miles from town. The free-state legislature was to assemble at noon, at Topeka, on the 4th. Franklin Pierce was then president, and the federal officials of the Territory, who all sympathized with the pro-slavery party, had determined that the legislature should not meet. There had been a lull in the winter, but with the spring hostilities set in. Finding the Missourians unable longer to cope with

the free-state men, Buford and his men came from the far Southern States to reinforce them. Lawrence had been sacked and the Free State hotel and printing-houses bombarded and burned in May. From that time forward there had been a skirmish or a fight almost every day. Bands of armed men, of both parties, roamed over the country. At first the pro-slavery men had the best of it; but Captain Brown captured Pate at Black Jack, after a sharp struggle, and the enemy lost some of their artillery at Franklin, and as the tide was turning the other way the United States troops

came on the scene, for the alleged purpose of keeping the peace. Altogether it was neither a place nor a time for conservative men. The free-state governor and other officials were under guard at Lecompton, charged with treason. The pro-slavery party determined that the legislature under the Topeka constitution should not assemble. Their original purpose was to lead a Border Rufian army to Topeka, to break it up; but the events of June rendered that a precarious enterprise. Topeka was seventy-five miles from the border. It would be difficult to get a large force up there, and as matters stood might be more difficult to get it back. Provisions and ammunition were stored at Topeka, and it was expected that a thousand armed free-state men would be there, if necessary, to defend the legislature. In this situation of affairs the programme was changed. A proclamation was issued, denouncing the legislature as a treasonable body, and commanding that it disperse. United States troops were sent to enforce this order. Colonel E. V. Sumner, with several hundred of the first cavalry and a battery, moved from Fort Leavenworth, and on the 3d of July camped close to the capitol on the south-east, while Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, with a still larger force, moved simultaneously from Fort Riley, and camped on the northwest of the town. The federal territorial officers, with marshals and deputy-marshals, clustered in the federal camp. From all directions companies of armed men were going to Topeka.

It was a part of this general plan that John Brown and his company were on their way from Ossawatomie to Topeka. He was not in the habit of subjecting himself to the orders of anybody. He intended to aid the general result, but to do it in his own way.

During the day he stayed with me in Lawrence I had my first good opportunity to judge the old man's character. I had seen him in his camp, had seen him in the field, and he was always an enigma, a strange compound of enthusiasm and cold, methodic stolidity, — a

volcano beneath a mountain of snow. He told me of his experiences as a wool merchant and manufacturer in Ohio, and of his travels in Europe. I soon discovered that his tastes ran in a military rather than a commercial channel. He had visited many of the fortifications in Europe, and criticised them sharply, holding that the modern system of warfare did away with them, and that a well-armed, brave soldier was the best fortification. He criticised all the arms then in use, and showed me a fine specimen of repeating-rifle which had long-range sights, and, he said, would carry eight hundred yards; but, he added, the way to fight was to press to close quarters. He had a couple of small pamphlets or circulars; one he had had printed on the armies and military systems of Europe; the other was addressed to the soldiers of the armies of the United States, and was an odd mixture of advice as to discipline and soldierly habits, and wound up by advising them to desert whenever there was an attempt made to use them against a free government and human liberty. He looked upon passing political movements as mere preliminaries or adjuncts to more important events in the future. With him men were nothing, principles everything.

I had intended to drive from Lawrence to Topeka with a friend that day, but he urged me to wait until evening and go with him, and I was so interested in him that I did so. We rode down Massachusetts Street, followed by one of his men, a sort of orderly, if I may so designate him. We ascended Mount Oread, and proceeded to the point where the state university now stands, and there reined our horses and looked at the scene, while we waited for the company, which was now slowly winding towards the base of the hill, where the old California road ascended it. It was a glorious landscape. Lawrence lay to the northeast, at our feet. Kaw River, like a sheet of silver, could be seen here and there through breaks in the forest. Away to our right was the Wakerusa, winding and twisting to meet it. A few miles distant rose the double-peaked Blue

Mound. The streams and creeks were marked by feathery lines of trees, and away five or six miles before us, where the Kaw and Wakerusa met, there was an immense mass of timber veiling the meeting of the waters. The sun went down as we looked at it, and as I turned my eyes to his I saw he had drunk in the glorious beauty of the landscape.

"What a magnificent scene, captain!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, in his slow, dry way; "a great country for a free State."

The company had climbed the hill, riding by twos, and we rode towards them. There was no recognition. We silently took our places at the head of the little column; he gave the command to march, and we rode up the California road. Darkness set in long before we reached "Coon Point." While on the march the captain was reticent, and apologized to me for being so on the ground of discipline. The road runs, or ran, some four miles to the south of Lecompton, the pro-slavery capital, and as we neared that region he carefully examined his men, and all appeared to be more vigilant. It was late when we reached Big Springs, and there we left the road, going in a southwesterly direction for a mile, when we halted on a hill, and the horses were stripped of their saddles and other articles, and picketed out to graze. The grass was wet with dew. The men ate of what provision they had with them, and I received a portion from the captain. I was not at all hungry, and if I had been I doubt if I could have eaten it. It was dry beef, which was not so bad; but the bread had been made from corn bruised between stones, and then rolled in balls and cooked in the coal and ashes of the camp fire. These ashes served for saleratus. Captain Brown observed that I nibbled it very gingerly, and said, —

"I am afraid you will be hardly able to eat a soldier's harsh fare."

"I must be frank enough to say that I have doubts on that subject myself," I responded.

We placed our two saddles together, so that our heads lay only a few feet apart.

He spread his blanket on the wet grass, and, when we lay together upon it, mine was spread over us. Previous to doing this he had stationed a couple of guards. It was past eleven o'clock, and we lay there until two in the morning, scarcely time enough for sleep; indeed, we slept none. He seemed to be as little disposed to sleep as I was, and we talked; or rather he did, for I said little more than enough to keep him going. I soon found that he was a very thorough astronomer, and he enlightened me on a good many matters in the starry firmament above us. He pointed out the different constellations and their movements. "Now," he said, "it is midnight," and he pointed to the finger marks of his great clock in the sky.

In his ordinary moods the man seemed so rigid, stern, and unimpressible when I first knew him that I never thought a poetic and impulsive nature lay behind that cold exterior. The whispering of the wind on the prairie was full of voices to him, and the stars as they shone in the firmament of God seemed to inspire him. "How admirable is the symmetry of the heavens; how grand and beautiful. Everything moves in sublime harmony in the government of God. Not so with us poor creatures. If one star is more brilliant than others, it is continually shooting in some erratic way into space."

He discussed and criticised both parties in Kansas. Of the pro-slavery men he spoke in bitterness. He said that slavery besotted everything, and made men more brutal and coarse. Nor did the free-state men escape his sharp censure. He said that we had many noble and true men, but that we had too many broken-down politicians from the older States. These men, he said, would rather pass resolutions than act, and they criticised all who did real work. A professional politician, he went on, you never could trust; for even if he had convictions, he was always ready to sacrifice his principles for his advantage.

One of the most interesting things in his conversation that night, and one that marked him as a theorist (and perhaps to some extent he might be styled a vis-

ionary), was his treatment of our forms of social and political life. He thought society ought to be organized on a less selfish basis; for while material interests gained something by the deification of pure selfishness, men and women lost much by it. He said that all great reforms, like the Christian religion, were based on broad, generous, self-sacrificing principles. He condemned the sale of land as a chattel, and thought that there was an infinite number of wrongs to right before society would be what it should be, but that in our country slavery was the "sum of all villainies," and its abolition the first essential work. If the American people did not take courage and end it speedily, human freedom and republican liberty would soon be empty names in these United States.

He ran on during these midnight hours in a conversation I can never forget. The dew lay cold and heavy on the grass and on the blanket above us. The stars grew sharper and clearer, and seemed to be looking down like watchers on that sleeping camp. My companion paused for a short time, and I thought he was going to sleep, when he said, —

"It is nearly two o'clock, and as it must be nine or ten miles to Topeka it is time we were marching," and he again drew my attention to his index marks in the sky. He rose and called his men. They responded with more alacrity than I expected. In less than ten minutes the company had saddled, packed, and mounted, and was again on the march.

He declined following the road any farther, but insisted on taking a straight course over the country, guided by the stars. It was in vain that I expostulated with him, and told him that three or four creeks were in the way, and that the country was rough and broken, and that it would be difficult to find our way in the dark. He was determined not to go by Tecumseh. We had, it is needless to say, a rough time of it that night, and day broke while we were floundering in the thickets of a creek bottom some miles from Topeka. As soon as daylight came and we could see our way, we rode more rapidly; but the

sun had risen above the horizon before we rode down the slopes to Thung-gah-nung. Across the creek and nearly two miles to the right we saw the tents, and in the morning stillness could hear the bugles blow in Colonel Sumner's camp.

John Brown would not go into Topeka, but halted in the timber of the creek, sending one of his men with me, who was to be a messenger to bring him word when his company was needed. He had his horse picketed, and walked down by the side of my horse to the place where I crossed the creek. He sent messages to one or two of the gentlemen in town, and, as he wrung my hand at parting, urged that we should have the legislature meet, and resist all who should interfere with it, and fight, if necessary, even the United States troops.

The second interview occurred, I think, in February, 1857. It was a cold, snowy Sabbath morning, about eight o'clock, when a son of Mr. Whitman rode into Lawrence, and told me the "old man" was at his father's, and wanted to see me. He brought a led horse for me. It was a cold and disagreeable ride that morning, but as I had not heard of the whereabouts of Captain Brown for some time, I concluded to go.

When I reached Mr. Whitman's I found him, and with him Kagi and Whipple, or Stevens, and Cook; in fact, most of the men who were with him at Harper's Ferry. He took me to an apartment where we could be alone, and then he first inquired as to the condition of the free-state cause. He was very apprehensive that many of the free-state leaders would jeopardize the principles of the party in order to get power. He said whenever the free-state party gave itself over to selfish interests, its virtue and usefulness ended, and for good results it was far more desirable that it should be kept on the strain and suffer than make selfish compromises with the enemy. He asked earnestly many questions about the free-state leaders. One very good man he criticised for several things he had done, and in response to my assurances about him he used one of his striking comparisons. He took out a

large pocket compass, and unscrewing its brass lid laid it down on the table before me, and pointing at the needle fixed his eyes on me, while he said:—

" You see that needle; it wobbles about and is mighty unsteady, but it wants to point to the north. Is he like that needle?"

He told me that some friends in the East had raised for him and placed in his hands a very large sum of money, in all nearly five thousand dollars. He had picked his company, and would like a few more, if he could get the right kind of men. He had spent some time in Iowa and some on the Kansas border. He was drilling and educating his company, and training them to hardship and to be perfectly faithful and reliable. He desired, he said, to get my advice as to the best way of using his force and resources, so as to advance the great interests of freedom and humanity.

Long before that time I had understood John Brown well enough to know that there was little probability about our agreeing on that subject, or of his being governed by the advice of anybody. He urged me so strenuously, however, that for a short time I actually permitted myself to suppose that he might really take advice. I had just previously discovered the site and location for a town, where the city of Salina now stands, and as it was then fifty miles beyond the settlement I told him I would give him any interest I then had in the place, and advised him to go there with his company. Each of them, I said, could take claims on the rich farming lands adjacent; they could be the pioneer builders of the town, could invest their funds in a stock of goods and a mill, and drill, if he thought it best, an hour each morning, and maintain in everything perfect discipline, and be ready for any emergency.

Before I had concluded my rather practical and conservative advice, I could perceive that it did not at all harmonize with the views and purposes of Captain Brown, and I suspected that a location one hundred and eighty miles from the Missouri border was in his

opinion rather remote from the scene of operations. He suggested that it was only fair, as Missouri had undertaken to make a slave State of Kansas and failed, that Kansas should make a free State of Missouri, and proceeded at length to show, in the most logical manner, that it was not for the interests of Kansas to have a powerful slave State so close to it, and that the process of putting an end to slavery there was exceedingly simple. He said that he intended to spend some time near Tabor, Iowa, where he expected to be joined by others, who would need discipline and organization; and that he expected also to visit Canada, with the view of studying personally its suitability for receiving and protecting negro emigration. And so we parted on that occasion.

I heard of the old man occasionally, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. It was during the ensuing winter that he made one or two raids into the State of Missouri, generally, if not always, visiting those who had taken an active part in the Kansas outrages. He was on hand on the southeast border very soon after the Mer du Cygne massacre, no doubt to punish the perpetrators. Many persons will remember when he took from Missouri a large number of negroes, and led them through Kansas, Iowa, and other States and Territories to Canada. During that march several parties tried to catch old John Brown, but they invariably caught a Tartar. He passed through Kansas some miles to the south of Lawrence, and the night they camped at the nearest point Kagi and Stevens came up to town and gave me all the particulars of that adventure, which were in the New York Tribune at the time. They also brought from the old man the text of his celebrated "parallels" to show me.

The most important interview, the one that has peculiar historical significance, was the last I ever had with him. It occurred during the same year of the Harper's Ferry affair, although several months before. He had been absent from Kansas for some time. Now we could hear of him in New England, now

in Canada, now in Ohio or Pennsylvania. I had lost track of him, when one day Kagi came to my house in Lawrence, and told me that the old man had arrived and was at the Whitney House, and wished to see me. At first I refused to go, and sent him word by Kagi that as he never took my advice I did not see any use in giving him any. Kagi soon returned, and said that the old man must see me; he was going away, and might never see me again.

I found him in a small room at the Whitney House, then one of the Lawrence hotels, down towards the river. He had changed a little. There was in the expression of his face something even more dignified than usual; his eye was brighter, and the absorbing and consuming thoughts that were within him seemed to be growing out all over him. He evinced his customary caution by telling Kagi to go out and close the door, and watch on the outside, for fear that some one should come to listen. Then he began.

He sketched the history of American slavery from its beginnings in the colonies, and referred to the States that were able to shake it off. He recalled many circumstances that I had forgotten, or had never heard of. He said the founders of the republic were all opposed to slavery, and that the whole spirit and genius of the American constitution antagonized it, and contemplated its early overthrow. He said this remained the dominant sentiment for the first quarter of a century of the republic. Afterwards slavery became more profitable, and as it did the desire grew to extend and increase it. The condition of the enslaved negroes steadily became worse, and the despotic necessities of a more cruel system constantly pressed on the degraded slaves. Rights they at first possessed were taken from them. The little of domestic happiness and independence that had been left them was taken away. The slave-trade being ended, it was profitable to breed negroes for sale. Gradually the pecuniary interests that rested on slavery seized the power of the government.

Public opinion opposed to slavery was placed under ban. The politicians of the South became slavery propagandists, and the politicians of the North trimmers. When the religious and moral sentiment of the country indicated a desire to check this alarming growth, a threat of secession was uttered, and appeals were made not to risk the perpetuation of this glorious republic by fanatical antislaveryism. Then began an era of political compromises, and men full of professions of love of country were willing, for peace, to sacrifice everything for which the republic was founded.

"And now," he went on, "we have reached a point where nothing but war can settle the question. Had they succeeded in Kansas, they would have gained a power that would have given them permanently the upper hand, and it would have been the death-knell of republicanism in America. They are checked, but not beaten. They never intend to relinquish the machinery of this government into the hands of the opponents of slavery. It has taken them more than half a century to get it, and they know its significance too well to give it up. If the republican party elects its president next year, there will be war. The moment they are unable to control they will go out, and as a rival nation along-side they will get the countenance and aid of the European nations, until American republicanism and freedom are overthrown."

I have endeavored to quote him, but it is quite impossible to quote such a conversation accurately. I well remember all its vital essentials and its outlines. He had been more observant than he had credit for being. The whole powers of his mind (and they were great) had been given to one subject. He told me that a war was at that very moment contemplated in the cabinet of President Buchanan; that for years the army had been carefully arranged, as far as it could be, on a basis of Southern power; that arms and the best of the troops were being concentrated, so as to be under control of its interests if there was danger of having to surrender the gov-

ernment; that the secretary of the navy was then sending our vessels away on long cruises, so that they would not be available, and that the treasury would be beggared before it got into Northern hands.

All this has a strangely prophetic look to me now; then it simply appeared incredible, or the dream and vagary of a man who had allowed one idea to carry him away. I told him he surely was mistaken, and had confounded everyday occurrences with treacherous designs.

"No," he said, and I remember this part distinctly, — "no, the war is not over. It is a treacherous lull before the storm. We are on the eve of one of the greatest wars in history, and I fear slavery will triumph, and there will be an end of all aspirations for human freedom. For my part, I drew my sword in Kansas when they attacked us, and I will never sheathe it until this war is over. Our best people do not understand the danger. They are besotted. They have compromised so long that they think principles of right and wrong have no more any power on this earth."

My impression then was that it was his purpose to carry on incursions on the borders of the free and slave States, and I said to him, —

"Let us suppose that all you say is true. If we keep companies on the one side, they will keep them on the other. Trouble will multiply; there will be collision, which will produce the very state of affairs you deprecate. That would lead to war, and to some extent we should be responsible for it. Better trust events. If there is virtue enough in this people to deserve a free government, they will maintain it."

"You forget the fearful wrongs that are carried on in the name of government and law."

"I do not forget them, — I regret them."

"I regret and will remedy them with all the power that God has given me."

He then went on to tell me of Spartacus and his servile war, and was evidently familiar with every step in the

career of the great gladiator. I reminded him that Spartacus and Roman slaves were warlike people in the country from which they were taken, and were trained to arms in the arena, in which they slew or were slain, and that the movement was crushed when the Roman legions were concentrated against it. The negroes were a peaceful, domestic, inoffensive race. In all their sufferings they seemed to be incapable of resentment or reprisal.

"You have not studied them right," he said, "and you have not studied them long enough. Human nature is the same everywhere." He then went on in a very elaborate way to explain the mistakes of Spartacus, and tried to show me how he could easily have overthrown the Roman empire. The pith of it was that the leader of that servile insurrection, instead of wasting his time in Italy until his enemies could swoop on him, should have struck at Rome; or, if not strong enough for that, he should have escaped to the wild northern provinces, and there have organized an army to overthrow Rome.

I told him that I feared he would lead the young men with him into some desperate enterprise, where they would be imprisoned and disgraced.

He rose. "Well," he said, "I thought I could get you to understand this. I do not wonder at it. The world is very pleasant to you; but when your household gods are broken, as mine have been, you will see all this more clearly."

I rose, somewhat offended, and said, "Captain, if you thought this, why did you send for me?" and walked to the door.

He followed me, and laid his hand on my shoulder, and when I turned to him he took both my hands in his. I could see that tears stood on his hard, bronzed cheeks. "No," he said, "we must not part thus. I wanted to see you and tell you how it appeared to me. With the help of God, I will do what I believe to be best." He held my hands firmly in his stern, hard hands, leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek, and I never saw him again.

W. A. Phillips.

THE CONDUCTOR AND ROSAMOND.

THE eleven o'clock train on the Tawasset railway was just leaving the station at Bethel Plain. The conductor, Mr. George Washington Ingleside, before going through the train for the fares, was taking a parting glance at his handsome face in the little mirror that hung in the baggage car, when his attention was arrested by a wagon driving furiously down the street close by, and containing two or three people, who were standing up and shouting or waving their handkerchiefs. George stepped to the door of the baggage car to make sure that they were signaling the train, but before he could pull the bell-cord the wagon stopped suddenly, and three young people jumped out and ran for the track. George sprang out on the platform just in time to catch a frightened girl, who was clinging to the steps, while the young man who was with her had gained a firm footing.

"Where is the other?" he cried, in alarm. "I saw three of you."

"Oh, she is all right," panted the girl. "She jumped on the other car. Oh, dear! I thought I was killed."

"You deserved to be," said George, sternly, for he was thoroughly angry with them for giving him such a fright. "No person with a grain of sense would ever attempt what you did. It was a very foolhardy and improper thing to do. We never take on passengers while the train is moving."

He turned, as he spoke, to include the third member of the party, a young lady who came hurrying and breathless, with flushed, excited face and sparkling, triumphant eyes.

"But you don't put them off after they once get on, do you?" she asked, with a suggestion of defiance, and turning to her friends she congratulated them on their success. George was now more angry with her than he had been with the others, but somehow he did not venture to rebuke her as peremptorily

as he had done her companions. He watched her closely, however, as he afterward went through the car, his attention being further attracted by the fact that he often caught her eye, and perceived she had not forgotten him. She was plainly dressed in a rough flannel suit, that could no more disguise the lady-like distinction of her figure than could her heavy walking boots conceal her pretty, slender feet. Her face, though plain, was picturesque and expressive, and her blue eyes were brilliant with triumph and careless defiance, as she sometimes met his glance. Mr. George Ingleside had a well-developed sense of his own personal dignity and importance, and the angry and uncomfortable feeling that this girl was rather amused than impressed by his displeasure remained with him even after she left the train, and until he had forgotten all about her.

A few weeks after, as he was one day standing in the car, talking with a friend, he became aware, through the mysterious sixth sense which apprises us of such matters, that some one behind him was regarding him with attention. He looked around involuntarily, and met the glance of a young lady who was sitting near and talking with two large boys, intent upon her story. The look he surprised convinced him that he was the subject of their conversation, and when he looked again her face, which seemed vaguely familiar, stirred some dormant and unpleasant memory. He glanced at her once or twice, trying to recollect if he had ever seen her, — when a suggestion of resentment in the expression of her eye gave him the clew, and brought vividly to mind the forgotten scene of a few weeks before, when he had ventured to rebuke her. He was surprised to find how strong was his feeling of repulsion and dislike, and was making up his mind not to show her, by so much as a look, that he remembered her, when his attention was absorbed by something else,

and he did not even notice when she left the car.

It was full three months after that he saw her again. She took the train, one morning, at Wareham, a little flag station that had just been established, five miles from Bethel Plain. She exchanged a few words with him as he received her fare and checked her trunk, but he could not detect the slightest indication, by word or glance, that she remembered him. They were detained for ten minutes at one of the stations, and soon after, as George was passing through the train, he heard a soft but distinct voice say, "Mr. Ingleside."

He turned quickly, and bent over the unknown young lady. She looked up at him with an earnest, appealing glance.

"I am going to New York," she said. "Am I likely to get the train at Newfield?"

He looked at his watch. The connection was a close one, they were ten minutes behind time; but he mentally resolved she should reach her train at all hazards, and assured her accordingly. She smiled at him brilliantly.

"Thank you," she said. Her words, though few, seemed charged with significance, her grateful earnestness had a peculiar charm, and though he turned at once and left her, the look in her eyes haunted him, and once or twice afterward, as he passed through the train, he stopped to reassure her, that he might again have the pleasure of receiving her graceful and eager thanks. She gave him her check before reaching Newfield, and he arranged with the baggage-master to carry her trunk across.

They were just in time. He sprang from the train before it ceased moving, and ran across to where the New York express was standing, the conductor just about to give the signal for starting.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "I have a passenger for you."

He saw her leisurely crossing the depot as the baggage man ran over with her trunk, and when he had received the check he found her in the forward car, where he had told her to await him. She looked up at him with a tranquil

smile, as if she had not felt the least anxiety; but the train was moving, and he could only drop the check in her hand and raise his cap as he turned away, without waiting to receive in words the grateful acknowledgment which her eyes expressed.

He sometimes thought of her after that, and wondered who she was. "She don't belong around here, that's certain," he thought. "Some New York girl who comes up here to visit, at Governor Ware's, perhaps, or with the Grants or Ashlands." George had a certain pride in knowing most of his passengers by sight, and it never occurred to him to wonder why he thought so much about this young lady. Perhaps it was the contrast between the gay defiance of her manner when first they met and the gentle, grateful deference she had shown when last he saw her; or perhaps it was the pleasant consciousness of having gracefully performed an act of kindness. George had seen a good deal of the world in a ten years' experience of railroad life, and though he had still a quick eye for a pretty face or a stylish figure, it was long since he had seen any woman whose face he remembered as he did hers. Sometimes he fancied he caught a glimpse of her in the crowd on a platform; once he was sure he saw her in a street car in New York, when a turn of the head or a change of position undid him.

The summer time had come again, and he had almost ceased to think of her, when one morning, as he sat in the baggage car reading a newspaper, enjoying a long interval between the stations, the speed of the train slackened, and looking out he saw they had been signaled at the little flag station of Wareham. He stepped out, and found awaiting them a picturesque and striking group, evidently young people of distinction and importance. The young ladies wore pretty mountain dresses; the young men had on sailor shirts or hunting jackets, and all the gay insignia whereby the city youth finds outward expression for the inward consciousness that he has gone into the country to rusticate. George

glanced eagerly over the group, and among them he recognized the well-known face. Her brilliant eyes met his with such an earnest, intent look that he felt sure she remembered him. He followed them into the car, and found her the centre of a gay and laughing group.

"Sit here by me, please, Miss Rosamond," pleaded one young man, pointing to a vacant seat.

"Rosamond!" mused George. "I've found out one of your names. Give me time, and I'll get the other."

"Don't you do it, Rosamond," said a sarcastic voice. "He'll make bad puns and love all the way to Bethel Plain."

George glanced at the speaker. She was a tall, handsome young lady, stylish and elegant to her finger tips, in spite of the mountain suit.

"What is the fare to Bethel Plain?" asked Rosamond, without looking at him.

"Fifty cents," he replied.

There was a general scream. "Fifty cents! Why, it is only five miles! How ridiculous! Yes, Miss Sallie, do let me pay for you. You know you want all your money to buy lemon drops and give to little ragamuffins."

George felt vaguely uncomfortable, standing in the midst of all that gay chatter. They ignored his presence so utterly, he was no restraint upon their careless talk; they gave him their fares as they would have put them in a box. Even Rosamond seemed unconscious of him; he had been mistaken in thinking she remembered him. He turned away, and went forward into the baggage car, where he found an old man who had also taken the train at Wareham.

"Who are your young friends?" he casually asked.

"City boarders!" was the reply, in a tone of intense scorn. "There's a raft of 'em up to Wareham this summer. One of the Ware girls married a city chap, and they say she holds up her head with the best of 'em down to York. So now she comes up to her father's every summer; brings her horses and carriage and nigger servants, and cuts a great dash. And her husband's rela-

tions and grand friends come along, too; there's a hull lot of 'em to the tavern, and a mess more to Squire Blake's. And such carryin's on! — singin' nights and gallopin' around all day, rigged up in short dresses and queer-lookin' coats, — you see 'em. They can't waste their good clothes on us country folks except Sundays, and then they fix up till they look worse than they do now, and come sailin' into church after meetin's begun, to 'stonish the natives,' as they say. I guess they'd be 'stonished if they knew what the natives thought about 'em."

George laughed, absently. He was recording the fares he had taken. Thirteen fares at fifty cents each made six dollars and a half; five dollars must be credited to the Towasset railway; one dollar and a half would swell the private fortune of Mr. George Ingleside.

It must not be supposed, from this fact, that George was absolutely destitute of conscience, or that he did not heed its voice. Like too many others, he had a conscience whose standard was not the immutable law of God, but the uncertain moral atmosphere of the world he lived in and the shifting opinions of the men who were his associates. His conscience would have rebuked him sharply had he failed of his duty to the railroad company in any other particular, but he hardly ever felt a twinge, even when he appropriated what he had almost come to consider a just proportion of the money paid him for fares. On this occasion his action was almost mechanical, for he was thinking about the gay party he had just left, and wondering if they would go back on the train at night.

He saw them frequently, after that. Sometimes they went to Bethel Plain, sometimes to other stations along the road, which abounded in beautiful natural scenery. He learned to know their faces well, and amused himself guessing at their relationships; the lunch baskets and umbrellas grew familiar; he noticed when they wore new hats or dresses. But Rosamond always met him with the indifferent and careless glance of a stranger; and though some of the young

men often came into the baggage car and exchanged a few words with him in a friendly yet superior manner, and one of the other young ladies would perhaps give him a smile or look of recognition, Rosamond never indicated in the slightest degree that she had ever seen him before, until one morning, as she handed him her fare, she looked up at him with a pleasant, mischievous smile, saying,—

“Mr. Ingleside, are you never going to reduce the fare to Bethel? We shall all be impoverished.”

He was so completely taken by surprise that his wits forsook him, though not his self-possession, for he simply replied, “I’m afraid not,” and passed on. But words and ideas came to him as soon as he had left her, and with the feeling that if he did not improve the opportunity she had given him he might never have another he turned back, and, sitting down on the arm of the seat opposite her, he expressed his regret that the fares were so extortionate, and disclaimed all responsibility for them.

She smiled pleasantly. “Oh, no, I didn’t suppose you were to blame; but it is a relief to grumble at somebody, and you are the only representative of the railway that we meet.”

He went on with a few words of explanation. She replied in a friendly manner, as if she had known him for years. He enjoyed it thoroughly, especially as he saw some of her companions exchanging mischievous glances, and he was sorry when the conversation was ended by the train approaching the station. He felt that he had taken a decided step toward making her acquaintance, and expected to hold the advantage he had gained. But when he next saw her, she had evidently forgotten having spoken with him; her manner was as indifferent as ever, and he did not say a word.

September came, and the party at Wareham scattered. One by one they went off on the train, and returned no more. George wondered how many of them he should see again next summer, and imagined Rosamond in her New

York home, absorbed in new amusements. He was therefore much surprised, one bright October morning, as they approached Wareham station, to perceive her standing on the platform with a distinguished-looking gentleman, whom he knew very well by sight, and with whom he had a slight personal acquaintance, — Governor Ware, of Wareham. She was bidding him an affectionate farewell, and after she had stepped on the car Mr. Ware turned to George, saying pleasantly, —

“Good-morning, Ingleside. Take good care of my daughter, will you? Put her off at Newfield, and give her a check for her trunk.”

“Your daughter!” thought George. “What a goose I was not to guess it before! To be sure, she’s Rosamond Ware.”

The thought was agreeable that she was not a remote possibility in New York, who might never come that way again, but that as she lived near at hand he must sometimes see her. And yet, in another way, she seemed further off than ever; for he felt, without actually thinking it, that the quiet, reserved dignity of these old country families is of all pride the most invincible. She was intent upon a book when he sought her, handed him her fare, saying simply, “To Newfield, please,” and received the check with just “Thank you.” He could think of no excuse for further conversation, and after she left, at Newfield, wondered if she would take his train on her return. He hardly thought of it again, however, until she went back, about a fortnight later. When about half-way to Wareham, George noticed that Miss Ware was holding her handkerchief to her face, and thought at first she was crying; but he afterward saw that it was stained with blood, as was also her face, her hair was in disorder, and she seemed in great distress. His kind heart was stirred with the impulse to help her, though he hesitated for fear of intrusion, until he could refrain no longer, and addressing her by name asked if he could help her. She raised her eyes, misty with tears of distress, and thanked him

eagerly, following him into the baggage car, where he brought a basin of water and placed it on a trunk, while she knelt before it and gladly washed her blood-stained face. He knew a few simple remedies for bleeding at the nose, and though he feared she might not like any further help from him, still she looked so grateful and friendly that at last he ventured to speak.

"Oh, yes," she said, frankly, "do anything you've a mind to. I never can stop it myself."

So after joining her hands above her head and crowding up her nostril a piece he had torn from his handkerchief, he knelt down beside her, and gently clasped her soft throat, compressing the artery there. He did this with much trepidation, fearing she might shrink from his touch, or manifest some embarrassment; but if he had been her grandfather, she could not have taken it more coolly. The ludicrous aspect of the affair seemed especially to strike her, and she even ventured a joke upon the absurdity of the situation. George had never been so near her before, or seen her*with her hat off; he noticed how prettily the hair grew about her forehead, and a little scar upon her temple. He never had thought about the color of her eyes, but it surprised him to see that they were a pale, clear blue, with a shading of darker color around the edge of the iris that gave them brilliancy and expression. He would have liked to kneel there indefinitely, but the train drew near a station, and he was obliged to leave her for a few moments. When he came back she was sitting on a trunk, looking pale and exhausted; after having established her in a comfortable arm-chair he instinctively withdrew.

Before they reached Wareham she seemed quite well again, and when she left the train her thanks, though not profuse, were unmistakably heartfelt and sincere.

That evening George had the tooth-ache. He did not feel like sitting in the office of the hotel and talking about money and politics, as was his custom; so he had a fire made in his room, put

on an old coat and a pair of slippers, tied up his face with a silk handkerchief, and, after taking a stiff dose of something hot, sat down before the fire to roast away his pain. His thoughts naturally went back over the events of the day, and lingered upon the episode of the afternoon. He recalled Miss Ware's pleasant, refined face, the frank simplicity of her manner, the genuine fun that could not be repressed. He was pleased with the tacit confidence she had shown in him, with her freedom from all embarrassment.

"There's where she showed her breeding," he thought, as he imagined how some girls would have giggled and blushed, and made themselves deliciously uncomfortable. "It's a real pleasure to look straight into such clear, honest eyes."

Honest! He sprang to his feet, and paced the room, for suddenly, sharp, piercing as a sword thrust, there came to him the stinging sense of how this girl would have shrunk from him if she had known him as he was,—how those eyes would have blazed with indignant scorn if she had known it was a dishonest hand that touched her. For a moment he measured himself by what he felt to be her standard, and saw himself as she would look upon him. Old memories, old thoughts and principles, came trooping back to him, and he saw from what he had fallen. He thought of his mother, and the prayers she taught him; he remembered learning the ten commandments, and that "Thou shalt not steal" had been one of his favorites, it was so short and easy. He felt again the public opinion of the country village where he was brought up, the severe, old-fashioned notions of right and duty, having the Bible as an authoritative standard. How long it was since he had left all this behind him! He was but a boy in his teens when he was thrown upon the world to make his future, and found his ideas so strait-laced and antiquated that he made all haste to be rid of them. A position which he secured upon one of the great railroad thoroughfares brought him into an atmosphere very different

from that of his country home, and in the whirl and hurry of that exciting life no wonder his opinions were jostled out of him. He saw men respected and admired for the great fortunes they had got by doubtful means, stealing called misappropriation or hypothecating, cheating styled irregularity, and successful roguery deemed smartness. Getting money, by fair means or otherwise, seemed the great aim of life to many of the men by whom he was surrounded, and he had been unfortunate in some of his associates. The handsome, clever boy, with his bright, winning manner, attracted the attention of men much older than himself, who flattered and caressed him, while they undermined his integrity by sneering at his opinions and teaching him their own. He had a facile nature, that yielded readily to the influence of those around him; and it was perhaps by reason of this ready sensibility that he felt so keenly the lofty purity and innocence of the high-souled woman into whose eyes he had looked that afternoon. But such bitter self-reproach and condemnation were torment to George, whose own self-respect was almost as essential to his happiness as was the esteem of others, and he shook off these thoughts that pressed upon him, as a dog shakes off the rain.

"I declare," said he, aloud, throwing himself into his chair, "I feel like the bad little boy in a Sunday-school book. It must be the toothache, or something else, has gone to my head. A pretty figure I'd cut, with all Miss Rosamond Ware's high-toned notions! Such lofty ideas are very beautiful, and I would n't think much of a woman without them; but a man of the world, like myself, might as well put on a white muslin dress and pink ribbons. I've got to take the world as I find it, and do the best I can, and trust to luck for the rest. As long as I'm careful and cover up my tracks, I guess I'll pass muster with most of them." He mixed another tumbler of something hot, and, picking up one of Ouida's novels, read himself into a calm and peaceful frame of mind again before he slept the sleep of the just.

When the morrow came, his world looked bright and fair again. His self-esteem had come to him; he laughed at the emotion of the night before, and even confided to the baggage-master that he "had a confounded toothache last night, and the worst fit of the blues you ever saw."

He had made such an advance in his acquaintance with Miss Ware that he expected a friendly and familiar greeting next time he saw her. But weeks passed by, and even months, before she took the train again, one morning in December. Their former meeting seemed then so remote and half forgotten that George decided to wait and see if she chose to meet him with the friendly manner of their parting before he ventured to do the same. He caught her eye as he came along the car to meet her, but her glance was cold and indifferent, with no sign of recognition except that it was instantly withdrawn. She did not even look at him when he stood beside her, but her companion, a lady whose style and elegance led him to guess that she was the "Ware girl who married a city chap," paid the fares for both and received the checks he brought them. He felt a little indignant and affronted that Miss Ware should not recognize him, but his self-esteem made haste to assure him that he had received no real slight. Because he had rendered her a little service and she had been grateful, it was no reason why months after she should meet him as a friend, when he was socially a stranger. With such thoughts his pride was comforted, especially as he became convinced that she had been talking about him. Miss Ware did not look at him, but her friend regarded him with more than ordinary interest and curiosity. After they left the train at Newfield, he went and sat down in the seat they had occupied, and his feet striking something on the floor he stooped and picked up a little black note-book which one of them had dropped. He opened it, with eager curiosity. On the fly-leaf was written the name of Rosamond Ware, and underneath, as a sort of motto, the verse,

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He frowned slightly, in grave disapprobation.

"Religious!" he thought. "I would n't have guessed it; she looks too jolly."

He turned the leaves with growing interest. There was a little of everything in the book. Miss Ware seemed to be in the habit of writing down there whatever came into her head, — quotations, verses that pleased her, and some that were evidently original, with bits of humorous parodies containing personal allusions for the benefit of her friends, who sometimes added their versions or comments. He saw evidence that she was highly educated, and of considerable native cleverness and ability. On one page were equivalent idioms in four or five languages; on another the following fable: —

"A Prudent Worm, whose Maiden Aunt had long enjoined the duty of Early Rising, awoke one morning before Dawn, to begin his Daily Task upon the Finest Cabbage in the Garden. A belated Owl, who was hurrying home from his Night's Work, espied the Worm in the Fading Darkness, and, remarking that he had no Idea Worms rose so Early, swallowed him with Avidity.

"Moral: Virtue sometimes o'erleaps itself and comes down on the Other Side. Moral Reflection: It's a Poor Proverb that works both Ways."

Beneath this was written in a boyish hand, "By R. Ware. Fable Editor, N. Y. World."

George laughed heartily. "She's a smart one," he mused. "That's better than half the fables in the World."

At last he came to a page on which was a curious and elaborately interwoven monogram. It had been made in pencil, and then nearly rubbed out, and covered with hasty scrawls. Under it was written, "Du bist so nah' und doch so fern." George could not translate the motto, but he studied the monogram with an eager, though faint suspicion. With his pencil he traced again the lines that had been erased, and proved pretty clearly to his own satisfaction that the letters were "G. W. I.", the initials of

his own name. He was now burning with curiosity to know the meaning of what was written below; but suddenly he perceived that the train had stopped and the passengers were moving. He sprang to his feet and hurried out, but in his next interval of leisure he copied the inscription and took it to a friend.

"Here, Will," said he, "you understand French. Tell me what that means."

"That ain't French!" cried his friend, with the scorn of superior knowledge. "It's German. It means, 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

"Thanks!" said George, hurrying away delighted. The meaning of the phrase confirmed his suspicion. It was certainly appropriate. Circumstances had often thrown them near together, and yet they were held far apart by pride, dignity, and social laws. George rather made up his mind that if she felt a special interest in him, as he was now almost sure, it was his place to break down these intangible barriers, and meet her as a friend. He studied the little note-book with increasing interest, as it revealed to him more of Miss Ware's character, and when, a few days later, he received a note from her, making inquiries about it and inclosing stamps for its return to her if it had been found, he shook his head.

"No you don't, Miss Ware. I'm going to have this little keepsake of you, if you won't speak to me." So he wrote a reply, gravely expressing his regret that he had been unable to find it, and put her stamps away to return them to her when he should next see her, thinking that would be an easy mode of opening the friendly conversation which he anticipated. He put her letter in his pocket with quite a sentimental feeling of tenderness, and at night, when he looked for it to read it again, was provoked and disgusted to find he had inadvertently torn it up to light a cigar.

A day or two after, he was again examining the note-book, and as he lingered at a page covered with the addresses of her friends, street numbers in New York and Philadelphia, or the names of bank-

ers in Europe, his attention was arrested by this one: "I. G. W. Care Lombard and Odin, Geneva, or Poste Restante, Stuttgart."

"I. G. W.," — those were the letters of the curious monogram. Some friend, lover perhaps, near to her heart by ties of love or kindred, far away in a foreign land. His mistake flashed upon him as irresistibly ludicrous, and he threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Oh, you conceited ass," he cried, "to think Miss Ware had written your monogram with a sentimental motto in her note-book! And you were going to take pity on the poor girl, and break down the barrier! Oh, George, your imagination is running away with you."

He really wanted to tell somebody about it, for it seemed too good a joke to keep. His view of the matter changed radically, and he was now repelled by the idea of trying to scrape acquaintance with a lady who probably felt herself above him, and he dismissed the matter from his mind. But when, a few weeks later, Miss Ware took the train at Newfield, on her return, he remembered her stamps in his pocket, and found a convenient opportunity to return them to her, saying gravely,—

"I am very sorry I could not find your book. I have inquired of every one I thought likely to know anything about it, and looked through all the coaches that might have been on the train that day."

"Oh, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," she said. She had on her dignity now, that quiet reserve that held him softly at a distance; but it carried with it such grace and gentleness that he was not sure but he liked it better than her friendliness and fun. He quietly disclaimed her gratitude, and then sat sorting his tickets, wishing he could think of something further to say. He became aware that she was scrutinizing him closely; he could feel, without seeing it, her keen and searching gaze. But it gave him no uneasiness; he knew he was handsome and well dressed, and he had no objection to Miss Ware look-

ing at him just as long as she chose. His conscience pricked him a little for having lied to her so calmly; perhaps she valued her book highly. Never mind, he could suddenly discover it and send it to her yet; he did not care much to keep it. And then, by some association of ideas, he remembered his mental experience that night he had the toothache, the sudden awakening of his conscience. He recalled his analogy about the white muslin and pink ribbons; he had been much pleased with it at the time, and had felt it quite convincing; but now it dawned upon him, in a vague, half-expressed fashion, that his snowy linen and faultless attire were in their way as nice and dainty as any feminine adornments, and that he did not deem extreme personal purity and neatness of the outer man inconsistent with his position and business, or with his character as a man of the world. Was there honestly any reason why the hidden man of the heart could not be equally spotless and pure? There awoke within him a strange, and irresistible longing for his lost moral excellence and goodness, a loathing of the foul stain upon his character, which all at once seemed intolerably hideous and dark. He rose hastily and walked away, fearing to betray his emotion. What was it about this girl that awoke such thoughts within him? Was it her influence, or something else, that had raised this storm of feeling? He had a decided and uneasy conviction that he was going to have trouble with his well-behaved conscience. Why could he not take things easy, as he had always done? He had thought this thing all over and settled it to his satisfaction, and now why could n't it stay settled? Such mental experience as this, to say the least, was very disagreeable.

Another good influence came into his life that winter, when an older brother, who had been several years in California, returned to New England, having accepted a position on the Tawasset railway. They would keep house at Tawasset, so that George could come and live with them. Mrs. Allen Ingleside took a great fancy to her handsome,

agreeable brother-in-law. She was a bright, cheerful, good little woman; rather too good for comfort, George feared, when one evening, early in their acquaintance, she invited him to go to prayer-meeting with her, as if she expected him to jump at the chance. George found some polite and excellent reason for declining, but did not feel quite even with her until he invited her to go out driving with him on Sunday afternoon. But he enjoyed, on the whole, the new experience. It was a good thing for this homeless man, who had lived in hotels for years, to know the wholesome restraint of a Christian household and the love of a little child. The moral superiority of his brother's family was not so oppressive as it might have been, if he had not felt himself to be their superior in more important respects. Lucy Ingleside was a pretty nice little sister,—he would not think of being ashamed of her anywhere; but her grammar was sometimes defective, she ate with her knife and said "sir" to him, deferred to him in all matters of taste and etiquette, and had the most profound and openly avowed admiration of his polished address and graceful manners.

George's new friends and interests absorbed his mind so that he seldom thought of Rosamond Ware, and she did not take the train again that winter, though he noticed her once or twice at the station, when she had driven over with some friend. But when midsummer came, her New York friends came with it. They were eager as before for picnics and excursions, and he began to see her often. She grew very friendly in her manner, and greeted him with a smile and pleasant good morning; and though she sometimes just paid her fare and said no more, still George noticed she almost always detained him for a few words. They often left things on the train, that he must look up; sometimes she had a handful of letters, and asked him to post them; she sent by him for a mileage ticket, and that involved two or three interviews; or perhaps the whole party wanted excursion tickets to some point on the line, and she seemed to be

the leader, and arranged the business. There was no other passenger on the train who so often needed to speak with him, and he sometimes suspected that she sought a pretext for conversation; and yet her reason was always such a good one that it hardly seemed possible. She occasionally added some general remark, to which George responded in the same tone, but he never felt himself upon any secure footing of acquaintance. He never presumed upon the opportunities she gave him, nor made any advance toward her; for it pleased him better to watch her afar off, as it were, and yet be near her and talk with her, and a definite acquaintance would in some way have robbed the affair of half its attraction. He liked to be reminded of the German motto in the note-book.

But vague and indefinite as was his interest in Miss Ware, her moral influence over him was ever growing stronger. He felt, or fancied he did, a purity and nobility of character that put him constantly to shame. If George had lost his integrity in spite of good influences he would not have remained so sensitive to them, but he had for years been surrounded by men many of whom had a moral standard even lower than his own. But now his conscience had been once thoroughly awakened, and it had never slept so soundly since; his life in his brother's family had been a daily rebuke to him, and when he came again to meet this girl whose touch had first roused his better nature he found himself tormented with a constant inward struggle. He felt ashamed to receive the tacit confidence she showed in him, to meet the clear, direct gaze of her truthful eyes, and then go away and "manipulate" his returns, or "hypothecate" the fares she paid him. He could no longer shake off these thoughts as lightly as he had done at first; if he succeeded in banishing them during his active business hours, they returned upon him as soon as he was alone; he would awake in the night to a horror of darkness and shame. He was angry with himself, because he could no longer regard the matter as he had done; angry with Miss Ware, when

he dimly recognized her influence; restless, impatient, and unhappy.

One evening the party from Wareham took the train at Newfield on their way home. George was surprised not to find Miss Ware among them when he took their fares, as he fancied he had seen her. Just before they reached the station, he stepped out on the last platform to alight, and there she sat upon the steps of the car, with a young man whose conspicuous society-pin proclaimed to the world that he was a freshman at Yale. They rose as he came out, and Miss Ware at once pulled out her ticket; but her companion laid his hand upon her arm.

"Stop, Miss Rosamond," he said, "we've got to the station."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, don't you see?" he went on, unheeding the severe, indignant gaze, which George noted distinctly. "It's Mr. Conductor's business to take our fare, and he has n't done it, and now he can't help himself. We've got to the station. All he can do is to stop the train and put us off, and that's just what we want."

He looked up at George for admiring recognition of his smartness.

"Pay your fare, Al James, or I shall pay it for you," said Rosamond, sternly. "I don't want Mr. Conductor to think I go traveling around the country with a thief and a swindler."

"Why, that's all right," said Al, looking rather shamefaced, and pulling out his money. "The railroad swindles us all the time, taking such big fares, and it's only fair to get a little of it back again."

"I call it stealing," said Rosamond, shortly, as she stepped off the car, "and I'm sorry your ideas of right and wrong are so hazy."

George felt uncomfortable at the time, and that night, when he found himself alone with his conscience, the words thief and swindler rang unpleasantly in his ears. If Miss Ware regarded that little evasion as such a serious matter, what would she think of him? She would call him a thief and swindler in

sober earnest. He was guilty of stealing,—of crime which, if known, would make him an object of horror and loathing to all pure and good people, such as Rosamond Ware or his sister Lucy. It gave him no relief just now to think of others no better than himself; that there were other swindlers who were respected and esteemed; that nobody would ever discover it; and that he had the confidence and regard of all who knew him. The last thought had more of sting than comfort. Thief and swindler! The stain upon him, though hidden from the eyes of men, was no less black and horrible, a secret plague spot.

"Oh, Lord, I can't stand this!" he muttered, as he tossed restlessly about. "I'll swear off for a month, at least, and see how it seems to be honest. Let me see; it's now the 3d of August. From now till the 3d of September, I won't take a cent of money that don't honestly belong to me, and after that we'll see; so now be satisfied, and let me alone." Having thrown this sop to his conscience, he resolutely banished the matter from his mind, and was soon asleep.

He awoke the next morning with a vague sense of pleasure, and had hardly time to wonder what it meant, when he recalled his resolution of the night before, and was delighted to find how light-hearted and happy it made him to feel like an honest man. "I shall be confoundedly hard up," he thought; "and there's those debts I meant to pay. But never mind, I'll get along somehow for a month, and be able to look Miss Ware in the face, or anybody else, without being ashamed of myself."

He looked out for her with interest after that, almost as if he expected her to know the change in him. He had an opera-glass that one of them had left in the car; he meant to give it to Miss Ware, and next time he saw her he took it from his pocket, saying, "Did you leave an opera-glass on the train, a few days ago?"

"Oh, did you find one?" said she, gladly. "I did n't lose it myself, but one of my friends has been mourning

the loss of hers. Yes, thank you, this is it," as he gave it to her. "She will be so much obliged."

George bowed, and passed on. Half a dozen words from Rosamond Ware said more than an hour's talk from some women. When she left the train her eyes again said, Thank you, as she gave him a grateful smile. When he went back into the baggage car he sat down beside his brother, who was on the train that day.

"Who was that young lady you helped off just now?" said Allen Ingleside.

"I helped off half a dozen," said George.

"She's in love with you."

"Did she tell you so?" George answered, carelessly, trying not to look delighted.

"Yes, she did, by the way she looked at you, as you walked down the platform."

"Is that the way Lucy looks at you?" laughed George.

"No," retorted his brother. "Lucy can't; she has n't got eyes like this one. Why don't you go for her, George? She's a mighty nice-looking girl, somehow, and if she's soft on you it's too good a chance to lose."

"Yes, why don't I?" said he, sarcastically. "She's Governor Ware's daughter."

"Well, I don't care," said Allen, recovering at once from the announcement. "Ware is n't rich, for all he holds his head so high; and I suppose she's a woman, with eyes in her head, if she is Governor Ware's daughter. You're a mighty nice-looking fellow. I suppose you know it. You've got the look of a gentleman, besides. I bet this girl would jump at you. I like her looks. I've noticed her before, and the way she looked at you."

"Oh, she's not the kind I'd want to marry," said George, impatiently; "she's too high toned. I'd have to stand on moral tiptoes all the time to associate with her."

"I don't know much about moral tiptoes," said Allen Ingleside, "but I

do know it's not a bad idea for a man to have a wife that's a little better than he is. I know I've been through temptations when the thought of Lucy and little Lu has been a mighty good thing for me; and I don't believe there's many men but what are better off for some safeguard."

George turned away. He did not want to marry Rosamond Ware, but he did not care to talk about it in that way; perhaps because it made him realize what a wild impossibility such a thing would be. His brother's words, however, had made an impression upon him, and he began to wonder if Miss Ware were indeed particularly attracted toward him. He had noticed that keen, intent look she often gave him, and it was odd, too, how she always had to speak to him about something. But next time she went up on the cars she had three young men with her, bright, fine-looking fellows, all admiration and devotion, and George did not feel so sure about it. But he was not afraid of her attendants, and, purposely misunderstanding her, punched twenty miles from her ticket instead of five, which involved an explanation.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought you said to Colesville. However, I will remember that I owe you fifteen miles, and make it right next trip you make."

She assented, and George passed on, feeling that he had not gained much, after all. But as he turned and came back, she looked up at him as if to speak, and he paused and sat down in the seat behind her.

"Mr. Ingleside," she said, "won't you give me three tickets from Wareham to Bethel Plain for that fifteen miles?—those little stop-over tickets, I mean. I'll use them myself, but I might want to take the other trains."

He shook his head. "I'd gladly oblige you, Miss Ware, but I'm afraid I can't do that. I'll remember it, though."

"But then," she said, looking mischievous, "you might die, you know, and then I'd lose my fares."

"Oh, no, I shan't die," he said, lightly. "I'm too wicked for that." And then, with a sudden impulse, he added, "Besides, if I should die, you would n't want to go on the train any more."

The smile died out of her eyes. "I might have to, if I did n't want to," she said, indifferently, as if she did not realize the significance of his words; and then she turned directly around, and began talking with her companions. The young man who sat beside her looked up at him with a supercilious air of surprise, but although George returned the look with interest, he did not mind it half so much as he did that slow, deliberate turning of Miss Ware's head. There was something very expressive about it, as there was about everything she did. He felt that she was displeased and disgusted with him, that he had sunk in her opinion, and he fancied her manner was more distant when he met her afterward.

Meantime the month was slipping away, and he had no definite idea what he should do at the end of it. Deep in his mind, not yet acknowledged to himself, was the secret conviction that the vow he had taken would not be renewed; that one month of honest dealing was all the concession he could afford to his scruples. But he did not think of the matter much, feeling that he should have a struggle with himself any way at the end of the month, and there was no use anticipating it. But he confessed to himself that he had not been so happy for years as these last few weeks had made him.

The first of September was close at hand, when one day, at evening, the party from Wareham were going home on the train. George found Miss Ware at the end of the last car, sitting out on the steps with the young man they called Al James; and after taking their fares he went back into the car and sat down in the seat at the end, though with no intention of listening. George was a thief, but he was no eavesdropper. One must draw a line somewhere. He drew it there. But the window was open;

the voices outside were clear and penetrating, and raised above the ordinary tone. George's hearing was acute, and the first words so arrested his attention that he listened in spite of himself.

"Oh, Miss Rosamond!" said Al James, "I hear your pet conductor is up to some little dodges."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Miss Ware. There was an indignant ring in her voice.

"Sereno Trask was telling me about it," he replied. "His father's a director, and he's loafin' round on the engines half the time. He said one of the freight conductors told him that Ingleside gobblin' the fares. He said he'd been suspected for some time, but the superintendent was a great friend of his, and would n't listen to anything. But finally they stirred up the president, and last Monday they began watching him; had detectives or experts go on the train, perhaps. I don't know about that, exactly, but they were going to spot him. Sereno said it was a great secret, of course; but he"—

"It's a lie," said Miss Ware, warmly,—"a cruel, wicked lie! Don't you ever repeat it again."

"Why, how do you know?" cried her companion, in surprise. "What do you pick up eudgels for the fellow so for? You don't know anything about him."

"Mr. Ingleside is my friend," she said, with spirit. "I would vouch for his integrity anywhere, or trust him with anything. Besides, he has been good to me. I have been indebted to him for a great many little acts of courtesy and kindness, and I think it is a pity if I could not defend him when I hear him stabbed like that. Such a mean, cowardly slander! It is cruel as murder, and a great deal meaner. A man's character is more precious than life, and yet a boy like you can hint it away in that style, and your victim never know it. Do you tell Sereno Trask never to repeat that story again, and to go and learn the ninth commandment?"

George sat within, feeling that a crisis had come upon him. The question

that had been latent in his mind for weeks now came forward and demanded an immediate answer, and he recognized that the decision made would be final. Nothing in the future would ever arouse him more thoroughly than this girl's words had done. His fright at her companion's disclosure and his gratitude for his narrow escape from detection were powerful motives, but his strongest emotion was that awakened by this genuine expression of confidence and trust from the lips of Rosamond Ware. All that was good and noble within him awoke, and cried out in answer. He hesitated, balanced; a wave of feeling swept over him, and he yielded.

"I will," he said, solemnly. With a feeling akin to that which prompts men to take an oath upon a sacred book, he took from his pocket the little black note-book; but upon the brink of decisive action a sudden sense of his own weakness overwhelmed him. The memory of his past sin taunted him. If he took this vow, could he ever keep it? This exalted mood would pass away, as other moods had done, and in the common, daily life to come the old influences would overpower him; his resolution would not stand the test of years. He paused, appalled by the consciousness of his own moral decay. He turned the cover of the book, and the motto on the fly-leaf stared him in the face: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It seemed a glorious and inspiring answer to these sickening doubts, and the heart of this prayerless man laid hold upon it, and went forth in a strong and speechless cry for some divine, immortal strength, beyond his own, to supplement his human will. He raised his right hand, and laid it on the little book with a feeling of deep solemnity.

"I swear that I will never again take to myself one cent of money, or anything else, that does not honestly belong to me; and may the God my mother worshiped help me to keep this vow, for I can never keep it of myself." He softly repeated these words, and then rose to his feet with a sense of freedom and

relief, like one who, having long been stifled in an unwholesome atmosphere, draws a deep, free breath of pure air again. He looked out; they were approaching the station. He walked to the forward end of the car, alighted while they were yet in motion, and turned to meet Miss Ware. Her eyes were still bright, and her face aglow with indignation and excitement, and as he held up his hand to assist her she laid her own in it, and gave him a hearty hand clasp of friendship, for the first time in her life.

The solemnity of that hour remained with George Ingleside for days, and when the exaltation of his mood passed away his abiding purpose was unchanged. His repentance, for the time at least, was honest and sincere, and he immediately began laying aside money to accumulate until he should have a sum sufficient to pay back to the railroad company all he had taken from them dishonestly. Miss Ware's friends were scattering from Wareham, and he knew she had gone herself, though he had not seen her. Mr. Ware had made complaint at the office that the train had run by a signal, and in the investigation which followed stated that upon the occasion referred to he had gone to take the train with his two daughters, who were compelled to make their journey by another route. George was deeply chagrined that his train should have been so negligent; he generally had an eye out when they passed Wareham, and he purposed to make Miss Ware the handsomest apology in his power the next time he saw her.

About two weeks later she took the train on her return, and George was impressed, as he had never been before, by the elegance and beauty of her figure. Her traveling dress had heretofore been severely plain and unbecoming, as was also the mountain dress she wore on their excursions; and she had seemed curiously indifferent to all the little arts of dress whereby most women strive to look their prettiest. She had, nevertheless, been always lady-like and attractive, but there was now about her that inde-

scribable, impressive something we call "style," which is to some men — and George was one of them — more effective than beauty; and by the skillful arrangement of color and outline she had made herself pretty and bewitching, and almost beautiful. She seemed alive, intense, full of some suppressed excitement. He knew her keen glance was upon him, as he was busy taking the fares, before he reached her. It confused him, and he deferred his apology for the present. Not long after, as he was passing through the car, she detained him, and asked if, by and by, when it was convenient, she might have a few minutes' talk with him. George was delighted with the proposition, but assented with outward composure, and in his next interval of leisure he sought her. She indicated that he should take the seat beside her, and spoke of the incident of a fortnight before, when his train had passed the signal, thinking he ought to know of it. He then made the apology he had intended, and after receiving it most graciously she quietly turned the conversation to other things, and George found himself talking gayly with her upon general principles. He was sorry when his duties compelled him to leave her; but after he had been through the train again, a bright idea struck him.

"Why not try it again?" he thought. "She seemed to enjoy it; but if she don't like it this time, I'll soon find it out." So he went back, and sat down beside her again. She looked up with a pleasant smile of welcome; nothing could be more affable and friendly than her manner. Her conversation was piquant, stimulating, suggestive, throwing new, vivid light on old, thought-worn topics. It seemed to George that he had never before talked with any one so agreeable, though he did afterward remember that it was himself, and not she, who did most of the talking. She drew him out upon subjects where he was well informed and intelligent; he felt he was appearing at his best, and was surprised at his own eloquence, while she listened with graceful, eager attention.

The shadows of evening gathered, the brakeman lighted the lamps, the people were gradually leaving the train, there was no one near them, they two were alone together in the dim light. George was not at all romantic, but the situation and surroundings did heighten his enjoyment. He left Miss Ware with reluctance when the train drew near a station; he came back eagerly when his duties were over, to catch the frank welcome of her eyes. He noticed that she never alluded to their previous acquaintance. He would have liked to recall their first meeting, or some subsequent incident, but she delicately controlled the conversation, and he was not able to do it.

Just before they reached Wareham there was an unexpected detention: a rock had fallen on the track from an overhanging hill-side, and it was nearly an hour before they could remove it and go on. George thought of Miss Ware as soon as the train started, and remembering that the Wareham stage would have left some time before, he hurried to her as soon as he could, and asked if the detention would occasion her any trouble.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "I was intending to go up in the stage. But then," she added, "it is no matter. I can easily walk up."

"If you will allow me," said he, eagerly, "I will put my train in the care of the baggage-master, and go up with you. I can get back in time to go over to Tawasset on the next train."

"Oh, no," she said, decidedly. "I could not think of giving you so much trouble."

George was stung by her refusal. He had made the offer upon a sudden impulse, without stopping for reflection, and now he thought Miss Ware deemed it presumption. He had never meant to give her an opportunity to snub him; he did not think he deserved it now.

"Very well, suit yourself," he said, and left her. But his pride then took a sudden turn. "I will go," he resolved. "It is n't safe for her to walk up alone, and my offer was perfectly proper, and

she had no business to refuse it. I won't be put down so!"

He gave the necessary directions to the baggage-master, and left the train at Wareham. When it had moved off without him, he turned and confronted Miss Ware, throwing the light of his lantern in her face. Her eyes were dark and misty with tears of distress; she advanced a step, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Mr. Ingleside," she said, "I shall be grateful and glad beyond measure for your protection and escort. I did n't dare to give you so much trouble, but I wanted you to come with me, awfully."

Ah, how his wounded pride and vanity were healed! He turned away to conceal his delight, and put her trunk, with his lantern, in the little depot, while she arranged her dress for walking. They were ready in a moment, and as they started she put her hand within his arm. George will not soon forget that walk. Miss Ware had such a quick and spirited step that the mere exercise was pleasure; she seemed so gay and bright and full of life; and when they passed through dark and gloomy woods, where the moonlight could not penetrate, she turned and thanked him again gratefully, and wondered what she should have done, in that awful place, if it had not been for his kindness. There came over him a keen sense of how much he owed this girl, how strong had been her power over him for good; of the disgrace and exposure from which her words had saved him; and he longed to express his gratitude. It would be impossible to tell her the whole black story, but it seemed as if he could not help acknowledging in some way how much she had done for him. But when, at last, they parted in the village street of Wareham, and after a few sincere and hearty words of gratitude she laid her hand in his, to say good-by, he held it tight for an instant, dumb with strong emotion, and simply said good-night, and turned away.

"I'm glad I did n't, on the whole," he muttered as he walked rapidly back

to the station. "I should n't have said what I meant to, and likely as not she'd have thought I was making love to her, and murdered me with rage. I believe I never came so near being spoony on her as I was to-night. How pretty and bright she looked in the moonlight!" As he went back over the ground, he reviewed the conversation they had together, recalling all her gayety and brightness. He was just in time for the night train, and as he passed through the car, looking for a seat, his brother Allen sprang up to meet him, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, George, my boy, where did you come from? Did your train run off and leave you?"

"No," replied George. "I stopped over a train, on some business."

"Odd I did n't see you before," said Allen. "I've got a piece of news for you. You've got a chance now to work off your California fever."

George took a seat beside him, and listened with interest while his brother read him a letter he had just received from a friend in San Francisco, making them both a most advantageous offer to go into business there.

"I suppose I need n't ask whether you'll go," said Allen Ingleside, when he had finished the letter. "Lucy is perfectly wild. She has longed to go back ever since we came East, but it's better luck than she expected to be able to take you with us."

George could not help catching his brother's excitement. The opening was a fine one; he had long been anxious to go West; there was no reason why he should not accept immediately. His mind was at once absorbed by the plans and prospects involved in the sudden change, and among other thoughts was one of gratitude that his repentance had come in time for him to leave the old life, as well as begin the new, an honest man.

The days that followed were busy and exciting. His resignation was handed in at once, to take effect as soon as they were ready to leave; his own arrangements were soon made; and he only

awaited the departure of his brother's family. He often thought of Rosamond Ware, and hoped he might see her once again before he left, though at that season of the year the chance was a slight one.

When the last day came, a general interest was manifest among the passengers, and a group of friends surrounded him, as he stood in the baggage car.

"Well, George," said one, "sorry to hear you're going to leave. What's that for? Tired of your place?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "I like the railroad very much, and the people along the line; but my brother and I have had a very good offer out in California, and he is anxious to return. He came from there a year ago, you know, and Mrs. Ingleside belongs there, and wants to go back to her friends; so we have decided to start. Yes, this is my last run on the train."

He stepped to the door; they were approaching Wareham, and it was his last chance. His face grew bright, for there, upon the platform, stood the picturesque little figure, waving the signal flag. How lucky he was! He did not step off the train to meet her, preferring to wait until he saw her in the car. He intended to stop and speak with her a few moments, tell her he was going away, and say good-by; it was surely appropriate, after the pleasant talk they had had together. As he started, his brother, who had been amusing himself with his little girl, called out after him, "Here, George! Going in the other car? Take Lucy back to her mother, will you?"

George could not very well refuse. He took the child, muttering grimly, "I'll bet she'll think it's mine."

As he passed Miss Ware his emotion unsettled him.

"God bless her," he said to himself. "If I can't tell her how much I owe her and what she has been to me, I won't say anything. If I once began, I could n't stop myself." So when he returned, he simply said good morning, and passed on with an unspoken good-by. When they stopped at Bethel Plain he hastened to the end of the car, where Miss Ware was ready to alight. As she came down the steps her face showed some strong emotion; her eyes were dark with unshed tears, her lip quivered, and the hand she laid in his trembled unmistakably. A confused rush of thought overcame him. She must have heard! Every one on the train was talking of him. Was it possible she cared? He started a few steps after her. She was just meeting a gay party of friends; her face was bright with welcome; he heard her merry voice. He laughed a little at himself as he turned away.

He has never seen her since. Out in California they call him a promising and prosperous business man. The vow he took has not yet been broken; he has thus far been worthy of the respect and esteem he has everywhere received. Sometimes, when he remembers the past, it seems that he would give years of life if he could look back upon a stainless record of unshaken integrity, and his growing horror of his old sin is a hopeful indication of future rectitude. His busy, active life leaves little room for dreams and fancies, but his air castles, when he has any, are always in New England. He turns first to the marriages and deaths in the Bethel Courier, which follows him across a continent, and in the inner breast pocket of his coat, where his strong heart beats against it, there is still a little black note-book, worn with frequent handling, and bearing on the fly-leaf the name of Rosamond Ware.

Katharine Carrington.

THE GREATEST NOVELIST'S WORK FOR FREEDOM.

"To have made known to contemporaries and to posterity what serfdom means is the position of Ivan Turgenev in history." Such are the words of Julian Schmidt, a German critic of the highest authority. They sound strangely in our ears, for, much as we have had of literary discussion of his works, we are so remote from the current life of Russia that we have heard little of the man himself, of his inheritance of liberal principles, or of the early and signal success of his patriotic services.

Few men have been born to such traditions of devoted self-sacrifice to the cause of human freedom. His two uncles, Alexander and Nicholas, were conspicuous figures in the court of Alexander I. The elder was the first competent student of the original archives of Russian history, and upon his researches is based all subsequent work. The friend of every great liberal of his time, his personal frankness and rectitude nevertheless saved him from the suspicion and distrust of Nicholas. The younger seems the most innocent of the many innocent who were swept into darkness and exile by that wild whirl of rash and mistaken heroism, the revolt of the guards in December, 1825. His brilliant powers, his intellectual training, a remarkable exception in that day, promised a distinguished career. Yet only his fortunate absence from the country at the moment of the insurrection saved his life. But though the remainder of it was spent under kinder skies than Siberia's, it was none the less an exile's. "Yet," wrote the staunch old man, after twenty years of hopeless waiting for justice, "if it were to do over again, I believe I should choose the same part." That part had been from first to last an unwavering, out-spoken protest against the evils of serfdom. It had brought upon him such dislike that it was easy for his enemies to convince Nicholas that his ready support of the various plans for educational

and social improvement, fostered by the liberal tendencies of Alexander I. prior to 1820, had been only a cover for treason. These schemes had indeed brought him into alliance with the generous but over-eager spirits whose ill-balanced fervor drew such ruin upon the hopes of the liberals in Russia at the accession of Nicholas; yet so great was the confidence placed in him that only a few months before Alexander had summoned him home to assume heavy responsibility. "Only Turgenev can replace Speranski." Yet the utmost mercy that Nicholas could be induced to show was to relieve the death penalty of its shameful accompaniments, even though his long previous absence from the country must have exonerated him from any share in the murderous designs which alone could justify such severity. The third brother, the father of Ivan Sergyeivitch died broken-hearted by this cruel fate.

For long years the name of Nicholas Turgenev was among those repeated with mute prayer and blessing in the dead silence which Nicholas enforced in regard to "the men of December." The tragedy came upon Russian society like the thunder-bolt that breaks before the storm, and under the dark cloud which brooded over Russia the halo which surrounded the memory of its victims was the one faint light across the shadows. For three and thirty years the exile lasted. Then he was included in the general amnesty of 1858; but Alexander II. added to it an especial invitation to St. Petersburg. And there — the man of the hour; the man on whose shoulders his own mantle had fallen; the man who had fought and won the battle against serfdom — was his own nephew, the son of his dead brother Serge. Among the *pius desideria* which had cheered the exile's lonely hours had been the prayer that some poet's imagination might be kindled by the wrongs of the serfs. "Are not the miseries of slavery enough to stir an in-

spired heart?" Ere the day of his freedom the prayer had been answered in the Notes of a Sportsman, an appeal of imperative pathos, which had reached even the steps of the throne.¹

Too young for more than a dim memory of that fatal December, Ivan grew up on his mother's estate in Oséł. Like the gentle-born Russian boys of his time, he learned French and German in early childhood, but, happier than too many of them, he learned besides, from the old peasants about him, the rich folk-lore of his own people. The earlier pages of the story of Pounine and Babourine are pictures from his own life. Of his position and his convictions at the end of his university career he says in his Recollections:² "In the autumn of 1838 I set out to study at Berlin. I was just nineteen; upon this journey I had long reflected. I was convinced that in Russia it was possible only to pursue certain preordained studies, but that the fountain-head of real knowledge was to be found abroad. I very clearly perceived all the disadvantages of such a separation from my native land, of such a violent breaking of all the cords and ties binding me to that life in which I had grown up; but there was nothing else to be done. That life, that circle, and especially that little ring, if I may so express it, to which I belonged, — a little ring of masters and serfs, — could not detain me. On the contrary, almost all that I saw around me awoke in me feelings of restlessness, of dissatisfaction, of aversion even. I could not long waver. I must either compel myself silently to follow the beaten track on the common road, or I must turn at once, must break away once and for all, even risking the loss of much that was near and dear to my heart. So I did. I laid my head beneath the 'German Ocean' which should purify me and give me the new birth; and when I rose at last from its

¹ The book has been long out of print in English, fortunately, for it was made from a French translation by Charrière, which the author pronounced "une véritable mystification littéraire. C'est à ne pas s'y reconnaître." Generally, of all the books, the German Mittau edition, with the author's own revision, gives the best translation.

waves I suddenly found myself, through and through, an 'Occidental,' and I have always remained one. It does not enter my head to condemn those of my contemporaries who, in other less denying ways, sought the freedom, the knowledge, for which I strove. I wish only to say that I saw no other path before me. I could not breathe the same air; I could not stand side by side with that which I hated; for this, truly, there was wanting in me the requisite endurance, the force of character. It was indispensably necessary for me to remove myself from my foe, in order that from my very remoteness I might attack him with more power. In my eyes this foe had a definite shape, bore a well-known name: this foe was — serfdom. Under this name I gathered and concentrated everything against which I resolved to fight to the end, with which I swore never to make peace. It was my oath of Hannibal. I not only made it; I went to the West solely that I might the better fulfill it. And I do not think that my stay in the West robbed me of a single sympathy with Russian life, a single conception of its peculiarities and needs. The Notes of a Sportsman, those in their time novel, and in their consequences far-reaching, studies, were written by me abroad; some of them in heavy moments of doubt of this: Was it for me to return to my native land or not?"

But 1838 was far enough from the Notes. It needed years of waiting for the moment to strike the blow so fatal to his enemy. In 1841, he returned to Russia; for a year he served in the ministry for foreign affairs, and in 1846 went again to Germany.

His first attempts in writing were poetry. One of the earliest (1841), *The Old Landlord*, is much the same theme as Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*. The principal work of the kind (1843) is a narrative poem entitled *Parasha*, from

² The translations aim only at exact literalness, especially in preserving the figurative use of the Russian words. For these brief passages a close reproduction, not so desirable in a long work, may give a freshness and truth to the original, and compensate for any oddity or stiffness.

the name of the heroine. Pushkine was the model then for Russia, as Goethe had been in Germany, and the poem, if not an imitation, was certainly inspired by his *Eugene Oneguine*. It had its success, and drew forth marked approval from Byelinski, who held at that day in Russia a position as authoritative as Sainte-Beuve's in France; but apparently Turgenev himself recognized that this was not the true path for his genius. He ceased to write, and long after expressed himself thus emphatically: "I feel a positive, almost a physical, antipathy for my verses. I not only have not a single copy of my poems, but I would pay dearly in order that not one of them should be left in the world."

He had written a few short stories, little known in English, but nothing yet in his career augured his future fame. Of the moment of his second departure for the West he wrote, "I had soon satisfied myself that there was no use in going farther in that direction, and I felt a strong inclination altogether to abandon literature; but in reply to a request of Panaef, who had not enough to fill up the department of *Miscellany* for the first number of the *Contemporary*, I sent him the sketch entitled *Khor and Kalinitch*. The words 'From the notebook of a sportsman' were added by Panaef himself, for the purpose of attracting the reader's attention. The success of this sketch impelled me to write others; and I returned to literature." Such was the beginning of the famous Notes of a Sportsman.

The sketches now number something over thirty, most of them having been printed prior to 1852, but a few of them appeared later; notably, *Pounine* and *Babourine*, which was finished after the emancipation. The author worked with the simplest materials. No artist was ever more sparing of the colors on his palette. He concerned himself little with mere outward surrounding, or with physical suffering. It was the withering blight, the wasting canker, which was consuming master as well as servant, which grieved his heart. Faithfully and patiently he sketched his *genre*

pictures, simple as idyls, but true with a truth that bit into the memory. His keen discrimination, his cool reticence, might almost argue his heart untouched. He had found only an artistic opportunity, a fine scene for a dramatist. But a moment more, and one sees that, though the voice, the pen, be steady, the lip quivers, the blood boils. Making all due allowance for the need of caution in order to escape the censure, this fine reserve, this calm poise, are only the expression of the man's own nature. Turgenev is the pure artist. There could be no stronger proof that the purer and more perfect the art, the greater its power, than the marvelous success of this book, which one would have said beforehand it would be impossible for a Russian to write, and more than impossible to print in Moscow itself, and spread without disguise throughout Russia.

The simple materials are drawn from the every-day experience of the quiet routine of country life. The *mise en scène* is the wide plain of the steppe, the deep recess of the forest, the dusty road of the village. Against these are thrown in clear-cut relief the dark, dull figures of that wasted, monotonous existence. For drama we have only the chance adventures of an enthusiastic sportsman; a morning breakfast with a neighbor; a narrow escape from drowning in a lonely pond; a moment's chat with the Moujik by the road-side; a singing match in a way-side inn; a sudden death by a blow from a falling tree; the conversation overheard in the steward's office on the estate of an idle and selfish mistress; the murmured whispers of a heart-broken woman over a midnight fire in the open yard of the mill; or the shepherd boys telling stories of nixies and goblins in their solitary bivouac on the distant meadow.

This absence of all passion, of all special pleading, not only heightened the artistic value of the book, but it happily prevented the interference of the censor, and the whole series was complete and presented to the public in book form before any suspicion of the

force of its cumulative effect had been awakened. Then all at once the startling faithfulness of the picture was recognized. The resolute champion of freedom had struck his blow at the one vulnerable point. Not the wrongs, the outrages upon the serfs, could have stirred the mass of the land owners, but the baneful influence of serfdom upon themselves roused the selfish instinct of self-preservation.

A people which has suffered such numbing, such deadening, of its nature can never redeem itself. Neither reform nor revolution from within is possible; help could come only through arbitrary power from above. Yet the history of the emancipation shows that not even absolute will could have brought it about without the yielding of the land owners, in their dread of sinking deeper and deeper into the hopeless slough. To show the danger, to waken the dread, was the office of the book, the loyal service of Turgenev for his country.

Did he himself realize what he was doing? The artist and the moralist are so completely one that he seems almost to have borne his witness unconsciously, as a noble man's duty for the right is sometimes performed by his mere presence alone. It was to cost him dear. Reproach and calumny were ready enough. Much of it seized upon the alleged fact that while arraigning his countrymen he had himself been supported by the serf labor on his hereditary estate.

To a letter asking for the truth he sent the following answer:—

"I reply frankly to your frank question. My father died the 30th of October, 1834. I was then only sixteen. The hatred of serfdom even then lived in me; it, among others, was the reason why I, growing up among beating and torture, never soiled my hands by a single blow. But to the Notes of a Sportsman was a long way then. I was simply a boy, almost a child. Besides, my father was a poor man; he left only one

hundred and thirty souls,¹ of little worth and bringing no income, and there were three brothers of us. The property of my father was united with the property of my mother, who alone gave us, and sometimes took from us, the means of livelihood. But it never entered her head or ours that this trifling property (I speak of my father's) was not hers. I passed three years abroad, never received from it one kopeck, and all the same never thought of asking for my inheritance; furthermore, that inheritance, after counting out what belonged to my mother as the widow, and what went to the share of my brothers, would have amounted to little more than nothing.

"When my dear mother died, in 1850, I immediately set free all the house-servants. The peasants desiring it I let go for the *obrok*.² In every possible way I worked for the success of the general emancipation. For redemption everywhere I gave up the fifth part, and on the chief estate took nothing whatever for the land of the manor itself, which was worth a considerable sum. Another in my place might have done more, and more quickly; but I promised to tell the truth, and I speak it as it is. It is nothing to boast of; but dishonor, I think, it cannot bring me."

However bitter might have been the resentment of those whom the book had not convinced, it was not easy to visit it upon the author himself; for, as already stated, it had passed the censor unsuspected, as it appeared in monthly parts, and it was impossible to revoke that judgment. But an opportunity occurred before long to manifest the hatred which he had awakened against himself.

On the moment of receiving the news of the death of Gogol, in February, 1852, Turgenev wrote a brief notice for one of the St. Petersburg papers. It was but a word of keen personal sorrow, of bitter regret for the loss to Russia,—such a word as a man speaks beside an open grave. Its publication was refused by the censor at St. Petersburg, but later,

¹ The usual term for serfs, as "hands" was for slaves in the South.

² Permission to the serfs to work for themselves on payment of a certain sum. In the hands of a humane master, it was practical freedom.

on submission to the Moscow authorities, appeared in the *Gazette* of that city. The 16th of April following, Turgenev was placed under arrest in St. Petersburg for a month, and then ordered to banishment upon his own estate in Osöl. Common report abroad has charged the whole thing upon Nicholas himself, the Gogol article being a mere pretext, but the Notes the real offense. Turgenev's own words, however, are quite to the contrary. Apparently, the jealousy between rival officials added to mistrust of Turgenev led to actual falsehood. "I have not the slightest intention of accusing the then existing government. . . . It would have been impossible for the government to have suspected a trusted official of so high rank [Moussine-Pushkine] of such distortion of the truth. But all is for the best. My being under arrest and then in the country had without doubt its use for me: it brought me close to certain sides of Russian life, which in the ordinary course of things would surely have escaped my attention."

The exile lasted three years. "Every six weeks a policeman appeared for an inspection, showing as his warrant a dirty bit of paper, and asking what he should do. 'Do your duty,' replied Turgenev, wrapping a five-rouble note in the warrant; whereupon the policeman, with a profound bow, withdrew." His release came just before the death of Nicholas, it is said, through the efforts of the heir apparent himself, upon whom the Notes had made a deep impression, — how deep let the story of the emancipation tell.

Turgenev soon went to Germany again, where much of his life has since been spent. In the ten years between 1852 and 1862 appeared the novels, now so well known in all modern languages, *Rudine*, *On the Eve*, *A Nest of Noblemen*, etc. They placed him confessedly at the head of the realistic school. With less of detail, with less of picturesque setting, than the French work of the same school, the very simplicity makes their truth more vivid. Zola's canvas is crowded with figures, and glows with the richest tints.

Against the dim, gray distance in Turgenev's picture are grouped two or three forms clad in sober hue; but the cunning hand of the artist throws over them a gleam of magic light, which makes them live and breathe, and love and hate, before our very eyes. From one point of view the novels are the intensest dramas of human passion, in which the old tragedy of hope, of despair, of love, of death, is played amid the shifting circumstances of every-day life; from another they are all the *cultur-romanen*, which portray the intellectual and moral aspects of society. From either point of view their highest merit comes from that clairvoyance of genius which sees in and through the traits the conditions which are most Russian, the larger outlines, the broader movement, which make all primarily human and universal.

This is continually more apparent in the later works which his countrymen call "the immortal trilogy," *Fathers and Sons*, *Smoke*, *Virgin Soil*. To the first it would be hard to find a parallel in any work of fiction, for the storm of mingled applause and denunciation with which it was received. It had its immediate inspiration in the days just following the emancipation; but its main situation, the bringing face to face the old and young, the elder generation and the new, had been one of the earliest to attract Turgenev's thought. His second venture in literature, in 1845, was a poem entitled *A Conversation*. It was, like *Parasha*, of the romantic school, and with that has long since disappeared, but Byelinski has left this record of it: "It is a conversation between an old hermit who on the brink of the grave still lives upon the recollection of his past life, so fully, so heartily lived, and a young man who everywhere and in everything has tried life, and nowhere and in nothing finds it not embittered, not made wretched, by some undefined feeling of inward emptiness, of secret dissatisfaction with himself and with life. Every one who lives, and consequently feels himself seized by the malady of our time, an apathy of feeling and of will, with a consuming activity of thought, —

every one with deep attention will read the beautiful, poetical Conversation of Mr. Turgenev, and, reading it deeply, deeply will reflect."

The theme may be traced in one shape and another through all his work, shifting in place and in character as the times about him changed, till in *Fathers and Sons* Bazaroff, the young man, is no longer a dreamer, but a doer. No vague *Weltschmerz* saddens him, but the sharp pain of real, present evil goads him into violent protest. The story is too familiar to need sketching here. The young man returns home from the university convinced of the futility of all the old humanities, scorning all the old traditions, from the little uses so dear to his homely mother's heart to the faiths which had made the creed of a gentleman in his father's youth. Denying, protesting the nothingness of all formulae, of all conventions, refusing to believe in human loves and sympathies, he is still by the masterly reserve of the author not made a fanatic. He laughs at the old codes of honor, but accepts a challenge, and fights the duel as composedly, as gayly, as the finest gentleman. He scorns love, but he lays at the feet of Madame Odintsof as eager and intense a love as ever man offered woman. He would mock at generosity and self-denial, but he is quick to help the humble country doctor in the mean hovel of the peasant, and falls a victim to his service. He dies bravely, with all his proud hopes still beckoning him on, like a gallant soldier, plague-stricken, dying helpless in sight of the foe, while the trumpet sounds the charge to battle.

Such is the man of whom his friend Arcadi speaks in affectionate veneration as a nihilist, and to whom Paul Kirsanoff applies the word as a witty *sobriquet*. What likeness in him to the red-handed agitator of to-day? It is not the first time in history that a party name has traveled far from its original use. Bazaroff permits the name, but he is not a nihilist so truly as a realist. It is not for the nothing that he strives, but for the real. Rid yourselves of empty abstractions, of futile forms, to make

room to see things as they really are. Tear away conventional rules so as to penetrate to actual laws. The work he means to do is straightforward enough. Better roads, increase of trade, trustworthy savings-banks, honest administration, free and convenient justice,—these are the objects he will strive for.

Turgenev wrote some years after: "Not in the sense of reproach, not for the purpose of insult, was this word used by me, but as the exact and fitting expression of a dawning historical fact." The original of Bazaroff was a young provincial physician who died in 1860. "In this remarkable man were incarnate before my own eyes the scarcely formed, still fermenting elements of what afterwards received the name of nihilism. The word nihilist employed by me was then made use of by many who were waiting an excuse, a pretext, to hinder a movement stirring in Russian society. It was perverted into an instrument of denunciation, of irrevocable condemnation, almost into a brand of shame."

He adds this anecdote: "Quite soon after the book came out, I returned to St. Petersburg, the very day of the famous burning of the Apraxine palace. The word nihilist had already been taken up by a thousand voices, and the first salutation from the first acquaintance meeting me on the Nevski was, 'See what your nihilists are doing. They are burning St. Petersburg.' "

Meanwhile a violent war was waged over the book. One set of the elders thought themselves ridiculed, and one party of the young liberals felt themselves caricatured and slandered. The author says, "I felt a coldness amounting to displeasure in many persons near to me and sympathizing with me." One angry man wrote, "In derision and contempt we burn your photographic pictures." On the other side writes one, "You would think that every modern radical could see only with delighted satisfaction the typical portrait of himself and his party presented in so noble a figure as Bazaroff." "Neither *Fathers* nor *Sons* is the true title of your

book," said a clever woman to Turgenev, " and you yourself are a nihilist."

For some time the book unquestionably lessened his popularity. But the reaction in his favor came at last from a strange enough source. Other writers took up the same theme, even one so famous as Pizemski; but the young radicals of their pages were molded of far coarser clay than Bazaroff. The defenders of such books would insist that the figures were faithful copies, that the models themselves had changed; but the majority of young Russia went back to its allegiance to Turgenev, and accepted Bazaroff. A Russian critic writes, "Our so-called 'liberals' esteem Turgenev as one of the first in Russian literature to present in strong relief and in effective outlines the types of the protesting minority. The conservatives value Turgenev for his unequalled style, his strongly elaborated art, and for some of his latest works, the meaning of which has been interpreted by them in a sense entirely contrary to the intention of the author."

The epithet nihilist had, however, begun a career quite independent of its origin. Perverted at first, as Turgenev said, into a term of reproach, it was applied to the liberals generally; but it passed more and more to the left of the party, till we see it appropriated by a radicalism so extreme that in comparison with it all we are accustomed to call by the name would seem conservative to the last degree. The successive steps can be traced in literature as well as in politics. *Virgin Soil* shows us directly Turgenev's view of it after the lapse of eight years. *Bazaroff* is of 1860; *Nejdanoff* and *Solomine* of 1868.

The difference between those to whom it is applied in contempt by the personages of the story and those of whom Turgenev uses it is remarkable. Marianne expresses her sense of Madame Sipiaguine's aversion: "In her eyes I am a nihilist." Kallomeitsef, "the veritable Petersburger of high fashion," thinks the same of Nejdanoff, — "an atheist and a nihilist," — and "launches one common philippic against Jacobins abroad,

nihilists and socialists at home." He announces Solomine to Madame Sipiaguine. "One nihilist has come into your house, and now he brings in another. And the last is worse than the first." But the man whom Turgenev calls a nihilist is the vain and ignorant Golouchkine. "He had finished by becoming a nihilist." His coarse vulgarity shows not one redeeming trait, and in the hour of danger he meanly saves himself by the "sincere repentance" of unstinted bribery.

It is no part of our present purpose to trace the word beyond the pages of Turgenev, but so much that is written about Russia is based on the inference, all despotism is bad, therefore all resistance to it is good, that a word of warning against mistaken sympathy, mistaken admiration, may not be untimely. We have shown to what nihilism had sunk in eight years. Five years later, Leroy Beaulieu, long a close student of Russia, wrote, "As philosophy it is already out of fashion. It is a depraved childishness, which pushes up even amidst pretensions to maturity. Without study, without research, without method of any kind, all its originality is in its crudity." He quotes a definition of it by an adept. To English eyes it needs the decent veil of a foreign tongue. "Prenez la terre et le ciel, prenez la vie et la mort, l'âme et Dieu, et crachez dessus — voilà le nihilisme." At present a new access of enthusiasm and, it must be admitted, a terribly stern repression have given fresh consequence to the name and the men. Yet said a young Russian just now, who would glory in claiming to be in our sense a radical of radicals, "I do not see how any civilized being could call himself a Russian nihilist."

Two facts, not novel, but seldom recognized outside the few students of Russian affairs, ought to be considered in all our judgments of the nihilistic movement. They not only exaggerate its importance in all the accounts we receive, but they do actually help to give greater force to it in itself. The first is the interest of the secret police in maintaining its own value to the government.

But for such disturbances its office would soon be a sinecure, and too many are concerned in it to allow themselves to be discarded. Hence they undoubtedly make the most of any suspicion of conspiracy or treason. The second is the fact that the Russian official world is by no means a unit. Each section or each clique and its leaders have their own panacea for quieting the empire. Neither will see any success in the attempts to carry out other plans than their own, nor will they give hearty support to any scheme but their own. Beyond this there is reason to suspect that encouragement has been given to discontent and turbulence by a political party, to serve its own ends.

No one claims or admits that the nihilists have accomplished anything. The harm they do to Russia is negative, in preventing real improvement, in diverting from true service so many to waste their young strength on idle dreams. To call the evil of nihilism a consuming malady is to give it undue dignity; "a nervous convulsion" is the aptest phrase yet applied to it.

Turgeneff himself is proof that a career of the highest usefulness is open to a patriot even in Russia. Over and over again he has pointed out most clearly where the great work now lies. Look through his books with this thought in view, and see how one after another of his personages set themselves to do it. Babourine, Sanine, Arcadi, Kirsanoff, Litvinoff, Solomine, devote themselves to the same patient, humble work, the education and improvement of the peasantry. Men of real life are doing it today quietly, scatteredly, but it will tell; and then what contrast to the brutality and uselessness of the arson and assassination of nihilism!

The fame of Turgeneff to-day rests on a twofold basis. Abroad he is held "as without an equal in his own art among the living."¹ At home the honor paid him for his patriotic service heightens and sometimes surpasses his fame as the great poet (*Dichter*) of Russia. Rare-

ly has such service been so detached from politics as his. Said one of the speakers at a dinner given in his honor last spring in St. Petersburg, "You have never been a politician. Your ambition was other, — it was higher. Your name is not in the list of those which are nailed to a staff and carried as a flag, or thundered as the war cry of bitter party strife." It will not do to infer any of his views from his works except when he speaks *in propria persona*. Hence he is quoted for the most absurd and contradictory statements. But his characters feel and act independently of his personal bias. They are true to their own position and principle, not his. He says himself, "I am a radical, incorrigible Occidental, and I never have and I never shall conceal it. Yet I, without regard to this, with special satisfaction brought out in the character of Panshine [in *a Nest of Noblemen*] all the comic and absurd side of Occidentalism; I made the Slavophile Lavretzki beat him at all points." Why did I do this, — I, who count the Slavophile's doctrine false and fruitless? Because *in the given case, in just such a manner, in my opinion, the life presented itself; and above all I wished to be faithful and true.* Sketching the figure of Bazaroff I excluded from the circle of his sympathies all art, not out of unworthy desire to slander the young generation, but simply as the result of my observation of my acquaintance, Dr. D., and persons like him. 'This life so presented itself' experience again said to me, — mistakenly it may be, but, I insist, conscientiously; it was not for me nicely to alter anything, and I was obliged just so to draw his figure. My personal predilections signify almost nothing; but certainly many of my readers will be surprised if I tell them that, with the exception of the views of Bazaroff on art, I share almost all his convictions. But they assure me that I am on the side of the 'Fathers,' — I, who in the figure of Paul Kirsanoff have even sinned against the rules of art, and have pressed, pushed, into caricature his imperfections, have made him ridiculous!"

¹ He was made a D. C. L. at Oxford this year, to his own great gratification.

Parties change in a quarter of a century, and we cannot expect to find the men of progress now in line with "the men of the forties;" but the differences of that time still underlie all later ones. To understand them is the first step in approaching Russian questions with intelligence. The Slavophile is not to be confounded with the Panslavist, though they are of one kin. He regards with jealousy and hatred everything not Russian. To his eyes Western Europe is worn out and corrupt, like the Rome of the decadence. The fresh Slavic races, like the Northern barbarians, are to be re-invigorate with their new blood effete Europe. Every advocate of Western culture is evil in his eyes, — Peter the Great first and worst of all. His opponent is the Occidental, the Westerner (literally from *zapadeet* to fall to, *zapad* the Occident). He is not of the frivolous crowd of *depaysés* at Baden, whom Turgenev mortally offended by the delicate satire of *Smoke*, but an earnest worker. Turgenev's portrait of Byelinski, the literary leader of the party in the forties, is not only a sketch of a typical *Zapadnik*, but his own picture. For Byelinski read Turgenev, and it is the man himself.

"He was an 'Occidental' not only in that he recognized the excellence of Western science, Western art, Western social order, but in that he was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of the adoption by Russia of everything worked out by the West, for the development of her own power, her own importance. He believed that there is for us no other deliverance than to grow in the path pointed out to us by Peter the Great, at whom the Slavophiles were then hurling their choicest thunder-bolts. To accept the results of Western life, to compare them with our own, adapting them to the special needs of race, history, climate, and besides to study them freely, critically, — here was the way by which we might at last attain self-dependence. . . . Byelinski was wholly a Russian, and, more, a patriot. The greatness of Russia, her glory, woke in his heart deep, strong echoes. Yes, Byelinski loved Russia; but he as fervently loved light and freedom.

To unite in one these interests, the highest of all for him, to this was given every thought of his work; for this he strove. . . . He was grateful to the memory of Peter the Great, and recognized him as our deliverer, believing it certain that even before the time of Alexis Michaelovitch he found in our old society and civilization undoubted signs of dissolution; and hence he could not believe in the regular and normal development of our organism, like that which has taken place in the West. The work of Peter the Great was, it is true, violent, — a *coup d'état*; but only through a whole series of such acts of violence coming from above were we thrust firmly into the family of European nations. The indispensable need of like reforms has not ceased to this very day. . . . What place we have already taken in that family, history shows. But this is certain: that we have gone up to this time, and must hereafter go (to which Messrs. the Slavophiles will surely not agree), in other paths than the more or less organically developed nations of the West.

"But that the Occidental convictions of Byelinski never by a hair's-breadth lessened in him his appreciation, his sense of everything Russian, never changed the Russian current which throbbed through his whole being, all his articles prove. Yes, he felt the Russian bent as no one else."

Byelinski died young, in 1848, his friends consoling themselves for the bitter loss with the poor comfort that, had he lived, only a sadder fate awaited a fearless, eager spirit like his in the Russia of that day. Turgenev has lived to a happier time. His visit to Russia last winter was one continuous triumph. At his arrival "all Moscow rose to its feet." The story of his banishment or proscription was pure fiction. He is himself the authority for the explanation of "the official suggestions" so many times insisted on by the telegraph. They meant no doubt of him, no unjust or unfriendly suspicion of his motives. They were but kindly hints, generous warnings, that in the disturbed state of affairs the malcontents might make a

base and fatal use of the enthusiasm of his young friends. The visit closed with every mark of honor. At parting, friends and strangers vied with one another in the affectionate veneration, as one speaker said, "which a free people pays to the greatest of its citizens, to the dearest of its sons." It was understood that considerations of health might make this the last of his annual returns to Russia, that this visit might be final. The men who sat round him at the farewell dinner in St. Petersburg listened, sorrowing most of all lest they should see his face no more, as he, calling himself "a man of the past, an old man," pledged the young, the future. No gap now separates old Russia and young. "One effort, one hope, one ideal, not remote and shadowy, but definite and real, is com-

mon to both. . . . In vain they begin to point us to a few criminal outbreaks. These occurrences are deeply painful, but to see in them the expression of convictions existing in the majority of our youth would be an injustice, not only cruel, but criminal. The ruling powers that direct and ought to direct in the destinies of our fatherland can estimate more quickly and more exactly than we ourselves all the significance, all the meaning, of the present—I speak frankly—historical moment. On them, on those powers, it depends that all the sons of our great family shall unite in one effectual unanimous service for Russia,—that Russia as history has made her, as the past has made her, to which the future ought rightly and peacefully to join."

Clara Barnes Martin.

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE GROTE.

IT was on the 7th of December, 1843, that I first met with George Grote, who, shaking off for the first time in thirty years the trammels of a banking house, had come to pass the winter in Italy. He was not yet known as a great historian, but as a strenuous advocate of parliamentary reform on the floor of St. Stephen's, and a student who might one day tread boldly in the footprints of Niebuhr. He came well provided with letters, and among them were two to me, one from an English and one from an American friend. The American friend was Charles Sumner, whose memory is associated with the best and brightest days of my Roman life. The Englishman was a member of the English bar, a man of fine literary and artistic tastes, who worked hard in term time, but gave his vacation to statues and paintings.

I held at that time the office of United States consul, and the day on which Grote presented his letters was my reception day, or rather my reception evening, and I sent him a card. Even-

ing came: the rooms were filling fast; the broken ice of the first half hour was well-nigh melted; acquaintances were gathering in groups, and strangers casting about them for a face that they might have seen before, when Grote was announced.

I can see him now, — a man somewhat above the common height, with the air and bearing of one accustomed to act and be acted upon by his fellow-men, and mind written all over his spacious brow. You felt at once that you were in the presence of a remarkable man. For an hour or two my duties as host left me no time for real conversation, though I took advantage of a few moments of freedom to introduce him to the sculptor Crawford. At last the evening began to wear away; guest after guest made his parting salutation, and by midnight I was alone with my new friend.

At first he turned to the clock with a look that seemed to say, "I am keeping you from your rest," but upon my assur-

ance that I habitually kept late hours, he laid aside his hat and sat down to talk.

He had come to Rome as a scholar for scholarly recreation; to breathe the pure air of ancient art, and to see with his own eyes what hitherto he had seen only with the eyes of others. With all the fundamental questions of Grecian and Roman archaeology he was perfectly familiar, and plunged into them with the ardor of one who had theories and convictions of his own. The Rome of that day, like the Rome of our own, was divided into two schools, the Roman and the German; both equally zealous, equally persistent, and in all except questions of pure topography equally learned. In one respect, however, the Roman archaeologist had the advantage of his competitor: he was born and grew up in the midst of the monuments he was to interpret. In this as in some other things of a similar nature the influence of birth was acknowledged. The purest modern Latinity is to be found in the Latin writings of Italians. Grote was keenly alive upon all these subjects. It was a curious and suggestive step from the Reform Bill to the ruins of Rome.

Morning had encroached deeply upon the still hours of middle night before we parted. But we did not part without planning an archaeological walk for the next day, and I was still at the breakfast table when his servant came with a basket for the books I had promised to lend him. I still remember as if it were but yesterday the smile of gratification with which Grote fastened upon a copy of Tacitus, the quarto Elzevir, *cum Notis Variorum*, and asked if he might keep it during his stay.

"I am not particularly alive to such associations," said he, "but I must read Tacitus in Rome."

I have cherished the rare little volume ever since as Grote's copy; but he hardly seemed to need the printed work, his tenacious memory had so grasped it with its hooks of steel. It would not be enough to say that he was fond of quotation, but that he quoted because he could not help it.

One day, as we were passing under the

arch of Gallieno, I pointed out to him the site of the original Potter's Field of old Rome. His popular sympathies were immediately awakened, and, turning to me, he repeated with an under-tone of deep commiseration the touching lines of Horace: *Hic misero plebi stabat commune sepulchrum.*

The foundations of his scholarship had been laid at the Charter House, and with that English accuracy of detail which in the eyes of a thoroughly trained Etonian makes a false quantity the one unpardonable sin. He caught me in one, one unlucky afternoon, and, though he tried hard to forget and to forgive it, I could not help feeling ever after that I had sunk a degree in his scale. *Porta Ratu'mena* I should have said; *Porta Ratumena* I did say, and that under the walls of Rome, and with one of the finest scholars of the age to witness my discomfiture. I once asked Thorwaldsen how a false proportion affected him. "Like a discord in music," was the instant reply.

The winter of 1843 was a brilliant season for our little circle in Rome. There from time to time was the great Dane, who lived long years of teeming invention in the land of his adoption, and returned before his locks had fallen, or his eye had lost its lustre, to die in the land of his birth. There was Crawford, with the light from Thorwaldsen's mantle upon his path, full of glorious promises and glowing hopes. There was Cole, with his tender heart and fervid imagination. And there, on the border land betwixt history and art, stood Grote, revolving in his capacious mind the marvelous tale of Grecian civilization. And now they are all gone, leaving their footprints deeply set in the soil which they tilled so faithfully for the coming ages. One laid him down in the calm evening of his days in the midst of the creations of his own wonderful genius; one fought the battle of life with a firm front and unconquerable will, and was stricken down while his victory was still unenjoyed; one sleeps at the foot of his beloved Catskill; and one in the midst of England's greatest and best under the

vaulted roof of Westminster Abbey.
"Requiescant in pace."

I have often regretted that, though I passed a month in daily intercourse with Grote, I kept no record of his conversation; and I have regretted it all the more from the impression it made upon me at the time. He was not like Johnson, an overwhelming talker, nor like Macaulay, an eloquent talker, much less like Sydney Smith, a scintillating and brilliant talker; but he was an earnest and truth-loving talker, who made social intercourse a means of testing and elucidating his subject. We were talking one evening about Roman dwellings. This naturally brought up the vexed question of *domus* and *insula*. I had studied it with no little care, and fancied myself at home in it. Grote had taken a different view of the subject, and as he went on calmly but distinctly adducing his authorities and interpreting his texts, I felt my ground gradually sinking under me, till I had hardly an inch of it left me to stand upon. I could only wonder at my own audacity in trying to hold it. For him it was evidently not a conversational triumph, but a careful review of a subject on which his opinion — always the result of careful thought and extensive reading — had been already formed. He talked like the friend of Ricardo and the two Mills. And this was the distinctive characteristic of his conversation: he sought truth everywhere, and seemed to feel that he had no time to talk for victory. He could take up a theory and lay it down again as facts demanded. In historical questions especially, he held all trifling with truth to act like a malignant pus-tule, poisoning and corrupting the whole system.

His manner corresponded with his matter, — calm, firm, and earnest; and though a frequent speaker in the House of Commons, he never put on the tone of a declaimer at the dinner table or an evening circle. His words were well chosen, neither elaborately Saxon, nor fastidiously Latin, but coming freely at his bidding from either source. The structure of his sentences was simple and

direct, rising at times to eloquence under the inspiration of his deep convictions, but leaving something, perhaps, to desire in harmony and variety. He would seem, indeed, to have contented himself with a secondary place among pictorial historians, if he could but make for himself a sure place among the philosophers who have written history.

We took long walks in the pleasant winter afternoons, and more than once gave ourselves up to the inspiration of the gorgeous sunsets of San Pietro in Montorio, where you stand with Rome and her Tiber at your feet, and with a sweep of the eye embrace Soracte naked and bare on the northern horizon, and the rugged mountains of Sabina, and the soft outline of the Alban Mount, and, solemnly brooding over all, sweet memories of Horace and Cicero. But our longest walk was round the walls. We took our time for it, often pausing to dwell upon some historical association, or call each other's attention to some new feature of the landscape; Rome's blue sky over our heads, and under our feet the catacombs. And there, as we walked slowly along, sometimes in glowing interchange of thought, sometimes in silent meditation, he yielded himself to the influences of the spot, and told me the story of his life, — told me at how early an age he had conceived the idea of a book which should interpret the marvels of Greek civilization; and how diligently he had worked upon it in hours stolen from uncongenial pursuits and painful conflicts of duties; and how, having brought it down to Pisistratus, public cares, the banking house, and Parliament had pressed upon him so urgently that, yielding the past to the present, he laid Greece aside for Great Britain, the reform of Solon for the reform of English representation.

And now, after anxious, exciting years of uncongenial labor, the presence of these classic scenes awoke a longing for the sweet companionship of books and the hopes which had cheered his early manhood. He had stood on the floor of the House of Commons as the representative of one of the greatest constituencies

of England; had always raised his voice for progress and freedom; had borne his part in stormy debates and laborious investigations; had learned how men and parties are formed and governed, — how difficult the progress of truth, and how deep set the roots of error. He had brought a new interpreter to the elucidation of ancient history, by whose aid dark places became clear and crooked ways were made straight. He was passing from the hustings to the Pnyx, from Leadenhall Street to the Parthenon; from the damps and fogs of London to the skies which look down so lovingly upon the seat of ancient art. He was but just touching the prime of life. How many years of happy labor lay before him!

Among Grote's tastes was a fondness for music, which he carried so far as to make some progress on the violoncello; often accompanying his mother on it, much to the enjoyment of a part, at least, of the family circle. Another early taste, not persevered in, was a fondness for making verses. That it ever went further than it often goes with boys and young men of warm feelings and some imagination we have no means of deciding. But no good prose writer ever yet wrote verse without feeling the influence of it in the rhythm of his prose. I was not with him long enough to do more than get a general idea of his reading. Next to history social science was his favorite pursuit. The personal influence of Ricardo led him to political economy, and he almost permitted himself to become a disciple of Bentham. But the writer to whom he bowed in reverent admiration was Aristotle. Arnold used to say that he never wanted a son of his to go to a university where they did not study Aristotle's ethics.

But nothing contributed more to Grote's enjoyment of his month in Rome than the coming into direct contact with a party of young Italians, who used to meet every week at my house to discuss questions of Roman history. We were but seven when we first came together, and all but myself Italians, strongly marked with the peculiar traits of Ital-

ian character. Three of them were from the east of the Apennines; three were native Romans. As time passed on we began to bring visitors to our meeting, and gradually opened the door to representatives of England, France, and Germany. Among the English was Sir Frederic Adams, who had fixed upon Rome for the closing years of his honorable and active career. Among the Germans, Abeken, Braun, Reumont the historian of Tuscany, and Zumpt, each with some pet theory of his own, and with learning gathered from the widest fields of art and science and literature to enforce it. Many Italians came also, two of whom did us, as we felt, great honor by their coming: the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, the painter, novelist, and statesman, and the poet Giuseppe Giusti. We gave D'Azeglio a dinner in a pleasant vineyard on the north bank of the Tiber, that bank on which the conspiracy of Catiline received its fatal blow, and Constantine saw his vision. Yet it was less of these that we thought than of a day that was dawning in the eastern horizon, faint as yet and feeble, but which, as we looked out upon it through the vine leaves, still bade us hope; and in these hopes Grote, fresh from the battle-field, fully shared.

The following letter, with its interesting references to literary and political events, will fitly close these reminiscences: —

LONDON, 4 ECCLESTON STREET,
BELGRAVE SQUARE, November 13, 1844. }

MY DEAR SIR: — I take the opportunity of Colonel Moor going to Rome, first, to express my hope that you are well and have passed an agreeable summer; next, to send you a book recently published here, which I think will interest you. It is entitled *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, and is the production of a person highly distinguished both in literature and politics, Mr. T. B. Macaulay. It consists of four ballads, of no ordinary merit, composed upon the subject of certain points in early Roman history, with respect to which he adopts Niebuhr's general views. The two first lays upon Horatius and the Battle of Regil-

lus appear to me singularly beautiful. Altogether the book has had great success here, and recollecting as I do the many interesting discussions on the subject of the early Roman history to which I have been a party in your library, with Dr. Pantaleone and Signor Gennarelli, I thought that these ballads would be gratifying both to you and them, and that you might perhaps not otherwise see them.

Mrs. Grote has been tolerably well during this summer; suffering still under her cruel nervous headaches, but during the intervals active and enterprising as usual. I have been also very well, and am working continuously at my history of Greece, which, however, I find very long, though a very interesting task. I propose to leave business now as early as I can, probably at Christmas, and I shall then devote myself more exclusively to the performance of my historical duty. The attachment which I feel to the labor does not by any means flag. In regard to present polities, there is nothing to divert my attention, no great question stirring, no hopes for any speedy advance in the great interests of the people, and I feel constant satisfaction in being exempt from the obligation of meddling with fruitless party quarrels.

I have not seen Parks since his return from Rome. He has only just reached London, so that I have not yet heard the last news respecting you and Dr. Pantaleone. It will give me great pleasure to receive a copy of Gennarelli's Dissertation, if it is printed. I have not forgotten either his facts or his reason-

ings respecting the Italian as *grave*, and a recent work, called *Metrologie*, by Professor Boeckh, of Berlin, which I have read within the last two months, caused me to think of them yet more fully. It is a very learned work, written by the most illustrious philologer in Europe; it enters in the most elaborate manner into the weights, measures, and moneys of the ancient world, Greek and Oriental, but it takes no notice of the new and interesting facts brought to light by Marchi and Sessieri respecting the Latin copper money. Boeckh seems very unwilling to admit indigenous Etruscan civilization; he is inclined constantly to make them borrowers from the Greeks.

Mrs. Grote and I have labored as well as we can to procure for L—— some opportunity of exercising his pen upon Neapolitan subjects in an English periodical; I am sorry to say we have been hitherto unsuccessful. The number of poor literary men here competitors for the pay of periodical publications is frightfully great, and literary duty adapted to a foreigner is very difficult to procure.

Lord Ashburton's treaty between England and the United States this summer has given universal satisfaction here, except to Lord Palmerston and to his newspaper organs. The chances of collision between the two nations are now, I trust, reduced to a minimum.

Mrs. Grote desires her best regards. Trusting soon to hear from you, I remain, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

GEORGE GROTE.

Remember me also cordially to Pantaleone and Gennarelli.

George Washington Greene.

ENGLISH MANNERS.

WHEN I took my passage for Liverpool I naturally inquired what kind of man he was in whose charge and under whose command I was to be for some ten days upon the ocean. I was told that he was

an excellent seaman and a good shipmaster, but that he was unsociable and surly, in fact positively disagreeable, had English manners, and was in brief a perfect John Bull. I took all this

with some grains of allowance, and was content to be in the hands of a good seaman and commander. For as to unsociability on the part of a man who had upon his mind the responsibility for a great steamship and her cargo, and a thousand or twelve hundred souls upon the storm-vexed, fog-shrouded Atlantic, I could not only make allowance for it, but respect it, having some knowledge, although at second hand, of the way in which "the captain" is often pestered by the he and she gadflies among his passengers. And therefore, although the sea was calm and the skies were bright, and we went smoothly and swiftly on under steam and sails, I did not for several days speak to any officer of the vessel, except the purser and the surgeon. When I passed the captain I merely bowed silently in acknowledgment of his position, and of mine as his subordinate and dependent. I should have been better pleased if he had made some acknowledgment, however slight, of my salute, of which he took not the least notice. But even this indifference, although it was quite new to me, even in the commander of a man-of-war, I should have passed by without setting it down against him, had it not been that I observed that he made himself deferentially agreeable to a passenger who was connected in some manner with the British embassy, and who seemed to have no superior claim to exceptional attention. Other passengers complained outright of the surly indifference of his manner even to ladies; and one of the latter, a very gracious and agreeable woman, of such social position that she could have safely snubbed the whole British embassy, and of such spirit that upon good occasion she would have done so, told me that he had replied to a civil and simple question of hers so rudely that she did not mean to pass over the offense unnoticed.

One day, as we were just passing out of the Gulf Stream, I saw him standing near me, and stepping up to him and raising my hat I said, "I beg pardon for interrupting you, captain [he was doing nothing], but will you be kind enough

to tell me how wide the Gulf Stream is where we cross it?" He replied very curtly and gruffly, "Indeed, I don't know. It's a matter I've never thought about, — don't know anything at all about it." The manner was more than the words. It was not insulting; I could not complain of it; but it was insolent, and insolent in a way which showed that the speaker was an ill-conditioned person who did not know how to behave himself. And if the reply was true, it was amazing: For the Gulf Stream is a very important fact in navigation; and here was an accomplished seaman who for years had been crossing it twenty times and more in a year, and yet he had, as he said, not even thought how many miles of it he had to pass over. If what he said was true, it was an astonishing exposition of Philistinism, or something worse. For as to the information for which I asked, I soon got at that easily by an examination of a chart and a brief and simple calculation. The reply was, however, probably a simple exposition of personal character. But the feeling aroused among the passengers by our commander's behavior (although most of them were his countrymen) was such that there was some talk of sending to the owners a formal complaint against it; and although this project was abandoned, the lady whom I have mentioned did not forget her determination.

She got up one of those little entertainments by which the tedium of a voyage is not unfrequently relieved, making herself hostess, and providing a little supper. To this she invited every passenger with whom she or any one of her party had exchanged a word, and by special note every officer of the ship, except the captain, who was pointedly omitted. The slight was extreme, and I am not prepared to say that it was quite defensible, for, whatever his manners, he was the commanding officer of the vessel; but it was generally regarded as fully justified by his conduct, and as permissible on the part of a woman. His captainship, surly sea-dog as he was, felt the cut very deeply, and was furious; and in the midst of our little festival, at which

all the officers not on duty were present, he sent in orders for them to appear on deck. Of course they were obliged to go; but none the less the lady had accomplished her purpose.

Some years before my voyage to England, I had an experience of this sort of English manners, the story of which is not here inappropriate, and may be instructive. I knew and was on the pleasantest terms with an English gentleman of a very different sort from Captain —, a man whom I had respected, liked, and even admired. He was a man of intelligence, of wide information, and of remarkably good-breeding, — a man distinguished in person and in manner. When he applied to me to perform a certain responsible duty for him during his absence, I was pleased at such a mark of his confidence, and I accepted his proposal. While he was away a gentleman connected with him in business thought that he had reason to be dissatisfied with some of my arrangements, and on my declining to admit any interference with my discharge of the duties which I had undertaken, he took the responsibility of breaking the agreement, to which, for peace' sake, I assented, on the understanding that my rights in the matter were to be held in abeyance until the return of my friend from England. When he did return we met in the pleasantest way; and after waiting until he was well settled again I brought the matter to his attention briefly by letter, and asked his decision. To my surprise, and I may almost say to my grief, I received a very curt reply, in which he said that he did not propose to trouble himself at all about the past. The purpose of his response was so plain, and its utter lack of consideration was so manifest and so insufferable, that in sorrow and without a disrespectful word I wrote to him that our acquaintance must cease immediately.

I determined, of course, that the matter should not drop there; but on looking for the letters in which his proposals were made and the terms of our agreement settled, I could not find them. They were carefully preserved, but had

been mislaid, and many months passed before they were discovered. During this time his partner became convinced that, however correct his judgment might have been, I was right in the position which I had taken; and in a courteous note he inclosed me a check for his half of what was due to me under the agreement. This check I returned to him, telling him, with thanks, that the question on my part was not one of money.

When I found the letters I wrote to my former friend, bringing the matter again to his attention, and asking his consideration of it. He took no notice of my letter. I then brought a suit against him, which he defended. I was very sorry for the whole affair, and just before the trial was coming on I went to a common acquaintance, and, showing him the whole matter, said, "This case ought not to be tried. I don't want — to pay me a dollar. Go to him from me and say so, and see if you can't induce him to behave differently." He agreed with me, and did what I asked. But his intercession was in vain; Sir John Bull refused to hear a word about the matter. The trial came on; and after the evidence was all in my counsel offered to submit the case to the jury without argument, but the other side refused. The judge charged briefly, and the jury, after a minute's consultation without leaving their seats, gave a verdict in my favor for the full amount claimed, to which the judge added the largest permissible "allowance." And thus ended the only suit in which I, although bred to the bar, and the loser of not a little much-needed money, was ever plaintiff. If my former friend had treated me with the consideration which one man — I shall not say one gentleman — owes to another; if he had merely said to me, even at the last moment, "My position in this matter is such that I cannot without great inconvenience interfere in anything that passed during my absence; I am sorry that it is so," that would have been an end of the affair. His arrogance and his ignorance of me except as a man of letters led him to take a position which proved untenable and costly. By many

persons, perhaps by most persons who were not born and bred in England, his conduct will be regarded as thoroughly English, and as a typical example of English manners.

To a certain extent it was typical of English manners, but only of one narrow strongly marked phase of them; and although I had had other opportunities, in some of which I was, but in others of which I was not, directly interested, of observing similar conduct on the part of Englishmen, I had refused to accept these as evidence against a whole people, and a people in whom, apart from all considerations of kindred, which to me were great and abiding, I felt an interest which I had felt in no other. It will be seen, however, that when I stepped from the deck of my steamer upon soil which my forefather had left two hundred and fifty years before, I did so with sufficient reason for some prejudice against the manners of my British kinsmen.

I found, however, good reason to be glad that my experience of certain individuals had not led me into a foregone conclusion against a nation. Those who have read what I have written heretofore about England will not be surprised at my saying now that I found the manners of the people there in most respects pleasing and admirable. And by manners I mean not merely the attitude and the action and the speech which appear upon the mere surface of social intercourse, but the motive feeling which underlies this surface, and which influences the actual conduct, as well as the bearing of man toward man. Moreover, the distinction between manners and manner must be constantly kept in mind.

It is a trite remark that the English manner lacks warmth and grace. Indeed, as a people, the English have no manner. I would not say, as Malvolio says of Viola in her page's dress, that their manner is "a very ill manner." There is simply the absence of pleasing

¹ To most of my readers I need hardly say that in my parenthetical censure I am not one of Horace's praisers of the manners of their own times. But all they whose social experience began like mine in railway times, and who yet had youthful

outward demonstration, a reserve so absolute and yet so unconscious (unconscious, perhaps, through long habit and continued practice) that it seems to be indifference. But even to this judgment there must be made many exceptions,—exceptions so numerous that sometimes it seems as if, like the exceptions to the conjugation of French verbs, they almost invalidate the rule. Certainly, I have never seen, nor could I desire to see, more show of heartiness and warmth than I have met in Englishmen. And even as to polish of manner I could hardly deny that the finest examples of it that I have met with were afforded by Englishmen, although these were few in number. It would seem as if the hard, tough material had, like some agates, under its natural rough coating the possibility of a smoothness and transparency of surface which shows all the beauty of the structure beneath, and which yet will turn an edge of hardest steel. You cannot polish soft things so. On the other hand it is not often that you find that union of simplicity and courtesy, that lack of self-assertion and that thoughtfulness for others' feelings, which was not uncommon among New England folk of the best breeding in the last generation (for, alas, we have lost it, rubbed rudely down as it has been by the rush of railway trains, and war, and the flood of wealth and emigration), and which seemed to be the outward manifestation of a gentle, kindly, fine-fibred nature.¹ But of well-purposed good-breeding, accompanied by a manifest consciousness of superior position and of its duties, it is hard to imagine finer examples than may be found among the higher classes in England.

English people impress you first of all by a sense of the genuineness of their actions and of their speech. Warm or cold they may be, gracious or ungracious, arrogant or considerate, but you feel that they are real. Englishmen adulterate their goods, but not their conduct. If glimpses of the fading charm of old New England manners among those whose sons have since gone West or South, will agree with me in my admiring and reverential memories.

an Englishman makes you welcome, you feel at home; and you know that, within reason, and often out of reason, he will look after your comfort, — that for your well-being while you are under his roof he considers himself responsible. And yet he does not thrust himself upon you, and you may do almost what you choose, and go almost whither you will. If he wants you to come to him, he will take more trouble to bring you than you will to go, and yet make no fuss about it any more than he does about the sun's rising, without which he would be in darkness. If he meets you and gives you two fingers, it means only two fingers; if his whole hand grasps yours, you have his hand, and you have it most warmly at your parting. His speech is like his action. His social word is his social bond; you may trust him for all that it promises, and commonly for more. If you do not understand him well, you may suppose at first that he is indifferent and careless, until something is done for you, or suggested to you, that shows you that his friend and his friend's welfare has been upon his mind.

There are, indeed, people in English society, and not a few of them, to whom social intercourse is a matter of calculation, a means to an end. But such people are in all societies, and of them in particular I do not speak. It seems to me that there are comparatively fewer of such people in England than there are elsewhere; and indeed it is better for society that there should be fewer, for they do this business rather awkwardly. Social finesse is not the forte of the English people, although it is the foible of some Englishwomen. Society as an art comes naturally to all French people, whatever their condition of life, and, as I believe from what I have heard, to the Viennese; but the art of society does not flourish in England. English efforts in that way are stiff and heavy, and remind one of those of the German who practiced jumping over chairs that he might learn to be lively. One does sometimes wish that there was a little less stiffness in the social joints of England; but after all, in the long run suppleness is a poor

substitute for solid strength. In the society of Englishmen you at least feel safe. It is remarkable, in connection with this view of our subject, that although the English manner in real life is quiet and undemonstrative almost to affectation, English acting is rude and extravagant; and that, on the other hand, while the French manner in daily intercourse is nervous and demonstrative, French acting is distinguished by delicacy, calm, and reserve. Each seems to seek upon the stage the complement of its daily acted life, as people whose existence is one of commonplace drudgery and of pinching poverty like to read descriptions of romantic adventure and of the splendor and magnificence attainable by the lavish use of fabulous wealth.

The god of English social life next in dignity to mammon is propriety. Now propriety rightly worshiped is a very good god; his very rites are sweetness, order, decency, and in their practice they involve that consideration for others which is the highest form of morality, and even of piety. But the British Philistine (and all England is more or less given over to Philistinism, which invades the very social regions in which it is most dreaded and decried) makes propriety a Moloch, before whom he prostrates himself, and before whom he often makes his very children sacrifice some of the beauty of their youthful lives. The highest social aim, the greatest social law, to this sort of Englishman is to do the correct thing. Having attained this, he feels that he has absolved himself of every social duty, and clothed his soul in panoply of proof. Whether the correct thing be really the right thing he does not know, does not seek to know. That so it has been and that so it is are for him both logic and religion. In his mouth the greatest reproach is "unprecedented;" the mere statement of the fact that an act has not been done before, that a word has not been spoken before, being to him its condemnation. Wherefore he lives his life surrounded by dead, shriveled forms, eyeless, brainless, bloodless, whose only voice is from the grave of a dead past.

If he breaks away from this oppression, he is likely to run into extremes which violate all decency, all decorum, all propriety. Freed from his accustomed restraint, he is apt to add a grossness to vice which makes it more hideous, if not more harmful.

This general consideration of our subject, however, is likely to be of less interest and perhaps of less real instructiveness than some report of particular external manners among Englishmen. In this respect I was impressed at once, even before I had left the steamer, with the good behavior of the English people, from the lowest to the highest. I found them to be kindly, respectful, considerate, showing, with rare exceptions, that union of deference to others and self-respect which I have spoken of before. The custom-house officers, with three of whom I was brought into contact before I went on shore, seemed to me to have in perfection the manners fit for their position. They were quiet, civil, pleasant, considerate, and firm. They seemed to wish to do their duty as agreeably as possible, and they did not even give me a chance to offer a "tip." Such was their manner in general; but having reason to suspect one passenger, they searched one of his trunks thoroughly, and then, finding that he had several hundreds more of cigars than they thought a private gentleman should carry, they "went through" him without pity, yet with politeness. Just so pleasant and so worthy of respect I found the London policemen, whose quiet, good-natured ways, unpretending civility, and unofficious readiness brought me to look upon them as friends. Whenever and whenever I saw them in my wanderings over the great city, it was with pleasure and with personal interest. Their honest, cheery English faces and their English speech were grateful to me; and the more so because of their unlikeness to Misther John Kelly's constituents who, excepting those big, good-natured dandies, the Broadway squad, fill the ranks of the New York force.

I had been in England more than a month, going about everywhere in city and in country alone, and doing this,

it should be remembered, as an Englishman, for I found it always assumed as a matter of course that I was English born and bred, and there was no occasion that I should wear a ticket on my hat telling that I was a Yankee, — for some weeks, then, I went about thus before I had one uncivil or even one unpleasant word spoken to me; and when the word came it was from a 'bus conductor, and I was really in fault. Wishing to go to Hyde Park near Prince's Gate, I hailed a 'bus that was driving rapidly through Regent Street with "Hyde Park" upon its panels. Just as I was mounting to the top it occurred to me to ask the conductor if he passed Prince's Gate. "No, I don't," he replied, somewhat snappishly, "and a gentleman like you hought to know there's two sides to 'Yde Park, an' that they're a mile apart." I did know that as well as he did, and therefore asked my question. What I had not learned was how to distinguish the 'buses that ran on one side from those that ran on the other. I remembered that I had stopped him for nothing in full career, and when he was perhaps behind time, and I thought his fretfulness very excusable. Now this piece of mild incivility was not only my first but my only experience of the kind in England, where I found among those whose business it was to serve me not only general civility and a deferential demeanor, but a cheerfulness of manner and a pleasant alacrity to which an American is unaccustomed.

Not in omnibuses nor in any other public vehicles are you subjected to the incivility of being summoned to pay your fare as soon as you enter. There is no thumping upon windows or jangling of bells to call your attention to this duty. You pay just as you go out; or after a reasonable time a conductor comes and civilly takes your money. Nor does he then turn a crank and clang a great gong, or touch a spring and kling a little one, to announce to the world that you have paid and that he has received your twopence or threepence. The standing passenger rubbing against your knees and treading upon your toes is not the

only familiar annoyance from which you will find yourself freed. Do not the companies lose some fares by this simple method of procedure? Perhaps they do. But the saving of money to the proprietors is not regarded as the one great object to be attained. The convenience and comfort of the passenger is the first consideration, and for that he pays. But to put him to inconvenience, or to subject him to unpleasantness, that he may thereby correct the consequences of the possible dishonesty of the company's servants, after the New York fashion, is an imposition unthought of. Englishmen would not submit to it for a day.

It is pleasant, too, to be able to make a purchase at a shop and to pay for it on the spot to the person who sells it to you, and to go away, if you choose to do so, immediately. The system of checks by which, if you take a glass of soda-water or buy a paper of pins, you receive an order to pay five cents at some desk more or less remote is unknown in England. So is the waiting for some trifle until a salesman makes three entries, and a cash boy makes as many, and a cashier as many, and your tiny parcel is wrapped up at the proper counter and "entered" there and numbered and what not, and then brought solemnly to you. At the very eating-houses you pay the waiter who serves you, and he, if necessary, makes change for you out of his own pocket. For his general civility I will answer freely, but for his cleanliness I can say little. He is even in the morning discovered in a dress-coat and an untidy, dingy white tie, which makes him look as if he had been up all night. In his hand he carries a napkin, which even early in the day is so limp and smutched and unctuous that you dread lest he should wipe your plate or your knife and fork with it. He is very attentive, however, and at breakfast bustles about to find you a newspaper before he takes your order. And in so trifling a matter as a newspaper your minutest comfort is looked after. I remarked that in the coffee-rooms of hotels and in good restaurants the newspapers

had a little triangular piece cut diagonally off the top of the middle fold; by this the annoying little wrinkle which otherwise is apt to form there and to prevent the paper from opening and shutting easily is avoided. The papers on the news-stands, too, are cut open. And all this is done not by a folding-machine or a cutting-machine at the newspaper offices, but personally by the people who serve you, and who do all that they can do to please you. The fashion recently adopted here of folding newspapers by machinery, as they are printed, in such a way that the reader is obliged to unfold and then refold them, is an example of a system of life and of manners the exact reverse of that which is practiced in England. But what matter to what inconvenience the American newspaper publisher puts the public, if by so doing he can save ten cents on a thousand copies! Does not the public in America exist for the benefit of railway companies and other corporations, of machine politicians, and of publishers of newspapers? Verily for little else.

One trait of English manners was first brought to my attention at the Birmingham Musical Festival. As we went out after the morning performance, we found at each door a nicely-dressed and pleasant-looking young woman holding in her hand a plate such as those in which collections of money are taken up in churches. This was to receive gifts for some favorite charitable institution of the town, and as we passed the girls they rattled the money in their plates to attract attention. It was a new way to me of asking and receiving alms; but what I chiefly remarked was that these young ladies for every addition made to the money in their plates said pointedly, "Thank you." Afterwards in London, on a certain saint's day, I found girls ensconced in chairs, and if it rained with umbrellas spread, in very public places, having plates before them to receive the alms of wayfarers for certain public charities; and these also, I observed, for every gift said, "Thank you." There is always in England some one to say personally "Thank you" for

a benefit conferred; and this is the more easily and constantly done because there is in general a more direct personal contact than there is among us between all persons concerned in charitable works, whether as principals or as intermediaries. Not only, however, in return for alms, but for favor shown in any way, in making a purchase, or even in giving an order, this acknowledgement is made. It seemed to me that "Thank you" must be heard a thousand times a day in England for once that it is heard in America. I was thanked for my very cab-toll every time I crossed Waterloo bridge.

Notwithstanding this trait of civility and considerateness in English manners, and notwithstanding the genuineness and, beneath its artificial surface, the heartiness of the English character, it has without doubt its repellent side. Englishmen themselves will hardly deny that too many of them are arrogant, insolent, and overbearing. And yet, as I write this, I am almost ashamed to do so, remembering what I never can forget, and would grieve and shame to forget, the kindness, the gentleness, the sweetness of nature, the almost tender thoughtfulness for others, that I have seen in so many Englishmen, not only in England, but here before I ever met them on their native soil. It has been my good fortune to render some of them some very trifling services, and these were not only accepted in a way that enhanced greatly the pleasure of rendering them, but were ever afterward remembered and acknowledged in a way so frank and simple and charming that I was both delighted and ashamed at such a recognition. I therefore do protest with all my heart against the Duke of Green Erin as a type of his race, or (although I have known no dukes) as a fair representative of his rank. And yet, without doubt, he is a very possible Englishman, and a possible duke. His insolence does not pertain to his rank; it may be found in all ranks; but of course a duke who is by nature insolent may and will insult with greater freedom and impunity than is possible to a

person of inferior position. Indeed, this trait of English manners manifests itself most readily and strongly in persons of rank and in authority. That it should do so is only to be expected. Such persons have more temptations than others have, as well as better opportunities, for the exhibition of an overbearing nature. This disregard of others does by no means always accompany a coarse and brutal organization. My captain was a coarse man; but my English friend who compelled me to bring him to book was one of the most refined and courteous of gentlemen. He merely took advantage of his position to rid himself of some trouble by setting quietly aside a man of whom he in fact knew very little. Perhaps this is not really an English trait. Not improbably there are just such men in France, in Germany, or in Japan. From what we know of Prince Bismarck, I am inclined to think that under like circumstances he would behave much in the same way. Mr. Trollope has admirably illustrated this unpleasant side of English character in the Duke of Omnium and the Marquis of Brotherton. It is not that these men were bad, but that they were deliberately insolent in their manner, so that in the case of the marquis we are all inclined to cheer when Dean Lovelace flings him into the grate.

The influence of aristocracy and of the constant pressure upward of the inferior ranks is the cause of much of the forbidding manner of English gentlemen. They show this manner more among themselves than they do to others. The Marquis of Brotherton, because he was marquis and the head of his family, was insolent to his younger brother. And for this same reason Englishmen are suspicious of each other when they are not in the same rank of life. The meeting of two Englishmen who are strangers, knowing little or nothing of each other, and who have occasion to make acquaintance, — the doubt, the coldness, the holding out of hesitating hands, — is not a cheering sight. But if they find each other "all right," they will in a few days be mutually us-

ing their surnames without the Mr., or their titles without the "handle," and their intercourse will be much more hearty and informal than if they were Americans under the same circumstances.

The daily intercourse of families and friends in England is hearty and warm, although not effusive. They are not ready to give the hand to strangers; but very commonly all of a family, including the guests, shake hands on parting for the night; and on meeting in the morning the same greeting is hardly less common. It was charming to see two middle-aged men, who lived in the same house, meet in the breakfast room, and, shaking hands warmly, say, "Good-morning, brother." When I saw all this and was admitted to be a part of it, I wondered where the English coldness was of which we hear so much.

Salutation is so common even between passing strangers, except of course in towns, that I was reminded of the manners of New England in my early boyhood. Men on leaving a railway car, either first class or second class, will say "Good morning" or "Good evening" although they have exchanged hardly a word with you on the route, — which, however, is rare; and this habit, which has come down from stage-coach times, and has been preserved on the railway by the small carriages, is one of the reliefs and pleasures of that unnatural mode of travel. The porter or guard who puts you into your carriage and hands you your bag, hurried, yet finds time to say, "Good morning, sir." If you are walking on a country road, those whom you meet salute you. The country folk, old and young, male and female, do so always. In Essex the rustic boys have a pretty way of waving their hands in the air by way of salutation as you pass. To see a knot of little fellows execute this flourish is very charming.

One day, as I was walking in Sussex through a beautiful lane sunk deep between its green sides, where wild flowers grew at the feet of hollies with polished leaves and of other little trees that stood so thick that they reduced

noonday to twilight, I met a woman of the lower class, almost of the lowest. She was very handsome, in the prime of life, with a grand figure, and dark, bright, melancholy eyes. She looked more like a Roman than like an English woman; and I do believe that her dark, noble face had come straight down to her from some Roman soldier, perhaps in Caesar's legions. She had a child in her arms, and another walked by her side, holding her hand. As I passed her she paused in her walk, and courtesying, said, "Good morning, sir;" and her sweet voice was English, although her face was not. I returned her salutation, and walked on, asking myself, Why should this woman, who never saw me before, stop and courtesy to me because I am a "gentleman"? For unmistakably there was deference in her salutation, and a recognition of the difference of our conditions. I was ashamed that I had not stopped and given her something that might have added a little to her comfort. Perhaps she expected the gentleman to do so. But she was too noble in mien and carriage, she impressed me too much, for me to offer her a trifling alms, lowly as her condition was. I turned my head, and if I had found that she was looking after me I should have gone back to give her more, perhaps, than I could afford. But I saw only her back, as she walked erectly and slowly on, with a grace which her burden and her condition could not repress, and which her poor garments rather revealed; and at a turn in the lane she disappeared into its cool, clear twilight, and I only wished her health and happiness.

I have heretofore remarked that the dress of English gentlemen is very plain and simple. For although Macaulay bought many embroidered waistcoats, in which he arrayed himself with great delight, this personal trait must be regarded as one of the eccentricities of genius. In its simplicity the Englishman's dress is not unlike that of gentlemen of corresponding condition in this country, but in his manner of wearing it there is a difference. Tidiness seems to be the most important point of dress in the eyes

of a well-cared-for Englishman. Everything about him is snug. He is like a horse well groomed and harnessed. His morning coat, be it frock or "cutaway," is never flying loose, but is buttoned closely. This tidiness and completeness of apparel is a sort of religion. I remember being in a railway carriage with a young man who was very correct at all points. The day, which had opened gloomily, had suddenly cleared and become very warm. He was dressed in a heavy brown tweed suit, and every button of his coat was sent well home into its proper button-hole. Another gentleman and myself relieved ourselves by unbuttoning our coats, and I, as there was no lady there, opened my waistcoat; for the air was damp as well as warm, and we were sweltering. But he would plainly have endured martyrdom rather than be guilty of such looseness, and he sat impassible, bolt upright and tightly buttoned. He suffered and was strong. I wished that he had been less true to his religion.

The Englishman comes down in the morning completely dressed in this tight, tidy way. He does not even indulge himself in the great luxury of easy life, a slumped breakfast, but comes wearing, in addition to his buttoned coat, strong, brightly-polished shoes. While I was in England I did not see one gentleman in slippers outside of his bedroom. This strait-lacedness has its merits. English gentlemen at all times, unless they are recognized slovens, look trim, well set up, presentable, and ready for service, whether business or pleasure. Nor do gentlemen in England of good position look as if their clothes were all bought, ready-made, at one "establishment," and as if they had slept in them the night before in a "palace-car." The same praise cannot be given to Englishwomen, who, although they dress elaborately for the evening, go about in the morning, too many of them, with hair and dress the reverse of snug and tidy.

Dinner is the great fact of English daily life. "Dine with me" is the Englishman's first request, if he likes you, or if he wishes to show you any atten-

tion. A letter of introduction is honored by an invitation to dinner, and that given nothing more is regarded as necessary; anything else depends on kindness and personal liking. To some Americans this dining, which is always formal, becomes oppressive. A Yankee friend of mine, a man of intelligence and charming manners, who looks much more like the commonly entertained idea of a handsome Englishman than most of the Englishmen I met, went to England well provided with letters, and was soon so wearied with these inevitable invitations to formal dinners that he stopped the presentation of his credentials, and kept himself to himself. "I was bored to death," he said to me, "with the constant recurrence of the regular routine, and the dull succession of eating and drinking in full dress. I did n't want their dinners; I wanted to see *them* at their houses, in an easy, informal way. As I could n't do that, I cut the matter short, and depended upon my own resources." As for myself, having taken no letters, I escaped these obligation dinners from strangers; and in the half dozen dinner parties at which I was present, I was more fortunate than he. Yet I saw enough of the heavy formality of these entertainments to be in some sympathy with him.

Dinner talking is a much more formidable affair in England than it is with us. It is an "institution." Men prepare themselves for it as they do to make a speech. Host and hostess even arrange what subjects shall be started to bring out certain guests; and the table is hushed while this or that clever man discourses, in sentences sometimes rather too carefully constructed, upon a subject which is as slyly but as deliberately dragged before him as a cork and string before a kitten, and which he jumps at much as his feline prototype does at the mimic mouse. There is something of this kind with us among dinner givers of the more cultivated sort, but nothing to be compared with the formidable colloquies of the formal English dinner. There is found, moreover, the dinner soliloquist, whom I cannot but regard

as a dreadful form of the social bore. I remember one such man at a dinner party of some twenty people. He began to talk after he had spooned his soup for a moment or two, and as he talked very pleasantly his sonorous voice, going forth to the whole table, was a welcome help over the threshold of our entertainment. But he went on, until his talk became a discourse. At each fall of his voice I supposed that he would stop; but he managed to link one sentence upon another until he bound us all up in an endless chain of words. Although not aged, he was too old a man to snub, and also too good natured and too well informed. And he was tyrannical in asserting himself; the sonority of his voice and the weight of his manner bore down all opposition and thrust aside all auxiliaries. There was no conversation possible except little fragmentary tête-à-têtes with one's next neighbor. Straight through dinner and through dessert did that dreadful man hold forth. How he managed to eat, how to breathe, was a mystery. When the ladies had retired, he resumed his seat with a sentence beginning with an 'and,' that connected it with what he was saying when our hostess rose; and he ceased not to pour down his flood of words upon us until we found refuge in the drawing-room. Such men are tolerated in England, perhaps, because they are useful in the performance of that most tedious and oppressive of all social solemnities, a formal dinner party. I was about to say that such talkers would not be tolerated here; but do we not listen to after-dinner speeches? What, then, is the limit of our endurance?

Dinner, even daily family dinner, is such a religious rite in England that above a certain condition of life a special dress for it is absolutely required. Full evening dress at dinner is in England the mark of gentry. I once made a mistake in this respect. Being invited to a country house, some thirty miles from London, where I had time to stay but one day, and being a traveler, I thought that I might venture to go with only a small hand bag, and to appear at dinner in a dark frock and white waistcoat.

But I found that I might better have brought my portmanteau, my dressing-case, and my valet, if I had had one. It would be impossible for me to say how I knew this, but I felt it in a way that could not be mistaken. The very flames of the wax candles in the great silver candelabra seemed to look askance at me, as I dared to sit there in my plebeian costume. The feeling amused me; for I have little real respect for mere social conventionalities, least of all for those which concern dress. That a gentleman should be scrupulously nice in his person at all times, and that it is well for him to dress becomingly and appropriately, need not be said; but that he, as well as the butler and the waiters, should put on such a queer garment as a black swallow-tailed dress-coat and a white neck-tie, and that a lady should make herself uncomfortable by her full dress (for, ladies, it does make you uncomfortable; you know it does), because they are going to eat and drink together, as they eat and drink every day, is not with me an article of saving faith. Such is the social righteousness of these English people that it was edifying to an unregenerate creature like me to see them at any time violate any one of their unwritten commandments; and I took great comfort, one day, at seeing a belated honorable (that is, the son of a peer) come hastily in and sit down to dinner, like a profane mortal, in his tweed cutaway coat.

I also could not avoid observing that men who were very scrupulous about evening dress were less fastidious upon other points of manners which could hardly be called conventional. I have seen a peer, who would almost as soon dine in his shirt and trousers as in a morning coat, sit after dinner in the drawing-room talking with a lady, and, taking his foot upon his knee to nurse, gradually run his hand half-way up his trousers that he might scratch his leg; and his was not a solitary instance of performances somewhat of this kind. To me, a "salvage man" as I am, born and bred in the wilderness of New York, and wont to roam with untutored mind

from my native haunts over the waste places of New England, there did nevertheless seem to be some incongruity in the code of manners which prescribed swallow-tails, but permitted scratching,

and which required buttoned coats and laced-up boots at breakfast tables at which there were no napkins.

Once more I must leave a subject but half exhausted.

Richard Grant White.

THE MAN WHO WAS TO HAVE ASSASSINATED NAPOLEON.

A FEW years ago a commonplace attempt at burglary in the house of a certain Marquise d'Orvaul led to the arrest of a young workman named Schumacher, and his trial. French justice seems to take pleasure in all kinds of discursive inquiries, leading often to very curious discoveries and very unexpected results. It was proved upon this trial that the prisoner was own brother to the marquise, who had been well known in early life as Madame de la Bruyère, a bright star in the *demi-monde*. Her title, however, was not assumed, but had been lawfully obtained by marriage with a very old gentleman in 1856, in consideration of an annuity which he enjoyed for about ten years, without holding, or ever having held, to the personage who bore his name any other relations whatever.

It came out, also, on the trial, that Marquis d'Orvaul was the hereditary title of a man better known as De Maubreuil, an adventurer who figured constantly before the public during the latter years of the First Empire and in the Restoration. He was the man compromised by the loss of the Queen of Westphalia's diamonds; the man who boxed the ears of Talleyrand in public, and who, above all, was chief agent in the supposed attempt to assassinate Napoleon and the King of Rome,—a crime of which the emperor bitterly accused the Bourbons and the allied sovereigns in his will at St. Helena. That such an atrocity was really contemplated by the government of the Restoration is an item of modern historical belief, and it may

be curious to see how far it is confirmed by official documents.

De Maubreuil was really born of a high family in Brittany, and inherited his title of Marquis d'Orvaul about the same time that Napoleon became emperor. The persistent attempts of the imperial parvenu to form an aristocracy and to attract into his court all men who bore distinguished names brought D'Orvaul into notice as a man of rank and fashion. In 1806 he became a member of the imperial household, and received a military commission.

In 1808, when he was twenty-seven, he was sent on an important secret mission to Napoleon's troublesome and foolish brother, King Jerome, who took him into his confidence and good graces. They, however, became rivals in love, and D'Orvaul, after two years' residence at the court of Westphalia, betook himself to Spain, where, as captain of a regiment of German horse, he won the cross of the Legion of Honor.

After this success he began to tire of war, and sought an opportunity to recruit his fortunes. He had excellent appointments as commissary and paymaster, and, in spite of a large deficit in his accounts, stood so well with the emperor that he was promised the very lucrative and responsible post of commissary-general for the army in Germany.

This promise was withdrawn, however, through the influence of a high functionary in the war office, and De Maubreuil became a bitter enemy to Napoleon and the administration. Mis-

fortunes were fast crowding round the imperial throne. De Maubreuil appeared to take delight in the reverses of the grand army, and in the downfall of his former master. During the occupation of Paris he was always to be seen doing the honors of the public sights to English and Prussian officers. It is said that he one day rode along the boulevards in full evening dress, with his cross of the Legion of Honor tied to his horse's tail.

Such anti-Napoleonic demonstrations attracted the notice of the temporary government that was paving the way for the Restoration. De Maubreuil was officially sent by Talleyrand's chief secretary, Laborde, to have a secret interview with the Emperor Alexander at his head-quarters at the Hôtel St. Florentin.

There can be no doubt that the Russian emperor gave him a commission; the question is, What was it? The official orders he received are silent on the nature of his secret service, but it is surely incredible that it should have been what he affirmed, — an order to assassinate Napoleon on his way to Elba. Such an atrocity was contrary to the whole character of Louis XVIII., and is still more incredible when we call to mind the disposition of Alexander, and the sentiments of admiration and regard he always entertained for Napoleon.

The minister of police, Count d'Anglès; the minister of war, General Dupont; the officer who regulated the official disposition of post-horses, Bourrienne; the Russian minister, Baron Sacken; and the Prussian minister, Baron de Brockenhausen, all gave him documents describing his mission as a secret one, and ordering all persons under their influence or authority to coöperate with him.

Can we believe that the Emperor Alexander, and King Frederic William, Talleyrand, Dupont, an old officer of the empire (though an unsuccessful soldier), but above all Bourrienne, who was for years Napoleon's private secretary, would have given their open sanction to such treachery and such a crime? Yet De Maubreuil always declared that this

was his commission, and that he accepted it only in order to become the protector of him whom he was pledged to destroy.

He at least made use of the means placed at his disposal to seize the trunks and valuables of the Queen of Westphalia. Some persons have thought this was his only mission, but subsequent events seem to prove that the Emperor Alexander could not have been aware that this was a duty with which he had been charged. At any rate, when the baggage he had seized was sent to Paris, it was found, on being opened by the authorities, by no means to correspond with Queen Catherine's inventory. De Maubreuil, with his accustomed effrontery, attributed the deficiency to two of his enemies.

The Queen of Westphalia, one of the loveliest princesses of that day, did not give up her claims to her property. Her representatives at Paris began an action against De Maubreuil; and the Emperor of Russia, on whose safe conduct she was traveling, made himself a party to the suit, and was very angry at her molestation.

The court before which De Maubreuil was arraigned declared itself incompetent, and he was ordered to be tried by a court-martial. At length, through his friends' influence, March 18, 1815, De Maubreuil was set at liberty. It was high time, for two days later Napoleon entered the Tuilleries. On the 28th De Maubreuil was re-arrested at St. Germain by the agents of the emperor. On the 30th he was brought before another court-martial. This court, however, declared itself incompetent, to the great indignation of Napoleon, who immediately ordered him to be re-indicted in the criminal court for an attempt at assassination. Before his trial could come on, De Maubreuil, by the aid of a young officer of the king's musketeers, made his escape from prison.

He reached Ghent, where King Louis XVIII. refused to see him. At Liège he broke his leg, and feigned to commit suicide. Finally he escaped from Antwerp, where he was detained pris-

oner for some reason, and reached Paris almost as soon as the court after the battle of Waterloo.

Two years later he was again arrested in the matter of the Queen of Westphalia's jewelry; but the same officer of musketeers who had aided his escape from the power of Napoleon made so eloquent an appeal to the Chambers on his behalf, dwelling especially on the fact that twenty-two members of his family had suffered death for their loyalty, that the worst part of the charge was dropped, and De Maubreuil was arraigned only for breach of trust. He made his escape to England before trial; but was condemned by default to five years' imprisonment, ten years' suspension from civil rights, and five hundred francs' fine, for having, under pretext of a secret mission, taken possession of and lost gold and diamonds belonging to the Queen of Westphalia, to the amount of almost two hundred and eighty-four thousand francs. A few days after, divers employed to search the Seine found the lost property, carefully sealed and boxed up, at the bottom of the river. It had evidently not been under water any length of time.

De Maubreuil, meantime, established himself in London, where he wrote a memorial to be presented to the European Congress then sitting at Aix-la-Chapelle. There are no copies of this document in existence, for it was afterwards suppressed with extraordinary care. It was called "A Petition addressed to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Marie Armand de Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvault, concerning the order to assassinate Napoleon and his son, given by Russia, Prussia, and the Bourbons." The sensation this document caused among the representatives of the Holy Alliance sitting at Aix-la-Chapelle may be imagined. The English representative recommended the powers implicated to bring him to trial. "I'd have given him two millions to hold his tongue!" Nesselrode is reported to have said. "My master," said the Prussian ambassador, "would have had him shot!"

Four years passed after De Maubreuil's sentence had expired, when, on the evening of January 21, 1827, Paris was astir with a story that that morning, when the court and royal family were celebrating in the Cathedral of St. Denis the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI., De Maubreuil, who had been forgotten by the world for at least ten years, had slapped Talleyrand, Prince de Benvenuto, publicly in the face after the conclusion of the ceremonies. Men said that the ex-Bishop of Autun had had an admirable opportunity afforded him to act upon his own saying, that "A statesman who receives a kick in the back ought never to show the indignity in his face." His cheek grew a little red from the slight blow, but otherwise he maintained his self-possession.

De Maubreuil, who was arrested on the spot, was greatly satisfied with his achievement, and sent his own statement the next morning to the public papers. "I struck him," he said, "to force him to give me explanations he refuses me, and to avenge the honor of my family, which he has impugned. In the proceedings that I hope may follow this assault, I trust France will decide between him who planned and ordered the assassination of Napoleon and his son and him who took it upon himself not to execute an order which would have been the most infamous violation of a treaty known among civilized mankind."

On his trial, De Maubreuil's defense was very nearly as follows: "The prosecutor for the crown has told you I am a man fallen from the rank to which his birth and education gave him claim. Why am I fallen? Because it pleased Talleyrand to send for me on the evening of April 2, 1814. He told me that I had deserved the confidence of the government of the Restoration. He threw his glamour over me for a moment. I was ambitious then. He promised me a dukedom, a pension of one hundred thousand francs, and the rank of lieutenant-general. I fell into his snare. I accepted his infamous commission. Every one concerned knew the secret

service I was to execute. I was to kill Napoleon and his son. The order was explicit. I engaged to undertake it. Then it was I fell. Let Anglès, the most bitter of my foes, appear and contradict me! I could lead him to the very sofa upon which he sat when he gave me my instructions."

In spite of his defense, which was earnest as well as eloquent, De Maubreuil was condemned to five years' imprisonment and ten years' surveillance. On hearing his sentence he bowed to his judges, and said calmly, "It is what I expected."

Other indictments against him were quashed, and this was the last time he appeared before any legal tribunal. At the end of his five years' imprisonment (most of which he passed in a *maison de santé*), De Maubreuil went to Brittany. In 1843 he came back to Paris, and lived there on some small remains of his once ample fortune. After the establishment of the Second Empire he received a small pension from the secret-service fund. He was constantly to be found at the Café de la Régence, the great resort of chess-players, and at another literary institution. He is said to have dropped his title, to have been

bland and gallant to the fair sex, but to have had always the air of a broken and unhappy man.

One morning in 1856, when he was nearly eighty, he left off coming to the Régence to play chess, and never returned to his old haunts any more. That day the public papers announced his marriage. The use he had made of his old title was most discreditable. He had bartered it away for an annuity, and he lived ten years comfortably upon his bargain. He married Mademoiselle Schumacher, *alias* Madame de la Bruyère, who settled a certain sum on him for life, on condition that she might call herself the Marquise d'Orvaulx.

From that day forward the husband she had purchased never crossed the threshold of her splendid apartment in the Rue Royale. He lodged in small rooms, up several flights of stairs, in another part of Paris, and rarely went from home. He was comfortably lodged, fed, clothed, and waited on. He died when nearly ninety, about twenty years ago. He had a splendid funeral, with all his honors as a marquis.

The invitations enumerated his titles, and were sent "*de la part de la Marquise d'Orvaulx, sa veuve.*"

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SINCE reading the statement of your contributor regarding her opportunities for classical study at Cambridge, England, which appeared in the Contributors' Club of The Atlantic for last November, I have been strongly advised to prepare a similar account of my own experience in Leipzig, Germany. I undertake the task merely in order to furnish some slight criterion in regard to the possibilities for study here open to the girl graduates of our American colleges, who desire to supplement their collegiate course by studying for a time

under the more detailed and *specialistic* methods which belong to the Old World. When we consider how large a per cent. of our American young men who come abroad for purposes of study choose Germany, and above all Leipzig, as the scene of their efforts, it becomes at once an important question how far the opportunities and privileges which they enjoy are also available for women. As I think an almost universal ignorance prevails on this point, I will give a few facts from my own experience.

I came to Leipzig last January, just

eight months ago, with the intention of availing myself, as far as possible, of the courses on philology at the university, but with no idea how far this might be practicable, as I had heard very contradictory reports. I had sent to America for testimonials from the university from which I graduated. To my surprise, however, I found that these were not required, but that my *passport* would suffice. This is also the case with the *men* from foreign countries who simply attend the lectures here, as many of them do, without taking any degree. The vital difference between the position of a young woman and a young man in the university is, first, no woman can be a matriculated student; and, second, no woman can take a degree. The matriculation consists in paying a certain fee and receiving a student's card, which entitles the holder to exemption from civil authority; so that in case he gets into trouble he is amenable only to the laws of the university. A few minor privileges, such as the purchase of theatre and concert tickets at a reduction, are also dependent upon this student's card. In other words, every man connected with the university is acknowledged as a component element of the same, while the women are admitted as a favor, under the category of spectators. It is true that they pay the same lecture fees as the men; but this is quite just, as they have precisely the same opportunities of profiting by the lectures as any other students.

I neglected to mention that I was obliged to call on each of the professors whose lectures I wished to attend, in order to procure their signatures to a printed permission furnished me by the *Richter*. During the time I have been here, I have heard lectures by six different professors, none of whom hesitated to sign the paper I presented, and who (with one exception) received me not only with civility, but with the most cordial politeness.

I have met but one other lady at any of the lecture courses I have attended, but there are, as nearly as I can learn, eight of us, all together, in the different

departments of the university: one is studying medicine, one philosophy, two natural science, three history, combined with philology, literature, or some kindred topic, and one philology. This excessively small minority out of a number of three thousand students can be explained only by the ignorance which exists in regard to the opportunities offered to women students here.

From my fellow-students of the other sex I have met with perfect civility, although I have been brought very little into contact with them. Of course it is a great loss to the young women to have none of the free social life of the university, as embodied in its various "Kneips" and literary "Vereins," where, indeed, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" are generously combined with the less ethereal delights of beer and tobacco. I am glad to say that one of the best societies in the university, the Philosophischer Verein, has now one honorary member in the person of a German lady who has studied philosophy here for several years. During the last semester I attended one meeting of this Verein, at which fourteen ladies were present as spectators, in order to hear this same lady read a paper on The Woman Question in Modern Philosophy, which was followed by an interesting discussion, in which she took part. As the number of women students increases (and I feel sure it soon must), of course the lack of social advantages in connection with university study will vanish.

I have heard lectures on the following subjects: Greek Grammar, Latin Grammar, Sanskrit Grammar, Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages, Comparative Syntax of the Greek and Latin Languages, and The History of the Greek Tragedy, as well as interpretation from the texts of Greek and Latin authors. I have also belonged to translation classes in Sanskrit, in which, being the only lady, I had an opportunity to test whether my position as student was practically the same as that of the gentlemen; for the Sanskrit is always translated in turn by the students. There has never been any differ-

ence made between me and the others by either of the two professors to whom I have recited.

Every matriculated student is presented with a small printed book, which he fills out with a list of his courses of lectures, and which is receipted by the *quaestor* on payment of the requisite lecture fees; this book is also, at the end of each semester, handed in to the professors, who by their signatures accredit the presence of the student at their several lectures. As the lady students are not matriculated, it is naturally unparliamentary that they should be presented with such a book at the expense of the university; yet it is certainly fair that they should have some receipt for the money they have paid, as well as some documentary recognition of their presence at the lectures. So the following expedient has been adopted: the *quaestor* gives each young woman a blank leaf from one of the printed books, to serve as a model for ruling, etc.; then the student in question has the privilege of *making* a similar book for herself, which is duly receipted by the *quaestor* and signed by the professors, the only thing which it lacks being the official university seal adorned with a piece of green and white cord!

The use of the university library, which gives out its books in generous number and for a generous time, is freely accorded to the women students, although there is some incomprehensible "red tape" which at present throws difficulties in the way of their visiting the *Akademische Lesehalle*, a reading-room where the most important newspapers and periodicals (The Atlantic among them) are always on file. The very fact that this unreasonable distinction is made shows that the whole matter rests on no secure or firmly established basis, and it would be no unwarranted flight of imagination to anticipate an authorized recognition of women as students in the near future. The fact that a degree in law has already been conferred on a woman, and that certain of the professors in the philosophical faculty are understood to be in

favor of the same innovation, lends a still greater probability to this view. I believe recognition to be only an affair of time.

The difference between the opportunities accorded to women students in Cambridge, England, and in Leipzig is a striking one; and it seems to me there are advantages on both sides. My friend writes from England: "To the inter-collegiate lectures [that is, the really valuable working lectures], with one or two exceptions, women are not yet admitted." But the women students there can take the same tripos examinations as the men, after fitting for them by private coaching. To be sure, they receive no degree, but if the examination is creditably passed, it amounts to the same thing. In Leipzig, on the contrary, women are excluded at the outset from the chance of trying for the doctor's degree, with the "dissertation" and examinations it involves; yet the doors of all the lecture-rooms are thrown freely open to them, and, save that they lack the stimulus and the shaping influence upon their course which the aim of working for a degree cannot fail to carry with it, they have precisely the same opportunities for study as the men. I say *all* the lectures are open to women, because, although the permission is supposed to depend on the pleasure of the individual professors, I do not think this permission would ever be denied to a proper applicant. In Berlin, on the other hand, the conservatism is still so strong that no women are admitted to the regular university lectures. The same is true of Göttingen; but I recently learned, to my surprise, that this celebrated university is willing to confer the doctor degree upon women, and has actually done so in a few instances, although not admitting them to the lectures. This is going a step farther than England.

I have emphasized the *accessibility* of the Leipzig University, without dwelling upon the advantages it offers to the would-be student, since these are too universally recognized to require especial mention. The mere *name* of Professor Curtius, for example, is of itself a

guaranty to the philological student that he or she will find it worth while to turn his or her steps Leipzig-wards, even if having no suspicion beforehand of the clear and interesting manner in which the lectures of this celebrated scholar are delivered; and the other departments are represented by hardly less famous and excellent professors.

Owing to the large number of students attending the lectures, the fees, payable at the beginning of each semester, are exceedingly small, and the expenses of living in Leipzig are very inconsiderable in comparison with those in other cities of its size. This fact, together with the fame of the university and the excellent musical advantages afforded by the *Ge-wandhaus* and Conservatory, explains the enormous influx of foreigners, as well as Germans. It would perhaps be harder to say why it is that few remain for any length of time without forming a real attachment for the old town, in spite of its flatness, smokiness, and general dinginess of exterior. This is perhaps chiefly due to a sort of mental stimulus, which inevitably results from the presence, in one small city, of some three thousand individuals, with the most diverse aims, tastes, and capacities, it is true, but who nevertheless are all striving toward the common goal of a higher culture. It seems to me that it is this intellectual atmosphere, more than anything else, which endears Leipzig to the student world.

— Some of your contributors, in discussing "poor Rosamond" and her "heart troubles," take rather too serious a view of the matter, if they infer that she loved the conductor. An imaginative woman's fancies may be stirred by every passing breath of inclination, or whirled about by strong emotion, while her heart remains as unmoved as the heart of an oak whose leaves are quivering, or whose branches are tossing in the wind. Unimaginative people cannot appreciate how there may be so many of the outward symptoms without the inward fact of love, and all dreamers are not introspective enough to analyze their own sensations; but Rosamond seems to

have had a clear and level head, that watched her exuberant imagination as a skillful rider watches a spirited horse, and when she declares that her "heart has nothing to do with it," and that she "does n't love him any more than she loves the man in the moon," she is probably right. That she took no pains to ascertain his matrimonial status, or the health of his rich maiden aunts, proves how purely ideal was he for whom she cared.

To arraign American society because it admits of such an episode seems to me absurd. The close surveillance of other countries cannot chain a woman's fancy, which is sometimes stimulated rather than repressed by the meagreness of opportunity. Since the days when

"The curse is come upon me, cried
The Lady of Shalott,"

a glimpse of a man's face in a mirror may be enough. It was by Rosamond's isolation and loneliness that she fell into the snare, and by a course of "society, dressing, dancing, and admiration" that she escaped. Shall we not rather commend the social training which enabled her, while passing through such a powerful inward experience, to keep so strictly within the limits of outward propriety? It is not probable that the "gentleman and man of honor," to whose extraordinary forbearance, in the opinion of one critic, she owes her "only salvation" (from what?), had the least notion of the quality or degree of interest that was hidden behind the reserve of her exterior. If he had made any definite advance toward a more familiar tone with her, or by some trivial word or look revealed his true character (for we have seen only her ideal of him), the chances are ten to one that the charm would have been broken, and the affair would have ended long before.

The story illustrates the transmuting power of the imagination, — how it can blow a great, glittering bubble of fancy from a small drop of the soap-suds of fact, and how suddenly the bubble may collapse when pricked by a sharp reality. Rosamond's illusion was quickly and naturally dispelled when its exciting

cause was once removed, and there was no longer any future to anticipate about which she might weave her dreams. There were a few brief pangs, of shame and disappointment rather than of grief, and all was over. Pity for her broken heart is surely misplaced.

I have no desire, however, to excuse or extenuate her conduct. Her *alter ego* was undoubtedly right, or would have been, if allowed to finish. A well-conducted person in her circumstances would have studied German, read essays, faced the stifling oppression of a grim New England winter with a heroism of which lonely New England girls are capable, and resolutely denied herself the luxury of entering the bright world of fancy and the sweet indulgence of her dreams. But he who regards her as an extraordinary or exceptional instance cannot have been a close observer of women, otherwise he would know that there are many who go quite as far as she did in mental experience, and are not half so careful to avoid overt acts of flirtation, or so anxious to justify themselves to their own pride and conscience. Besides, had she been that well-conducted person, should we have cared to hear her story?

— Being in great want of consolation, I took up a novel which promised well, as it was by the author of *Mr. Smith and Pauline*.¹ It was no disappointment; the greater part of the book is as pleasant as possible, and it leaves the reader in a good humor. Again, as in *Mr. Smith*, there are three young and pretty sisters, but a very different trio from the doubtful Tolletons. They live in a delightful English home, where rank, fortune, intelligence, and every other good gift have been bestowed in exactly the right proportions to produce that golden mean, that happy balance, wherein England's strength still lies, amidst the rush of multitudes to extremes and excesses by which she sometimes seems in danger of upsetting. These three nice girls—for so they all are, and one is a darling—have a father and mother, Sir John and

Lady Manners, an excellent country gentleman and British matron of the best type; there are two sons,—the elder in the army, the other at Oxford. They are none of them scheming or snobbish, unless the son and heir has just a smirch, just a streak, of the latter vice, to make the picture faithful; for could there be a family of seven in England without one snob? There are neighbors, from the earl and countess, the great folk of the country-side, to little Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who are amiably tolerated on that outer edge the discomforts and dangers of which as a social foot-hold have been capitally described by Mrs. Walford in her other stories. A great merit in the book is that although the characters are perfectly natural, none of them are disagreeable to the reader. Unpleasant and provoking to each other they needs must be now and then, as Mrs. Walford deals with the real world; but we enter into the feelings of both elderly gentlemen, whose grievances against each other are explained by two younger people: “ ‘He said papa walked him off his legs, showing him otters’ lairs, pheasant covers, and partridge-runs.’ ‘Papa said he was half killed by hunting up Roman camps, Druidical temples, and Saxon remains.’ Both laughed, and no more was said.” They do not irritate or bore us, however. We do not dislike even the obnoxious woman in the book, underbred and manoeuvring though she be. We understand why her relations by marriage gnash their teeth at her sometimes, but she only amuses us; she is a good woman at bottom, and all her little games turn out well for everybody. The hero is not as well drawn as the other characters; but what woman's hero ever is? We can see, however, what he was meant to be. The heroine is thoroughly real and winning, the pet of the family, and to a certain point a spoiled child, but a great contrast to the spoiled children who have infested a certain class of English and American novels for some years past,—as dreadful to encounter in print as their living prototypes are in a drawing-room. The personages are all good, wholesome people, each—except the solemn hero

¹ *Leisure Hour Series. Cousins.* By L. B. WALFORD. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

— with an absurdity or two which make them all the better company, and the action moves along in a clear, crisp, healthy atmosphere. But does it move? That is hardly the word, unless we mean a brisk rotary motion; the book certainly does not march. There is the minimum of incident: frequent drives over the same roads with the same ponies, dinner-parties at country neighbors, a charity concert, a county ball, — these are the casters on which the story smoothly rolls; afternoon tea plays a prominent part; it is served rather too often. Yet we are exceedingly well entertained by the conversations, the by-play, the exhibitions of individuality. The most ordinary occasions are enlivened by touches such as describe young Mr. and Mrs. Martin's first dinner party:—

"Everything within and without the small domain of Oakbank was in apple-pie order by eight o'clock. . . . Husband and wife, equally up to concert-pitch in their own persons, stood on each side of the drawing-room fire: she in pink, with braided hair; he, shaven, brushed, starched, and stiff in the highest of collars. It needed but to pour eau-de-Cologne on his pocket-handkerchief, and finish could go no farther."

There is too much detail; there are too many passages like the following: "It must not be supposed that during the week no communication had been held with Wancote. The ladies from Lutteridge had driven over there twice. . . . Then Jane and her mother had called once at the manor, and Agatha had walked over herself the day before the concert." None of these comingings and goings are of the slightest consequence, and, with a great deal more of the same sort, are entirely unnecessary. This circumstantial recital produces a dizzy-like fidelity and sequence, but it is the quality which stamps talkers as prosy. Nevertheless, it carries the story on prosperously for two thirds of the book with some pretty, tacit love-making, until we are beginning to think it is time for the wedding, when a dreadful complication arises from the unlikely, yet not new, blunder of the hero's confidences being

mistaken for a declaration, and his finding himself accepted by the wrong lady. His Quixotism will not permit him to extricate himself from this entanglement, although it continues at the cost of as much anguish to his own sweetheart as to himself; and they drag on through misery and misunderstanding, until one grows weary of their woes. It takes a railway accident of the first magnitude, with the sacrifice of one of the nicest characters in the story, to set things right. The catastrophe is very well told; that and the chapter on an otter hunt are exciting and full of spirit. But what a dire expedient for getting out of a difficulty! Killing for mere convenience has become too common in English novels. It is a capital crime against the laws of taste and probability. I read a book of Miss Bremer's thirty years ago, of which I have forgotten the name, story, and everything except a paragraph in the opening chapter. It is a sequel to a previous novel; she reintroduces the leading characters, but wishes to clear the stage of supernumeraries, so she says, "And where are the gentle Adelaide, the tender Otto, the practical Bertha, the gallant Axel, the honest Eric? All dead, — dead of the cholera." This is admirable, a real stroke of talent. But the sudden death of Jem Manners is altogether out of tune with the story; it is a huge discord which spoils the simple harmony of the rest and jars on our ears to the very end. Indeed, such a tragedy is so out of keeping and proportion with the cheerful tale that I could not believe it to be a *bona fide* one, and was expecting poor Jem to come to life long after he was buried. If anybody was to be smashed, it should have been one of the principals, and this good fellow ought not to be the victim of the hero's shilly-shallying, or the author's inability to construct a plot. But even then we have not had the last of them. The false position is prolonged, until readers are fain to adopt the motto of the thirty-sixth chapter, "Patience needed," through the last hundred pages, the only possible excuse for such long-windedness being a painful

necessity of providing a given number of sheets. Why do Mrs. Walford's natural and pleasant personages take no hold of our hearts? Our eyes do not moisten with their griefs, nor our spirits rise at their good fortune; we see and hear them as clearly as if they were alive, yet they fade from the memory into the limbo of forgotten faces and things.

— “As to jokes on biblical subjects, she had been used to them from childhood, as is the case with most children of clergymen. Our jestings, if we jest at all, are apt to spring from familiar earth.” Our old deacon (who, whatever other qualities he lacked, richly fulfilled the Apostles’ object in the creation of the diaconate in this particular, that he “served tables,” from the parsonage out through the ramifications of a large parish, with seasonable entertainment; his sayings and doings furnishing piquant sauce for many years in that region) was wont to pray unctuously, “O Lord, bless our lay brethren and our lay sisters.”

Now it is to the “lay brethren and lay sisters” to whom these presents come that I beg earnestly to command the above passage from Irene the Missionary, and let clergymen, no less than their children, have the benefit of the saving clause. It cannot be denied that the tribe of Levi sometimes handle the shew-bread with an impunity which is amazing to the profane looker-on in Jerusalem. “Mr. —— talks to God just as if he was his cousin” is a well-worn epigram, applicable to a thousand and one more clergymen than the great original; and if they do these things in the pulpit on a Sunday, what won’t they do on week-days in parsonage studies and clerical clubs and vacations?

The habit, good or evil, is insidious, and grows by what it feeds on, till many a devout priest would be overwhelmed with shame by the disclosure of the impression he has produced upon the “world’s people” in this particular. A newly-fledged divine, anxious to be all things to all men (we will hope entirely from a Pauline motive), had painstakingly covered his cloth during a so-

journ at a fashionable watering-place. He was astounded to learn, after a fortnight’s dashing career, that he had been all the time recognized by the amused party whom he had specially courted.

“But you did n’t think of my being a clergymen, I am sure,” said the chagrined sheep, still clinging pitifully to a rag of his borrowed wolf-skin as he addressed the favorite belle.

“I?” quoth this *dame sans merci*, with a flash of her white teeth and deadly eyes, — “I? Oh, bless you! Yes, I knew it from the first. Why, you told so many blasphemous stories, you know.”

And many a far better man than her victim, and many a one whose shoe-latchet you and I, my “lay” friend, are not worthy to loose, would stand agast, nay, grovel in unrespirable despair, were he once confronted with the popular conception of his devoutness which has been produced by his unconscious indulgence of a native wit or drollery, which simply (as the author of Irene significantly notes) has sported itself among the nearest and most familiar objects. Whether it may be worth while for clergymen to restrain this inclination, at least within the bounds indicated by the utterance of an honored old minister to an honored young one, who, during the intermission of “revival” meetings in which they were both zealously engaged, was telling him a good story on the street corner, when some one came within hearing, “Sh! — sh! there’s a fool coming!” — it is for them, and not for the fools, to decide.

But it is true — perhaps “pity ’tis, ’tis true,” still it is absolutely true — that there is more danger of misconception, and therefore of mortal injury, through this professional freedom of speech now than formerly.

One of Auerbach’s Black Forest sages says: “In those days, when people’s piety was in their hearts and not on their tongues, they could crack a dozen jokes, and yet their hearts remain the same. Nowadays they are afraid of the snuffers coming very near the candle, for they know it will take very little to put it out, and they must trim it all the time

to keep it alive. I used to play jigs on the organ whenever I had a mind to!"

Religious newspapers are perhaps even prouder than clergymen and their children to biblical and sacred official jokes.

Years ago, when a certain excellent journal of this class had considerably labeled the halves of its double sheet "Religious" and "Secular" respectively, the results were discussed before a sharp gentlewoman who was among its oldest subscribers and warmest partisans. She finally silenced all cavaliers by declaring, "That's all nonsense! I never make a mistake and read the secular side on Sunday. You can always tell the religious side if you want to," — the boldest held his breath for the test; "the receipts for cooking are always on the religious half." In these days one might almost distinguish the religious newspaper from its secular contemporary by the lavish supply and pungent quality of the humorous columns of the former, which are apparently its *sine qua non*.

The craving for amusement is natural and innocent. Further than this, we believe that amusement, more often than not, is a means of grace; but it is something loftier than a mere question of taste what shall be the catering for this wholesome hunger.

When a religious weekly of noble birth and majestic proportions and commanding influence prints, apropos of the ceremony of early communion in a ritualistic church, a derisive paragraph, printing it with a misquotation from the Bigelow Papers,

"An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God,"

really the laborious pun does not seem quite witty enough to justify the sacrilege, even in the eyes of the lowest of churchmen or the loosest of dissenters. It is at best a dangerous precedent for them who live by the altar to jest at the sacraments thereof, however maladvised in their view.

And when the same prince of newspapers carried up and down through Christendom the story (which I can hardly believe would have passed muster in

the "audience fit" of the most driveling circus clown) of a dying man whose death throes were broken in upon by the frugal wife's entreaties to die if he must, but not tear the sheets in the process, surely the very god of flies must have been invoked in the sanctum whence issued such defilement on that publication day.

And since death is not sacred, of course marriage, although hedged with divinity in Bibles, prayer-books, official documents and utterances, is at the mercy of the *ex cathedra* jester. When a religious journal in one column deprecates the increasing rottenness of the marriage tie, and in the next collates sundry Joe Millerisms (I beg his pardon) in regard to matrimony, divorce, and widowhood, it looks a trifle queer to the lay observer.

Permit me in this connection to call attention to the indisputable fact that widows are the *bonne bouche* of the pious joker no less than of the profane. I once heard a clergyman, deservedly distinguished for many gifts and many gains, deliver a popular lecture in his own church, into which he introduced a fling at this pariah caste so broad and brutal that a little child who had accompanied her widowed mother to the house of God that night cried out, as they went their desolate way together, "Oh, mamma, I wish it was n't wicked to hate that minister!"

Now, admitting that widowhood is in itself the supreme joke of human existence, and that its hourly-increasing hosts are, without exception, fair game for sportsmen at large, would it not be decorous for the clergy and religious press to maintain at worst *neutrality* in regard to a subject which their *vade mecum* treats with signal sympathy and even reverence? None who have not searched the Scriptures from the widow's stand-point can even approximately estimate the multitude and exquisite honor and tenderness of the allusions whereby the Bible distinguishes this class above all the bereaved.

The modern enthusiasm of humanity (Joe Miller is its prophet) has changed

all this, and made it impossible that any widow can be so sheltered from its bitter blasts as not to have occasion to wish the sutee were not a charitable institution of India and the past alone. But it still remains a question whether the Christian ministry and the religious press (while assuming to themselves preëminent consecration and jealousy of service to Him who is not ashamed to write himself the judge of the widow, and to make consideration toward her and hers the first half of the very substance of "pure and undefiled religion," as defined in the Book which they accept as infallible) can afford, even on the low ground of policy, to aid in the propagation of this new gospel.

— The prevalence of novels is the chief literary characteristic of this century, and everything belonging to novel-making takes on value not intrinsic to the pursuit, but proportionate to the influence of which novels are the source. Whether fiction is an art or not, works of fiction have a scientific interest, as indications of the level of popular taste and of the mental capacity of the minority who cater for it. The picture of contemporary men and manners, if at all correctly given, adds some value to a novel, though the indefinite multiplication and repetition of such pictures both wearies and confuses the critic. As to the art side of the matter, it is still an open question whether skillful and minute copying of living models, or the bold combination and handling of imaginary but probable circumstances, and the creation of characters whose consistency with themselves is well kept up throughout the story, is the higher form of fiction. At present the art aspect is perhaps the one most lost sight of, and though it blends necessarily with the workmanship of the best writers, it is confessedly a secondary matter. Roughly speaking, people read novels to be amused and pass time pleasantly, and novelists write them to make money, and if possible a name. One may venture to affirm that no one deliberately reads a novel for the purpose of learning anything, although several novelists write

for the (secondary) purpose of teaching something. Writers who have a conscience and theories resort to the only means of fixing the attention of a heedless public, and now and then some good is done in this way, generally, however, by the simple exposition of facts rather than by elaborate moral explanations or dissertations, which the reader irreverently skips as "preaching." The most practical objection to the majority of novels is their uselessness. The mass of them seldom pay their authors or their publishers, and, considering that money is the chief object of both, this failure may be set down as unbalanced by any advantages. On the other hand, they waste the time of their readers. If there is any interest in a story, it loses by being spun out through chapter after chapter of conventional "padding." Half or a third of the book would hold the facts, and the reader would be glad of the improvement. Novels have usually the fault common to sermons: the writer misses the right moment for finishing his effort. Against the moral uselessness of fiction it is not worth while to speak here; but that in our days of hurry and excitement such unproductive time-spending should go uncriticised seems strange.

— The time is Saturday afternoon. At four o'clock the house in which I live is to be sold at auction. The hindrances of the week have prevented the writing of my Sunday sermon, though it is pretty well thought out. There is no such thing as writing while the auction is in progress, and you have the prospect of a change of landlords, and are thinking of the possibility of buying the house yourself. But the auction passed without any bidders except the owners, and the crowd having dispersed from the front steps I went into my study, — which happens to be in the front parlor, just on the street and next to the front door, — at five o'clock, to begin my sermon, all aglow with the right inspiration for it, and feeling that I could advance a good way into it before tea time. The paper was counted out, the sketch or brief was duly examined, and I had gone over

a page, when the children were ready to go out with the baby and must pass out at the front door. The writing of a sentence was not possible till they had gone up the street. I sat down to my table, when the door-bell rang. The servant was away, and I went to the door to find a peddler. I seated myself again with the determination to put my whole strength into the sermon, and had just begun to write, when one of the children came back, and had to ring the bell for some one to open the door. I felt as if I could box the boy's ears, but did n't. His wants were attended to, and I sat down again, feeling somewhat disturbed. Looking at my watch, I found that it was half past five. Well, there was a clean half hour before tea would be announced, and I began again with a good heart. I had scarcely dipped my pen in the ink, when a hand-organ appeared before the window, and the grinder began with great vigor to pour out his tunes in our populous neighborhood. One of my boys came bouncing into the house for money. I went to the door, and told the organ-man that he would find more children further up the street and had better move on, — which he did, but only to the next door. At any rate, he was out of my jurisdiction, and I was in for his music, whether I wanted it or not. For the next fifteen minutes, you can imagine my position. I sat at the table resolved not to let the organ trouble me; but I was too nervous for that. Then I determined to write anyhow; but just as I got a sentence under way, and thought the organ-man had finished his concert, he would strike into a new tune, which distracted me again. There was nothing to do but submit; and there I sat, pen in hand, with a frowning countenance, trying to submit, and feeling all the while as if I would like to smash that hand-organ and give my unconscious tormentor a hoist into the upper air. I could not write a word, and never realized before how many tunes and parts of tunes one of those abominable machines has at its command. It seemed as if he tuned up at every house, until the music grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased,

to my great relief. But no sooner had this nuisance ended than the door-bell rang. I rushed out to find it was the newsboy with the *Transcript*. I had hardly seated myself for work when the bell rang again, and the postman handed me a circular. It was now almost six o'clock, and in a few moments the supper bell rang, — and my poor sermon was nearly as far along as if I had not begun it at all. Never did more interruptions crowd themselves into an hour, and never was an hour more important to me. I do not care to tell how or when that sermon was finished. There was an hour's work on it which was never done, and so far as the writing of it goes it is not finished yet. I got a lesson on the control of temper which it is important for every one to learn, and if I have sketched the interruptions more calmly than I bore them I have simply shown that I am human, like other men. A city minister's life, often day after day, is spent in just such fruitless endeavors to do his work, and finally his only relief in doing his work is in not doing it.

— I was much interested in the article in the September number on Songs and Eccentricities of Birds, which, barring a mistake or two, was of exceptional excellence. On page 351 the writer says, "The robin is exclusively insectivorous; for the fruit he consumes is his *dessert*, not his subsistence, and he swallows no kinds of seeds. . . . Hence, robins are never seen in large or compact flocks. Seldom is a gunner able to shoot more than one or two of them at once, so scattered are the members of their small assemblages." In the South, where I was "raised," the robins are found during winter in very large numbers, whither they go, I suppose, to evade the cold of the North. I have been in the habit of shooting them, as, when properly cooked, they are very palatable. My acquaintance with robins is therefore quite extensive. Instead of being "exclusively insectivorous," they absolutely devour the *china berries*, with which the trees are loaded, and as a frequent result become so "intoxicated" that the boys run them down and catch

them. The berry after it has been frozen is full of juice, which the birds first largely extract, and then swallow the berry itself. On these china-trees I have found them by the hundred, and have killed as many as half a dozen at a single shot. On very cold days, late in the afternoon, I have often found them so stupidly drunk from overfeeding on these berries that they have submitted to be stoned to death without any effort to escape.

— Granting that the function of art is not to teach morality, it certainly is equally true that novelists ought not to hold up for admiration anything in the conduct of their characters which tends to the lowering of the higher standards of human action. They may paint human frailty provided they do not miss-call it strength, or weak-minded folly so long as they do not label it admirable *virtue*. This general reflection has been suggested by the reading of certain books in which a particular form of self-sacrifice is made to appear a virtue. Self-sacrifice in itself considered is doubtless a beautiful thing, but does it follow that it is in all cases a right thing? Does it not depend upon what we sacrifice? Of course, most story writers are not greatly concerned with the ethical question; their object is to make an effective story, and a heroine who marries some one she does not care for in order to promote his happiness poses as a deeply interesting martyr. Some authors, however, really appear to think this sort of thing praiseworthy, and the more they are in earnest with their doctrine the worse their influence is upon young readers without any settled convictions of their own about the matter. It certainly was a temptation to the authoress of *Mirage* to marry her heroine in the end to anybody rather than leave her to pine indefinitely for the ineffectual gentleman who could n't make up his mind to seek her for a wife. What I object to is that the writer apparently approves of Constance sacrificing herself to make young Stuart blessed. I take this story as an instance, because in it the matter is not extenuated in any way. Why in the world should that good-natured, well-conducted, but utter-

ly dull and commonplace young man be gratified at the cost of a sweet girl degrading herself to a loveless marriage? She could never have given him more than a moderate liking, mixed with pity for his want of soul; to live with him must have been to be oppressed with an intolerable burden of daily tediousness, — and why should she have borne it? A similar case is that of Georgy Sandon, in the pathetic story of *A Lost Love*, who losing the man she loves marries Stephen Anstruther, to please him, and takes no pleasure in life herself ever after. The dilemma in these cases seems so evident: either the man has no heart to speak of, and in that case the heroine need not concern herself about his peace; or he has a heart, in which case she wrongs him by not giving him one in return. I think that nowhere but in books exist the men and women who are satisfied with less than a full return of affection, and the truest lover is the quickest to detect the absence or the loss of what he seeks of his love's object. To marry a man to make him happy is a better motive than marrying him for money, position, or a home, but novelists have no right to teach that it is a good and sufficient motive.

— Like the author of *Waverley*, Daudet began his career as a poet. One day the Empress Eugénie chanced to alight on a volume of his lyrics, and yielding to a charm which precluded indifference she turned to the Duke de Morny, and said, "Who is this Daudet?" Such inquiry from royal lips was a mandate agreeable to obey. Morny, after a successful investigation, summoned the poet to his presence. Daudet, like a true son of Apollo, stood before him in wretched plight, a fitting object for patronage, "Will you be my secretary?" asked the duke of the poet. Daudet was proud. He passed his fingers through his long hair, and replied, "Duke, I am a legitimist." "Bah!" answered Morny, "so is the empress. Cut your hair, M. Daudet." By some potent persuasion, the man of state vanquished the scruples of the high-spirited poet, and from that time Daudet became

an actor in the brilliant society which he so well describes in his *Nabob*, the greatest of modern French novels. As a poet he belongs to the realistic school, of which Coppée is the pioneer. Here is one of his poems, roughly rendered:—

THE PLUMS.

WOULD you know how for a plum,
For a plum we loved so well?

I will tell you softly, come,
How it all befel.

Love, that sleepy urchin, on
Ever shyly creepeth he,
As brunette or blonde must own,—
Yes, for plums loved we!

Uncle had an orchard broad,
I a cousin, —ah, so fair!
Uncle had an orchard broad;
And we loved ere well aware.
Little birds came there to board,
Spring supplied their table rare:
Uncle had an orchard broad,
I a cousin, passing fair.

Now, one morn, with Mariette,
To the orchard sauntered we;
Bonny, fresh, and dainty, set
Forth together in our glee.
Hummed a tender ariette
Locusts and the cricket free;
On that morn with Mariette,
To the orchard sauntered we.

From the branches overhead
Birdies sang in every key;
All the notes alternate shed,
From A to F, from G to B;
Meadows fair, with flow'rets spread,
Flow'rets white, for festal glee.
From the branches overhead,
Birdies sang in every key.

Dainty cap, that made her fair, —
But she recked not that it did, —
Wore my cousin debonair;
And she stirred, and moved, and slid,
Like a shuttlecock air
From the battledore once rid.
Dainty cap, that made her fair,
Wore my coz, nor recked it did.

When the orchard reached at last,
Cousin mine the plums did spy,
Oh, she did with longing vast,
Greedy, wish to eat them, fie!
Low the bough, and as she passed
Plucked and ate, as they were nigh:
For the orchard reached at last,
Cousin mine the plums did spy.

One she plucked, and she did bite;
Giving me, she said, "Here, take."
My poor heart! I held it tight,
With such beating did it shake.
Little biting teeth, that right
On the edge a lace did make,
Deep into the plum did bite.
Giving me, she bid me, "Take."

That was all, — but what need more?

Many things that fruit could tell;

Would that I had known before

What I at last do know so well!

And I bit — can you deplore? —

Where those rosy lips just fell,

That was all, — but what need more?

Many things that fruit can tell.

Ladies, yes, and that is how

For a plum we loved so well.

Do not you mistake me now:

Should you let your fancy dwell

On surmises vain, I trow,

Little care I what I tell.

Ladies, yes, and that is how

For a plum we loved so well.

— In the Contributors' Club for June the following lines are quoted as evidence that Shakespeare, as early as 1607, "outlined" the fact of the circulation of the blood, concerning which Harvey "first gave public authoritative utterance of his views in 1620":

" You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

(Julius Cesar, Act II., Scene 1.)

But far from outlining this great discovery, there is nothing in this passage, nor in any of the writings of Shakespeare, bearing upon the circulation of the blood, which is in advance of the teachings of Hippocrates or Galen, and much less abreast with the theories of Servetus and Cesalpino, which approached quite near to Harvey's discovery, and whose views were published before the existence of the plays of the great dramatist. Without quoting from the writings of the above-named authors in proof of this assertion, it will suffice to give an extract in point from an acknowledged authority, Dr. J. C. Bucknill, who in his learned work on the Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare says in regard to the lines in question, "There are several passages in the plays in which the presence of blood in the heart is quite as distinctly referred to as in this speech of Brutus; but the passages quoted in these pages from Love's Labor Lost and from the Second Part of Henry IV. distinctly prove that Shakespeare entertained the Galenical doctrine, universally prevalent before Harvey's discovery, — that although the right side of the heart was visited by the

blood, the function of the heart and its proper vessels, the arteries, was the distribution of the vital spirits, or, as Biron calls them, 'the nimble spirits in the arteries.' Shakespeare believed, indeed, in the flow of the blood, 'the rivers of blood,' which went 'even to the court, the heart;' but he considered that it was the liver, and not the heart, which was the cause of the flow. There is not, in my opinion, in Shakespeare a trace of any knowledge of the circulation of the blood. Surely, the temple of his fame needs not be enriched by the spoils of any other reputation!"

It may be well to add, in this connection, that the passage from Julius Cæsar under consideration was about thirty-five years ago made the subject of a paper by Mr. Thomas Nimmo, in which he took the position that it indicated that Shakespeare may have become acquainted with the true theory of the circulation of the blood through Harvey himself, and before the latter had made known his views to the world. This theory, ingeniously as it was presented by its author, was shown to be utterly untenable by Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, who made it clear that the opinions held in the time of Shakespeare in reference to the distribution of the blood "were sufficient to account for the allusions made by our great bard;" moreover, that there was no evidence that Shakespeare knew Harvey, and, if he did, that the latter at the date of Julius Cæsar, "entertained any particular views upon the nature of the circulation." Both of these contributions may be found in the second volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers.

— Why is it that color is so rigorously excluded from good sculpture? Mr. Grant Allen endeavors to answer this question in his recent *Physiological Aesthetics*. He thinks that "the optical consciousness cannot readily be divided," and that it attends either to form or to hue, rarely and imperfectly to both together. Natural objects which most strike us in respect to form are less noticeable for beauty of color, and *vice versa*. Ferns, for instance, "the leaves

whose form gives us the greatest pleasure, have no brilliant flowers to withdraw our notice from their delicate contour and symmetrical arrangement." This explanation seems to me very imperfect. Ferns have no flowers, it is true, but they have an exquisite green color, which, instead of detracting our attention from the delicate outlines of the leaves, adds to our admiration of them. Maiden-hair, the most exquisitely shaped of all ferns, is also by its tint, marginal fruit-dots, and ebony stalk rendered the most beautiful of all ferns in color. And almost any flower picked in field, garden, or forest will, by its union of perfect form with perfect coloring, refute Mr. Allen's argument. Another explanation of the incompatibility of sculpture and color is offered by Schopenhauer. Something must be left to the imagination in sculpture as in literature. Wax figures fail herein; hence they are not works of art. This theory seems much more plausible and satisfactory, but it scarcely covers the whole ground. Perhaps the principal reason why we dislike a colored (especially a flesh-colored) statue is that for a second we are apt to mistake it for a real person; and then, on suddenly discovering the absence of vital expression in eyes and features, the idea of death is unconsciously suggested. The shock thus given to our feelings neutralizes the aesthetic emotion.

— The autumn tints and the refrain of the pensive postal card admonish me that the season of charity fairs is coming. Each fair will have its little daily newspaper, edited and printed on the premises, and all men and women who earn their bread and butter by scribbling will be asked to write something for that paper, — not for pay, but as a contribution to the good cause. Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the careless esteem, if not the contempt, in which the literary trade is held than the fact that the invention of that impudent idea astonished nobody, and the added fact that it did not hide itself and die, but continues to live and flourish to this day. My reputation as a writer is neither first rate nor fifth rate, but lies between,

somewhere; I am not known to all people, but am known to many. There are ten-dollar men, and there are hundred-dollar men; I am a twenty-five dollar man, — that describes it. Such articles of mine as are accepted are paid for at an average of twenty-five dollars apiece. I make about a hundred dollars a month, and it is sufficient; it supports my small family, and we even save a trifle for a rainy day, by judicious scrimping. As often as ten times every fall and winter I am asked to contribute gratis articles for concealment in charity-fair journals. Thus I am asked to give, not simply a fifth of my surplus to charity, — for that would neither help the charity mightily, nor hurt me seriously, — but a fifth of my actual living. The merchant, with a clear income of ten thousand dollars a year, can contribute a two-hundredth part of it to his local charity fair, and his fifty dollars will cause him to be praised and blessed. A gratis bit of literature from me would represent an entire fourth of my year's profits, but I should by no means be glorified accordingly, if I were weak enough to contribute it. The merchant could give five fifty-dollar contributions, and not miss it; five from me would leave me in debt. I am not aware that any but writers are asked to give from their stock in trade. The charity-fair people would not think of asking Mr. Vanderbilt to give them a railroad; they would not think of asking the Cunarders to give them a ship; but they have no delicacy about asking me to give a sketch, — whereas those other parties could easier spare a railroad or a ship than I could spare the twenty-five dollars' worth of bread and butter which my sketch represents. If the reader is a charity-fair person, he is receiving a new light at this moment: it never occurred to him before that a mere piece of manuscript was actual money in disguise; it never occurred to him that in asking a twenty-five-dollar author to contribute an article he was asking him to give a sum atrociously out of proportion to his means. In my opinion, the professional scribe who gives an article to a charity-fair journal is a goose. For one or two rea-

sons: one is because he is contributing from a hundred to a thousand times more (according to his means) than anybody else ever confers on those objects; another is that he has no right to rob his family in such an extravagant way; and a third because sending his article to a charity-fair journal is barring it against adding to his reputation, — for that sort of journal is only a literary hearse. He would do much better to contribute twenty-five dollars in money, and sell his stuff to a magazine; it would be seen, then, and run a chance of advancing him in the public estimation. I always answer charity-journal requests according to my purse and my sympathies. Sometimes I send twenty-five cents, at times even a dollar, when I am strongly stirred; but I reserve my manuscript for the living press. To borrow poor Sancho's words, "I may not be a genius, but I trust in God I am not an ass."

— What is most people's idea of a hero? I found not long since, in a newspaper paragraph, the answers written by the Prince and Princess of Wales in a certain book to some ten or a dozen questions, such as, What is your favorite amusement, author, and so on. The answers, by the way, though probably not always expressive of genuine opinions, were rather interesting indices of character, as when the princess humorously makes known her "ambition" to be "non-interference in other people's business." The favorite heroes designated by the prince and princess were Nelson and Marlborough. We will charitably suppose that the princess wrote unthinkingly. Marlborough a hero! If he is one, then there have been a great many more heroes in the world than I had supposed. If we could read more of the "confessions" contained in that book at Belvoir Castle, I wonder if we should not find that the majority of heroes chosen were famous warriors by land or sea. I should like to know how many Americans would select the name of Washington. There is so little to captivate the imagination in the serene equipoise of fine faculties that characterizes him that I fear a good many

youthful Americans look on Washington with dutiful respect rather than very enthusiastic admiration. Perhaps that story of the hatchet has done harm to the father of our country with the lighter-minded of its sons and daughters.

Are hero and great man simply synonymous terms? I think they are so taken in loose general usage, and Carlyle so uses them throughout his *Heroes in History*. With considerable respect for Mr. Carlyle, I have very little for his book. Although the hero includes the great man, not every great man is a hero, and to speak of the hero as poet to my thinking is to talk nonsense. If the hero is the able man, "the man who *can*," we may just as well talk of the hero as business man, and take any large and eminently successful dealer in dry goods for a hero. Shakespeare was not a hero at all, in the sense I understand the word; Dante was a great poet and something of a hero too, not on account of the greatness of his poetry but of his willingness to suffer for his political convictions. If we are right in saying that it is only certain kinds of great men who are heroes, the question remains, What kinds? If greatness of intellect alone does not make the hero and we must exclude Shakespeare and Goethe, nor necessarily greatness in action, such as Caesar or Napoleon displayed, what is it that constitutes the true hero? Is it not the nearest we can come to defining him to say that he is the man of great soul, one who for some worthy cause either acts or suffers greatly? The idea of disinterested devotion must enter, it seems to me, into our conception of a hero; and my own leaning is always to the heroes of endurance, for it is so much easier to act, to direct a battle, to lead a charge, even to ride slowly down the valley of death with the light brigade, than to live year after year in poverty and exile, as men have done for the sake of an idea. It would be well if some one would ransack history and give us an account of its heroes of the true sort; to learn what they have done and suffered for truth might be an inspiration for us pettier mortals of to-day.

— Once, after reading the chapter on proverbs and maxims in Sir Arthur Helps' delightful *Friends in Council*, one of the company said to me, "Could you make a maxim?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Here is one: The art of letting others alone is—But just there the maxim stopped as short as *My Grandfather's Clock*. It seemed a simple thing when I started it, never doubting that the end of the proverb would roll off from my tongue as easily as the beginning had done. But I then realized the difficulty of compressing into one crisp, terse sentence all I had thought about this much neglected art of letting others alone.

It seemed that a maxim which would at once find a responsive chord in every human breast would almost make itself. But it did not. We passed the poor unfinished proverb around amongst our friendst, yet no one was able to formulate in one telling sentence, the whole idea.

We now submit it to the Contributors' Club, hoping to receive it again in so perfect a form as to convince us that the making of maxims is not a lost art.

— The right reverend and most admirable bishop, whose story of her who was only "Piscopal pious" appeared in the August number of this magazine, is here-with meekly tendered his revenge and a new dinner story, true to the letter.

A gay young girl was recently invited by friends to spend a few days at their summer cottage, which happened to be contiguous to a much-thronged Methodist camp-ground. A "revival" was in progress, and one day the visitor strayed into the charmed circle, and sat through the service demurely. The most fervid of the several expositors caught sight of the stranger, and fancied that he saw conviction and possible trophies of his power in her downcast face, and accordingly, passing by the ranks of trembling weepers, he demanded of the stranger in the approved formula of his school, "My dear young friend, have you *got religion?*" To which his hopeful auditor made instant response, "Oh, no indeed, thank you. I'm a Presbyterian."

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE little terra-cotta figures, first found by Boeotian peasants in a series of tombs in the valley of the Asopus in 1872, though evidently inspired by the highest traditions of art, are yet separated from our common sympathies by no veil of Greek idealism, and seem to offer new opportunities for the discovery of the conditions under which the heroic and religious sculpture of the Greeks, which has been the guide and inspiration of modern art, became possible. This art, manifested as it has been hitherto in hieratic symbols and in highly poetic conventions of form and attitude, together with the contemporaneous literature which has come down to us, has been insufficient to open to our view the common life of the Greeks. But if the astonishingly modern aspect of these little models do not furnish us with direct evidence to this end, it certainly gives us new and important links, which the archaeologists are not slow to avail themselves of with much ingenuity of speculation. Now that, through the munificence of Mr. T. G. Appleton, the Boston Museum of Art possesses, in common with the museums of Paris, London, and Berlin, examples of some of the best of these interesting statuettes, these speculations have become a natural part of our own intellectual occupation. The first serious result of this new acquisition is a little anonymous volume on the Tanagra Figurines,¹ published by Houghton, Osgood & Co. This noticeable production gives us an entertaining summary of these discoveries, illustrated by a dozen or more photographic reproductions, together with the historical investigations based upon them by Leake, Otto Rayet, Henzey, P. d'Oreel, Reinhardt, Kekule, and other scholars. These investigations seem to have established the fact that in the manufacture of the figures certain accepted types of form have been preserved by the use of molds, and that the artistic instinct of the potters conferred a character of individuality upon each figure as it came from the mold by skillful manipulations in the moist clay. As the figures invariably bear marks of color, the method of enameling them over or under glaze, the significance of the distribution of tints thus bestowed upon the

flesh and garments, the variations in surface treatment in order to indicate the quality of the texture, the fashion of these garments and the curious analogies between them and the modern costumes in the neighborhood, — all these points are noted in this little treatise with sufficient industry of research. But the author's especial contribution to the literature of the subject is confined to speculations as to the object and meaning of these beautiful compositions. They are always joyous in expression, and he hazards the conjecture, with scarcely sufficient internal evidence, however, that they form characters "in some dramatic combination, either as actors or as spectators, in a joyful celebration." Assuming that the date of the jubilee of Daedala in Boeotia, commemorating the fable of the reconciliation of Hebe and Zeus, in which images in the character of brides were carried in procession as symbols of peace and good-will among gods and men, was contemporaneous with this new development of the ceramic art, the writer suggests that these figurines represent Boeotian peasants, in garb of ceremony or in dramatic disguises, taking part in this pageant as actors or spectators. Such figures, it is thought, might appropriately be placed in the tomb with the body of the departed as tokens of appeasement and intercession. These conjectures may be accepted by scholars for what they are worth; but the real significance of the figures, from the point of view of art, is the evidence they offer that the Greek ideal of motionless beauty and perfection, upon which have been based all the modern academic theories of sculpture since the time of Winckelmann, is but one manifestation of this marvelous art, and that the animation and interest of daily life were by no means excluded from the themes appropriate to expression in either the plastic or the pictorial art of the period. This is an undeniable and essential fact, and a most valuable practical inference for modern art, compared to which these historical conjectures are of but small importance until they shall have found a much more solid basis than hitherto.

No artist can look upon these figures without feeling that they are the natural result of high artistic traditions, so firmly estab-

¹ *Tanagra Figurines.* Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

lished and so widely disseminated that even in the handiwork of the common artisans of the period the ideal standard of excellence suffered no essential detriment. In the same manner the Japanese workman of the present day instinctively preserves certain inherited conventional types of expression and composition, which give a character of art even to the commonest things. Possibly, as a thing of beauty is a joy forever, the pleasure of easily reproducing in plastic forms the attitudes and accidents of daily life is sufficient to account for the existence of these Greek figurines. It is an instinct of mankind to do often what one can readily do well, and, moreover, it is impossible to conceive of an art able to accomplish the friezes of the Parthenon which is not constantly exercised and nurtured upon less heroic themes, even such as form the subjects of these curious Tanagra potteries.

— The great period of the reviews established at the beginning of this century has been closed, and it is quite possible to write the history of them,—a history which involves the rise and fall of parties; for the reviews were organs of parties, and literature and politics were very closely mingled. Macvey Napier was Jeffrey's successor in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, and held sway from 1829 till his death in 1847. His son has now published a selection of Napier's correspondence,¹ including also his previous connection with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the seventh edition of which he edited. It is a pity that the book could not have really contained the correspondence; very few letters of Napier's are given, and these are often teasing references to what he had written which make one curious to know just what cunning sentences he pronounced upon his restive team of contributors. Enough is given to insinuate a very agreeable impression of the editor, who suffered from ill health, but never, apparently, from ill humor, and displayed an alertness and tact which enabled him to pilot the review through the troubled waters. To continue the figure, Brougham appears in the part of a wrecker dodging about the shore with false lights. One may dismiss all concern for the political trials of the review, and amuse himself with the personal characteristics of the regular contributors. It is entertaining to find editorial tribulations in those historic days.

¹ Selection from the Correspondence of the Late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his son, MACVEY NAPIER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

"It seems to me," solemnly writes Senior to Napier, "on the question of length, that if your contributors write for the higher purposes, that is, utility or fame, you necessarily will have long articles; for even the longest articles, which I believe that Macaulay's and mine are, are short for the matters treated of." Alas, the evolution of magazine writers has not yet produced the contributor who is satisfied with a very few pages! Napier had other trials more peculiarly his own. Brougham and John Allen stood on either side of him, whispering, "Short's the friend, not Codlin," or the reverse; and whatever the review said, there were sure to spring up angry contributors to expostulate with the unfortunate editor. Brougham was indeed the most trying friend. He was really magnificent in his assumption of control, and everybody got behind Napier and said, "Don't you be afraid, and don't give in to Brougham." The editor certainly did manage his troublesome contributor with great skill, and succeeded in retaining him, but keeping him within bounds, while he kept his other contributors in good humor. Macaulay, who appears in very good light, treating his own papers with unaffected modesty, fairly gave way once in his indignation against Brougham. "His language," he says, "translated into plain English, is this: 'I must write about this French Revolution, and I will write about it. If you have told Macaulay to do it, you may tell him to let it alone. If he has written an article, he may throw it behind the grate. He would not himself have the assurance to compare his own claims with mine. I am a man who acts a prominent part in the world; he is nobody. If he must be reviewing, there is my speech about the West Indies. Set him to write a puff on that. What have people like him to do, except to eulogize people like me?'" Napier succeeded in pacifying Macaulay, who in another passage cleverly hits off Brougham's character with an epigram: "I have not the chancellor's encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He half knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop." Brougham, on his side, delivers himself of Macaulay: "Macaulay's [Sir William Temple] is an excellent paper, only he *does* take a terrible space to turn in. Good God! what an awful man he would have been in *Nisi Prius*! He can say nothing under ten pages. He takes as long to delineate three characters of little

importance as I have to sketch ten, the greatest in the whole world. I really wish you could give him a hint; and as it is the only, or almost the only, thing he wants (*some bread to all his sack* is another and sad want), he may well bear a hint." The new contributors walk delicately before the editor. Their courtesy and self-abasement are delicious. Godwin writes tremblingly in his old age, squeezing in among some fine sentences the elaborate request: "It would also be some gratification to me to be informed what would be the amount of remuneration I might expect for any contribution." Thackeray has a rather mincing step, and, in brief, every one who has a weak side seems to turn it before this somewhat veiled majesty. It is amusing to hear Carlyle declare with suitable *italics*: "At all events, one can and should ever speak quietly; loud, hysterical vehemence, foaming and hissing, least of all beseems him that is convinced, and not only *supposes*, but *knows*."

It would be easy to pick out a great many amusing sentences from this entertaining book. In the secrecy of editorial correspondence, the contributors are all Truthful Jameses, and indulge in plain speaking with serene disregard of their own ears. It cannot be said that the correspondence throws much light upon the time, but it illustrates very well what is already known. We confess to finding most gratification in the picture which appears, when all minor lines have been effaced in the memory, of an autocratic editor who was more feared than a cabinet minister, and exercised a degree of jurisdiction over his contributors which would make some writers of the present day demand a bill of rights.

— Messrs. Sumner Whitney & Co. have been publishing in San Francisco a series of volumes called *Legal Recreations*, of which Mr. Rogers's two books¹ constitute a part. The purpose is to present legal doctrines in an entertaining form, for the instruction at once and the amusement of that *profanum vulgus* which knows no more of the great science of the law than may have been gathered as the long-remembered fruit of some bitter or costly experience. Modern scholars are of opinion that Mother Goose can be made more service-

able than the grammar of Andrews and Stoddard in familiarizing the youthful student with the tongue of ancient Rome. Perhaps it is equally reasonable to suppose, as some of the reviewers of these books in the legal journals have ventured to state, that more doctrines will rest in the memory of him who reads them than would survive the perusal of more scientific tomes. However this may be, it is certain that persons less grimly in earnest than the professional toiler may glean much wisdom in these pages in very easy fashion. The wit will not strike critically-minded people as being so good as the writer apparently thinks it, and some of his best stories have certainly been in public life too long to retain the freshness of youth; yet they are good, and one may still greet them with a kindly smile, for old acquaintance' sake, if for nothing else. No small labor has evidently been put into the preparation, and the pages are thickly studded with the citations of cases and authorities, to which the general reader will frequently turn to learn what tribunal has pronounced some unexpected or unreasonable ruling. Altogether the books appear to be sufficiently useful and agreeable to give them a good degree of popularity.

The earlier one — *The Law of the Road* — is the better of the two, and one finds in it a good deal of information which justifies the publishers in describing it as "a useful and entertaining story for travelers." For example, it is hardly possible to learn without some astonishment, to use no more condemnatory phrase, that if a person is killed by a railway accident, under circumstances which render the corporation liable to respond in damages to the family of the deceased, the jury should deduct from the damages which they would otherwise award the amount of any insurance policy against accidents which the deceased may have had, and also such further amount as they may think fit in respect of life insurance. It has even been said that if the interest accruing at the customary rate upon the sum coming to the widow by virtue of the insurance policy would exceed the income usually earned by the deceased in his life-time, it would be proper for the railway corporation to show that the widow had suffered

¹ *The Law of the Road; or, Wrongs and Rights of a Traveler.* By R. VASHON ROGERS, Jr., Barrister at Law of Osgood Hall. San Francisco: Sumner Whitney & Co. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

The Law of Hotel Life; or, The Wrongs and Rights of Host and Guest. By R. VASHON ROGERS, Jr., of Osgood Hall, Barrister-at-Law. San Francisco: Sumner Whitney & Co. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

no pecuniary damage by her husband's decease, and the jury should award only nominal damages.

On the other hand it is interesting to know that if a person insures his life for a thousand dollars, and then sustains an injury, as by the loss of a leg or an arm, the railroad company will not be allowed to argue that the injured person's whole life is worth, at his own estimate, only one thousand dollars, and that therefore only a proportionate part of that sum can be recovered by a sort of rule-of-three process: for example, as a leg is to a man's whole life, so is the amount recoverable to one thousand dollars.

A dreadful tale is told of feminine vengeance. A conductor seated himself beside a lady passenger, and after some advances, comparatively harmless, though certainly in excess of the civilities usually expected from conductors, actually went so far as to throw his arms around the lady's neck and kiss her some five or six times, in spite of her indignant efforts to escape. In a suit against him for assault she recovered twenty-five dollars; but not satisfied therewith, she sued the railway corporation, and actually recovered from it no less a sum than one thousand dollars!

— Mr. Morley's monograph on Burke¹ is without doubt the best volume of the excellent series of the English Men of Letters, now appearing under his editorial supervision, and a book which no one should overlook. Not those alone "who have to run as they read" will find their profit in the study of this essay; indeed, so thoughtful and pregnant a book demands the reader's most careful attention. There is no obscurity in it; Mr. Morley's style is perfectly lucid, but one seldom comes across a writer who so packs his pages with the results of profound thought.

One is pretty safe in saying that Burke is a man more talked about than read; but it will be strange if this account of him and his work in the world does not serve to recall to the partly forgotten statesman some of the attention which he deserves. Mr. Morley gives us the facts of Burke's life, and he expounds, arranges, and discusses with remarkable intelligence his statesmanship and his political feeling. He shows the marked contrast between the first and second parts of Burke's life, between the period of his wise treatment of English politics and that of his eloquent denunciation

¹ *English Men of Letters. Burke.* By JOHN MORLEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

of the French Revolution. And in considering Burke's relation to English politics nothing could be better than Mr. Morley's full, liberal, and sympathetic exposition. He shows us Burke as he was, not merely a wise politician, though that implies a good deal, but a profound thinker concerning questions of state-craft. Indeed, he may be called with justice one of the greatest of political philosophers; and Mr. Morley never fails to speak of Burke as a man of this kind.

When we come to the discussion of Burke's views concerning the French Revolution, we hear a different story. The impression left upon the reader is that Mr. Morley thinks that Burke was almost insane during this part of his life, and that his opposition to the course of the French was but the raving of a man who had lost his head from terror. Yet when we consider how Burke's prognostications were afterwards verified by facts, and how the men he blamed committed the very errors he foretold, one should certainly have only greater, not less, respect for Burke's foresight. It is hardly necessary to regret that he who was a hard-headed, experienced statesman, not a young, enthusiastic poet, did not share the "fine illusion" of Coleridge and Wordsworth. What may be becoming to a poet would but ill suit a political leader. To be sure, we who have the first French Revolution behind us can take a cool and tolerably impartial view of it, and we may see, what Mr. Morley points out, that Burke felt more regret for the royal family than sympathy for the sufferings of the people in general; yet this hardly justifies Mr. Morley in his almost abusive treatment of Burke's position in regard to the Revolution.

But even this inexactness, if it deserves the name, does not seriously injure what is a delightful and instructive book. There is enough that is good, and good in a rare way, to make up for what some, at least, will look upon as an excess of partisanship.

Burke's eloquence is pointed out with sufficient care, but, properly enough, that has little prominence given it in comparison with what it was that Burke knew how to say so well. For, by itself, eloquence is a trifling matter, like a good voice; it is but an accessory in the utterance of words of wisdom.

Whoever studies politics will find his profit in this volume; and if, as Mr. Morley suggests, Burke "will be more frequently and

more seriously referred to within the next twenty years than he has been within the whole of the last eighty," it will be to Mr. Morley that much of the credit will be due.

— Mr. Emery's *Elements of Harmony*¹ is a valuable addition to a class of literature which does not yet boast much that is thoroughly excellent. It is a text-book, adapted to the use of beginners in the theoretical study of music under the guidance of a competent teacher. In his theory of harmony Mr. Emery has avowedly followed the system of Professor Ernst Friedrich Richter, — a system to the fundamental principles of which much exception may be taken. Still Richter's system, as set forth in his *Lehrbuch der Harmonie*, is now almost universally accepted in Northern Germany and America as a standard, and has certainly been productive of many admirable practical results. The involved obscurity of Richter's style and the many perplexingly unpractical features of his text-books (faults which translations have not been successful in remedying) have long been the bane of teachers and the despair of students. Mr. Emery's little book, which is remarkable for its clearness and methodical arrangement, is thus calculated to supply a very crying want. The rules of composition are set forth clearly, succinctly, and intelligibly, and the book is full of suggestions, of great value to both teacher and pupil, as the result of the author's long experience in teaching harmony.

— The Duc de Broglie has put his enforced leisure to good use. No one who has watched his career will be likely to deny that he is more familiar with the last century than with the present one, and he has in these two good-sized volumes² written a valuable chapter on a part of European history during the reign of Louis XV., for which all students of that period cannot fail to be grateful. The material for it he found in two ways. Part of it was lying among the forgotten papers of an ancestor of his, the Comte de Broglie, who is the main figure of this history, and another part among the state archives. From these two sources he has produced his interesting sketch.

With diplomats like Bismarck, who always tell the truth, and newspapers that print every back-stairs whisper, diplo-

macy will soon, possibly, disappear from the face of the earth. Certainly, so long as ministers govern the action of monarchs, there is but little likelihood of the repetition of such complicated incidents as are narrated here. Powers behind the throne sink into insignificance by the side of the power on the throne here made plain, and wheels within wheels alone express the complications this author untwines. Louis XV., not being satisfied with the ordinary routine of the accredited agents who were sent to neighboring states, took into his confidence another man, this Comte de Broglie, and sent him as a private spy, unknown to his ministers as well as to any one else, to carry on his intrigues at the direction of the crown alone. While in 1752 the count was accredited ambassador at the court of Augustus III., he was in reality secretly commissioned to support the personal views of the French king concerning Poland, and to prepare the way for the future candidature of the Prince de Conti. The count was not backward in accepting this onerous task, and he seems to have conducted his business with considerable intelligence; but circumstances soon altered the conditions of European policy. The Treaty of Neutralty, signed in January, 1756, between Frederick II. and England altered the face of things entirely. The relations of Prussia and Austria to France changed at once, and the new deal threatened the upsetting of all the count's previous plans. Prussia no longer stood in the way of England, and Frederick's sudden attack on Austria brought matters to a crisis.

As to the intentions of Louis XV. with regard to Poland, it is only too clear that they were of the vagrant sort. He never seriously intended giving Poland a king, and he was very indifferent to the French party in that country. He was playing at diplomacy, and there is something melancholy in the sight of a man like the Comte de Broglie who consents to play so petty a part in so empty a game. The king was not only no statesman, he was also indifferent to those who had spent their lives in serving him, and he seems to have had no notion of the value of the count.

That this ingenious plan of double-dealing brought some of the conspirators into trouble will surprise no one. The Comte

from 1752 to 1774. By the DUC DE BROGLIE. In two volumes. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

¹ *Elements of Harmony*. By STEPHEN A. EMERY. Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt. 1879.

² *The King's Secret*. Being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents

de Broglie made the mistake, of a sort that diplomatists should never commit, of intrusting the secret to the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, an adventurer of the worst kind. There were other wheels, too, within the most hidden wheels, as, for example, when Fabvier and Dumouriez tried to change the alliances of their country to suit their own tastes. Their arrest almost placed this correspondence in the hands of the Due d'Aiguillon, but the king, so to speak, packed the commission who were to investigate the matter, and thereby prevented disclosure; but the Comte de Broglie was suspected of having exceeded his powers, and he had long to suffer for it.

On the whole, there is no need of untangling all the snarls of the diplomacy of that period to get a very complete impression of its unsatisfactoriness. The incompetent king, his able but somewhat unscrupulous secret correspondent, the Comte de Broglie, and a number of outsiders, who were either misusing for extortion their knowledge of the correspondence, or coming dangerously near ruining the whole plan, — all these motley characters make this bit of history interesting, although its importance is not so obvious. That the book shows any great advantages in old-fashioned diplomacy cannot be affirmed, and if the methods of modern times are different they cannot well be worse than those they have superseded.

It only remains to be said that the book is written with great skill, that the Comte de Broglie is clearly set before the reader, and that he is a noteworthy figure. He is perhaps represented as somewhat more flawless than exactness will warrant, but that is a very venial error. Certainly the decay of the French monarchy has one more illustration here.

The translation is excellently done, being both smooth and exact.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

M. Zola is an industrious writer. He has promised us twelve more volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series, and meanwhile he is publishing a number of articles on various literary and artistic matters of contemporary interest. In doing this, he is following in the footsteps of most French novelists; for they always find it incumbent on them, after they have won more or less fame by original work, to give evidence of

their general ability by criticising their fellow-workers, both writers and painters.

The most striking thing about this volume is its title, — *Mes Haines*,¹ — and the most characteristic part of it is the preface, in which M. Zola sounds the praise of hatred as the controlling element in literary judgment. When he comes down to his work, he is comparatively free from hatred. He has his opinions, like any one else, but he states them without dogmatism, and they are not noticeable in themselves or in the way they are expressed. It would be harsh to call the book dull, but it is certainly lacking in novelty, although not every one would agree with the critic's tempered denunciation of the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian. Yet even this criticism of books which bear no possible resemblance to M. Zola's own is discriminating and void of violence. He gives Erckmann-Chatrian credit for their power of drawing nature and of describing incidents in a life-like way; what he condemns is the doll-like character of the people who are represented, and the fact that the love-making is drawn with a trembling hand. Perhaps there are some who would not be offended if Zola's hand were to tremble a little when he is describing love-making.

The account of Taine, which is in fact an account of his character, is worth reading; yet the volume itself, which is made up of articles written a dozen or fourteen years ago, has no real excuse for being. No one would have thought it worth while to preserve all this time the papers in which the notices first appeared; and there could hardly be a loud call for this new edition. The essays are no more than fair handiwork. Yet the preface sounds a note of warning, as if the reader were going to find something very terrible in the body of the book. Here is an extract from it, which may serve to show how little of a realist Zola is at heart: —

"Hate is holy. It is the wrath of strong and mighty hearts, the combative disdain of those who are offended by mediocrity and stupidity. To hate is to love; it is feeling one's soul warm and generous; it is living comfortably on contempt of shameful and stupid things.

"Hate encourages, hate does justice, hate ennobles.

"I have felt younger and bolder after

¹ *Mes Haines. Causeries Littéraires et Artistiques. Nouvelle édition. Par EMILE ZOLA. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.*

each one of my revolts against the platitudes of my time. I have made hate and pride my two hostesses ; I have taken pleasure in isolating myself, and, in my isolation, in hating all that offended justice and truth. If I am good for anything to-day, it is because I am alone and I hate."

Victor Hugo, if he had not formed the habit of loving almost everybody but the Germans, might have written this passage.

After this Zola goes on to mention those whom he hates : "I hate people who are mere impotent ciphers. They have burned my blood and broken my nerves. I know nothing more irritating than those brutes who dance on their two feet like geese, with round eyes and gaping mouth. I have not been able to take two steps in life without running across three fools, and that is why I am sad. . . . As for madmen, we can do something with them. Madmen think ; they all have some overwrought idea which has broken the mainspring of their intelligence ; they are sick of mind and heart, — poor souls, full of life and force. I am willing to listen to them, for I am always hoping that through the chaos of their thoughts will shine some supreme truth. But, in Heaven's name, let all the fools and mediocrities and impotent ones and *crémins* be killed," etc. "I hate them."

"The fools who are afraid to look forward look backward. They make the present according to the rules of the past, and they want the future to model itself on by-gone days. . . . They have found a relative truth which they take for absolute truth. Do not create, — imitate ! And that is why I hate those who are stupidly grave and those who are stupidly merry, the artists and critics who stupidly wish to make yesterday's truth the truth of to-day. They do not understand that we are advancing and that the landscape is changing."

"I hate them."

"And now you know what are my loves, — the fair loves of my youth."

This preface is dated Paris, 1866, and one cannot help wondering at the self-satisfaction of a man who can consent to republish such wild talk as that thirteen years after he first wrote it.

The before-breakfast grumbling of a hungry dyspeptic over any domestic infelicity — say, a smoky chimney — at once becomes classical eloquence by the side of this exhibition of bad temper. There are, of course, plenty of fools in the world, and the number has not sensibly diminished in the last

thirteen years ; but is that the way the wise man speaks of them ? M. Zola is right in disliking bad writers, creators, or critics, but why foam at the mouth in this way ? That a man who is capable of such exaggeration, who sees everything so distorted, should set up for a realist is certainly surprising.

M. Edmond de Goncourt's *Les Frères Zemganno*¹ is a book that deserves discussion when one is talking about Zola. M. de Goncourt has got himself talked about as a writer of what are called realistic novels, and in his preface he gives expression to some of his opinions concerning them. The gist of what he has to say is this : that this sort of literature will not be really successful until writers pay as much attention to the educated and refined world as they now do to what is repulsive. "Realism," he says, "to employ a stupid word, has not for its sole mission the description of what is low, revolting, and unsavory ; it came into the world to define in artistic writing what is lofty, attractive, agreeable, and to represent more or less distinctly refined beings and costly things. But this it has to do by means of persistent, rigorous, unconventional work, such as of late years has been given to ugly things."

He then apologizes for not following the better path, and explains that the depraved people are more easily put on paper than are the complicated representations of Parisian civilization. Moreover, the furniture of the vicious pauper can be seen at a glance, while much time has to be spent in studying richly furnished parlors. This is not all the truth. It may be easier to describe a workman's lodging in such a way as shall satisfy one who lives in a parlor than it is to give the same reader a similar account of the splendor he is accustomed to ; for in one case inexactness would pass unnoticed, and this could not do in the other. Perhaps a Parisian *ouvrier* would find, even in M. Zola's work, flaws that no other critic would ever detect. Yet no one can fail to notice that M. de Goncourt, by this defection, gives up a good part of the point at issue between M. Zola and those he hates. Where would be the charm in Zola's writing if he were to let alone what M. de Goncourt calls *ce qui pue* ? To the great novelist of the empire this would seem like shameful Philistinism. Yet since there are

¹ *Les Frères Zemganno.* Par EDMOND DE GONCOURT. Paris : Charpentier. Boston : C. Schönhof. 1879.

some things that are not loathsome in the world, they too must have their day.

The main trouble with all this theorizing is that these men find it necessary to enlist in a little army, as it were, and to form a set of rules before they go to work. This way of doing things, which reminds the observer of the way new constitutions are formed in Paris on the occasion of a revolution simultaneously with the destruction of the street pavements, marred the work of the Romantic school forty years ago. All who belonged to it were as vain of the new name, Romantic, as is a recruit of his new uniform. For years English novelists have been writing stories after the realistic method, without knowing it and without issuing proclamations. In Zola's eyes their work would probably count for nothing.

The worst thing about these intelligent prefaces is that they form the most interesting part of the books. They are like overtures to unwritten operas. M. de Goncourt's novel has a certain temperate interest, but hardly more than that. There are about fifty pages of description of people and their surroundings that most readers will find tiresome, for the author's art inspires

no greater interest in the company of the circus than one of mature years feels for the genuine article. It is impossible not to remember how different is Théophile Gautier's *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. But when one has made his way through the very exact inventory and census, one finds a pleasing account of the affection between two gymnasts, the heroes of the book. While most of the volume is devoted to the frame-work, there is much that is touching in the love of the two brothers, especially when one recalls the love between the author and his dead brother and fellow-worker, Jules de Goncourt.

One amusing thing in the story is the account of an eccentric American woman, "La Tompkins." She is enormously rich, an amateur performer on the trapeze, and more of a caricature than one finds even in a comic paper. It is not lofty art that has to go to such lengths in inventing impossibilities. Still, this is not the first time that this author's intention has been better than his execution. His theories are always interesting, and he is painstaking; but the diviner spark is generally lacking, clever as the author often is.

EDUCATION.

IN 1611, Thomas Sutton, a gentleman of England, died, and left an estate to charitable purposes, including the foundation of the famous Charterhouse. There was some dispute as to the will, and Francis Bacon took occasion to address the king a letter of advice respecting the proposed disposition of the property, as in case the will was set aside the king would be heir. In that letter occurs a passage which has a singular force here and now, where conditions exist not unlike those indicated by Bacon. "Concerning the advancement of learning," he writes, "I do subscribe to the opinion of one of the wisest and greatest men of your kingdom: That for grammar schools there are already too many, and therefore no providence to add where there is excess. For the great number of schools which are in your Highness' realm doth cause a want, and doth cause likewise an overflow, both of them inconvenient, and one of them dangerous.

For by means thereof they find want, in the country and towns, both of servants for husbandry and apprentices for trade; and, on the other side, there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ, and the active part of that life not bearing a proportion to the preparative, it must needs fall out that many persons will be bred unfit for other vocations, and unprofitable for that in which they are brought up; which fills the realm full of indigent, idle, and wanton people, which are but *materia rerum nocarum*."

We are discovering something of the same want and overflow now, especially in our cities. We need not even change Bacon's terms, though the words themselves have a little different meaning. Now, as then, there are too many grammar schools, or, what is more to the purpose, the grammar schools teach too much grammar. Bacon complains that in his day the schools caused a

want of farmers and mechanics, and an overflow of clerky people. Precisely this complaint must be made at present. The tendency of our highly organized public-school system is to discourage manual labor, and to multiply enormously the number of those who seek to maintain themselves by the pen or by trade. The course of instruction is almost exclusively intellectual in its scope, the time occupied covers years when the training for mechanical pursuits naturally begins, and the apparent prospect of a higher social pursuit leads to an aversion from the humbler occupation. The result is that the mechanical arts suffer an indignity, and boys who might have been fitted for good workmen become indifferent book-keepers, clerks, and salesmen.

Now a state rests for prosperity not upon its clerks, but upon its workmen; it is the men who handle tools that contribute to its wealth and may be trusted for its defense, and it is of the first importance that this class should be trained not only in the arts, but in intelligence and character. But the divorce of manual and mental education in our public schools tends to perpetuate the separation out of school. If there is intelligence in the workman and a capacity to improve his art, these are not the distinguished results of the training which the public schools give; that training steadily withdraws the young from mechanical and agricultural pursuits, and crowds them into occupations already overstocked, which depend for their prosperity indeed upon the development of the arts. When a time of depression or disorder comes, great numbers are cast out of employment, with no resources of industry, and the state becomes full of "indigent, idle, and wanton people."

Moreover, the public-school system not being found favorable to the mechanic arts, what great educational force remains? The apprentice system has nearly disappeared. It has declined contemporaneously with the rise and encouragement of a compulsory public-school system, and the two facts are related more closely than by the accident of time. It is true that we must look for the chief cause of this decline to the introduction of steam power, which has led to the formation of associated industries, and the breaking up of labor into fragments. The rapid changes in society also have made the old relation of master and apprentice unlikely; but neither the introduction of machinery nor the multiplication of grades between the contractor and the workman has

lessened the necessity for skilled labor, or rendered the trained workman a superfluous member of a great state. On the contrary, since the natural forces which conspire to sustain the arts have temporarily given way to a new discovery, it becomes more necessary to organize in their defense; but the chief organization upon which the state relies is found insufficient, if not positively antagonistic.

The economic considerations which would persuade us to introduce into the public-school system a recognition of manual training are reinforced by the discovery of a yet higher argument in the very nature of education itself. It is not to be wondered at that our school system should have grown into a purely intellectual order. In its beginning there was no assumption of an entire control of the child. So much time was given to school as could be spared from the farm and shop. There still existed a well-recognized tradition of mechanical knowledge, and the school was looked upon as supplying those rudiments which could best be acquired there. Gradually, as cities grew, increasing thus the class of children who had no other employment, school came to be the chief occupation of the young. Then the discharge upon our shores of an illiterate foreign population excited alarm lest ignorance should get in the majority, and we made haste to compel the children of this class into the public schools. The attention of the community becoming more concentrated on this important institution of the state, the existing apparatus for instruction was improved and refined: the school-book industry was developed, and normal schools established for the better education of teachers who were to stand behind these school-books. The pride of the state, the enthusiasm of teachers, the natural quickness of children at leisure, these have all helped to swell the tide of the public-school system, and to carry it on in the direction of its first setting.

Now that all this has been done and the elementary truths of society begin to assert themselves, we shall discover that in neglecting the education of the hand we have not only weakened the power of the state, but have stimulated an unbalanced education of the person. A training which ignores the hand is not the training which either nature or history will approve. That member is something more than a symbol of industry. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," "Establish

"Thou the work of our hands," are not phrases ingeniously contrived to translate into the vernacular the intellectual exercises of clerks and commercial travelers; they point to an elemental condition of human well-being. Nor is this training of the hand to be obtained by means of gymnastic swinging of dumb-bells. The training of the hand means the power to use a tool; the training of the eye is the power to see perfect work; the training of the mind is the power to conceive and execute that work.

The curing of the defect in society and the restoration of education to a sound and healthful condition are to be sought in a reformation of that system which we justly regard as the very engine of the state's prosperity. Nor are signs lacking that the public mind is turning in that direction. The introduction of drawing into the curriculum is one sign, and it is curious to observe how the double argument, drawn from economy and from the philosophy of education, has been used in support of this measure. The introduction of sewing for girls is even more significant. Here the argument has been drawn chiefly from the economic side, and the facts which gave the argument its force were unassailable; but no one who appreciates the full meaning of education can help seeing how valuable an element was introduced into the education of girls in Boston when sewing was made a regular part of public-school training.

This study of sewing forces upon one the question of the manual education of boys. The question is precisely the same, only its solution is more complicated. To the girl is given one tool, and the perfect mastery of that carries with it a training in thoroughness, order, concentration, precision, and self-respect; the practice, moreover, is easily associated with a daily need, and the charm of useful production is attendant on the study. But there is no one tool which can be affirmed of the boy, and this is sometimes taken as an excuse for not teaching him the use of any. Yet the variety of tools which a boy may use only suggests practical difficulties; it does not declare these difficulties insurmountable, nor in any way weaken the force of the educational argument. The difficulties indeed are such as yield readily to an intelligent will. Half of the question is answered when one considers that the primary object of manual education in the public schools is not to

make boys carpenters, ship-builders, masons, or followers of any other craft, but to instruct them in the meaning of their hands and of the tools which those hands may grasp. Hence the shops which may be attached to public schools will be shops of instruction, not of construction, and the training will be in the grammar of the arts, not in the indefinite number of forms which the arts assume.

The various schools of technology which exist do not meet the general need which we have described. Their business is to train masters and professional mechanics; they do not make mechanics any more than colleges make book-keepers. A graduate of a college may find himself finally in the position of an ordinary clerk, and never rise above it; and so a graduate of the technological school may prove at last only a journeyman; but neither college nor school exists for these ends. Nor can the want be supplied by benevolent or evening schools. These are but make-shifts. They could become important only as they drew life out of the public schools. No; the remedy lies in such a readjustment of the public-school system in our cities as shall make it include formal, progressive instruction in the manual arts. If it be said that the state or the city has no function to educate children for specific trades, but only to give them a common-school education, as that term is now understood, it can be answered, first, that the present system does almost inevitably educate children for the desk and the counter, with a reversion in many cases of the almshouse or the police station; and, second, that there is nothing in the present reach of common-school education which need compel us to glorify it as the final and perfect force for developing the human character. In truth, we might better ask humbly why the present system has failed than boast of its success. Nor should we be far wrong if we were to assert that in making common such an education as we have outlined we are likely to produce citizens who in peace would be more valuable, working in shops, and not waiting behind counters, and whose training would make them better soldiers in war. The drill of school-boys with the saw, the plane, the axe, and the file would make them stronger defenders of the state than if they had known only the manual exercise of the school-room, or even had been formed into battalions of miniature soldiers.





